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yours Affectionately
David Livingstone

DR LIVINGSTONE'S CAMBRIDGE LECTURES,

TOGETHER WITH

A PREFATORY LETTER

17681

BY THE

REV. PROFESSOR SEDGWICK, M.A., F.R.S., &c.

VICE-MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION, LIFE OF DR LIVINGSTONE, NOTES AND APPENDIX,

BY THE

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OF ST JOHN'S COLLEGE, AND CURATE OF CHRIST'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND MAP,

ALSO

A LARGER MAP, BY ARROWSMITH, GRANTED ESPECIALLY FOR THIS WORK BY THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON:

THE WHOLE WORK BEING A COMPENDIUM OF INFORMATION ON THE CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICAN QUESTION.

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TO THE

MEMBERS OF OUR UNIVERSITIES IN PARTICULAR,

AND TO THE

YOUNG MEN OF GREAT BRITAIN IN GENERAL,

This Book is dedicated by the Editor,

IN THE PRAYERFUL HOPE THAT THEIR ATTENTION WILL BE TURNED

BY ITS PERUSAL TO THE PRESSING NEED OF

MISSIONARIES

IN THE HEATHEN MISSION FIELD NOW SO MUCH ENLARGED

BY THE LABOURS OF DR LIVINGSTONE.

"Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plentcous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."
Matt. ix. 37, 38.

God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth." Acts xvii. 26.

"And they shall come from the east, and from the west, and from the north, and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God." Luke xiii. 29.

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MAP OF
SOUTH AFRICA
Showing the Routes of the
Revd Dr Livingstone
between the years
1849 & 1856.
Taken by permission of the
Proprietors from the Map in the
BOOK OF TRAVELS.
Note
In this Map Rivers Hollows & Lakes are delineated this is not from Geol. Information generally
L O N D A
Balobale
Matebele
Barotse
Mashona
Maravi
Manica
Batonga
Bechuanas
Griquas
CAPE COLONY
Great Karroo
Kalahari Desert
Sabia
Zambesi
Zanzibar
Quelimane
C. Delgado
Mozambique
Inhambane
Delagoa B.
Port Natal & d'Urban
Walvisch B.
Tropic of Capricorn
C. Agulhas
Cape Town
Orange R.
Buffalo R.
Limpopo
Kuruman
Kolobeng
Linyanti
Victoria Falls
Tete
Sena
Sofala
Boak
Zambesi R.
Shire R.
Lake Nyassa
Lake Ngami
Lake Tanganyika
Lake Maravi
Lake Shirwa
Elephant R.
Port Alexander
Great Fish R.
Port Nolloth
Hottentots
Damara
Ovaherero
Kaffers
Mozambique
Zanguebar

INTRODUCTION.

MANY friends on whom I can well rely have urged the publication of Dr Livingstone's Cambridge Lectures; which on comparison with his large work[1], will be found to be, in reality, a valuable epitome of its most striking features and details; but such an one as rather increases than lessens the desire for reading that book.

Several points of great interest belong to these addresses, as well as to their publication and perusal; these chiefly being, the value and newness of their contents, the simple earnestness of their style, and especially the devoted Missionary tone pervading them. True piety dictated their delivery, and brightens their permanent embodiment in printed words. Moreover, many persons who saw, heard, and conversed with the lecturer himself, will like to possess such a memorial of a visit, which, regarded in all its bearings, we may hope will be productive of lasting good.

The cordial reception given by the University to such

[1] *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa.* John Murray, Albemarle Street, London.

a man proves to the world at large that she is as ready as ever to recognize merit, advance science, encourage philanthropy, and promote religion. In this place of learning he has left a track behind him; and has sown seed which will, in the end, produce good fruits in Africa. He came here with the avowed purpose of striving to awaken a deeper interest in Christian Missions to the heathen; and spoke with the authority of the greatest of modern travellers, among the men and in the place where a Missionary spirit ought pre-eminently to prevail. We may conclude that a corresponding good effect was produced by his visit to Oxford, where he pronounced like burning words of truth with equal power and grace.

The Senate-House scene was worthy of the most graphic painting which pen or pencil could portray. There was a solemn majesty about it which all present must have felt. It was an uncommon occasion. Cambridge elevation and culture came suddenly into contact with the mighty questions of African degradation and progress. Professor Sedgwick, in his farewell speech[1] to Dr Livingstone, delivered in the Combination-room at Trinity College, declared it to be the most enthusiastic reception which he had ever witnessed there during the last half century. Amid the past and present intellectual glories of that place, this Livingstone reception marks one of its best æras. Extremes there meet. Africa is ap-

[1] This speech, to a great extent, is reproduced at p. iv. of his Prefatory Letter.

pealing by the mouth of her warm-hearted advocate in one of the greatest centres of civilization and evangelization in the world, for help in her feebleness, light in her darkness, truth wherewith to battle her own error, and redress against her cruel wrongs of centuries. Help, light and redress, however tardy their approach, are perhaps effectually nigh at hand. These tones of witching mastery will not let her plead in vain. The laugh may now be raised, and the burst of applause alternate with the cheerful approval of that throng, still in those thrilling moments of silence, now so breathless, does that sun-burnt, care and travel-worn, yet happy man, give utterance to feelings and sentiments which melt the heart, subdue the being, and enchain the soul. The union of mankind, into one common brotherhood of feeling, interest, sentiment and love, despite all differences of race, colour, clime, speech, condition, and nationality, seems to be actually brought about. The attention is kept up until the end; and furthermore, this interest is not dissipated by those final bursts of applause.

The period of the visit of the Doctor here was opportune. Various circumstances at that time kept our academic body, and especially the chief authorities, in residence. Yet he did not intentionally choose this occasion for his visit; on the contrary he had previously arranged to go to Lisbon at the same time; but this plan was frustrated by the malaria then prevailing there. The Council promptly granted the Senate-House. Dr Whewell,

Master of Trinity College, Professor Sedgwick, The Astronomer Royal, Professor Selwyn, and Dr Bateson, Master of St John's College, paid him the most marked attention, while all received him kindly, and heard him gladly.

It is desirable to state that I have the full concurrence of Dr Livingstone and of Mr Murray, the publisher of the book of travels, in editing these Lectures. Both have given me liberty to make such discretionary use of that book as I may find necessary, in striving to make this volume as useful as possible. Both approve of my project and have expressed a desire to forward it. I thank them for their kindness and confidence; and for the small map, life, notes, and appendix, I am mainly indebted to that work. With the same noble generosity which has characterized Dr Livingstone's life, he presented me with the copyright of the lectures revised by himself, and left me to dispose of any proceeds as I may think best. Due consideration has led me to decide on devoting the entire proceeds of the work as follows:—In purchasing—

1. Sechuana Bibles for Central South Africa.

2. Books for the Library of the "CAMBRIDGE CHURCH MISSIONARY UNION[1]."

[1] This is a Society established among the junior members of the University for the purpose of increasing and sustaining a missionary spirit among them. It attempts this by means of occasional prayer and other meetings, a library, and reading-room open daily, and by promoting Christian and friendly intercourse among its members. I

3. Books for Dr Livingstone's "CAMBRIDGE MEMORIAL LIBRARY[1]."

The following extracts from his book will give the key to this attempt at presenting him with a library. It appears that the Dutch Boers were his active bitter enemies, for reasons stated at p. VI.

"The Boers, encouraged by the accession of Mr Pretorius, determined at last to put a stop to English traders going past Kolobeng, by dispersing the tribe of Bakwains, and expelling all the missionaries. Sir George Cathcart proclaimed the independence of the Boers, the best thing that could have been done had they been between us and the Caffres. A treaty was entered into with these Boers; an article for the free passage of Englishmen to the country beyond, and also another, that no slavery should be allowed in the independent territory, were duly inserted, as expressive of the views of Her Majesty's government at home. 'But what about the

shall be pleased to receive presents of books for both libraries: works referring to Missions, Missionaries, &c. for the one, and books of general interest for the other.

[1] This library at present comprises about sixty volumes, which have been presented or promised, by Dr Whewell; Professor Sedgwick; Professor Selwyn; Professor Jeremie; Professor Browne; Professor Miller; Dr Lee, Hartwell Park; Dr Bateson; Rev. R. A. F. Barrett, Fellow of King's College; Rev. C. Babington, Fellow of St John's College; Rev. C. Clayton, Fellow and Tutor of Caius College; Rev. J. E. B. Mayor, Fellow of St John's College; Rev. T. Field, Fellow of St John's College; R. Potts, Esq., Trinity College; Rev. W. Emery, Fellow of Corpus Christi College; Rev. S. B. Sealy; H. Monk, Esq., Jesus College; J. A. Scholefield, Esq.; A Lady, &c., &c.

missionaries?' inquired the Boers. '*You may do as you please with them*,' is said to have been the answer of the 'Commissioner.' This remark, if uttered at all, was probably made in joke: designing men, however, circulated it, and caused the general belief in its accuracy which now prevails all over the country, and doubtless led to the destruction of three mission stations immediately after. The Boers, four hundred in number, were sent by the late Mr Pretorius to attack the Bakwains in 1852. Boasting that the English had given up all the blacks into their power, and had agreed to aid them in their subjugation by preventing all supplies of ammunition from coming into the Bechuana country, they assaulted the Bakwains, and, besides killing a considerable number of adults, carried off two hundred of our school-children into slavery. The natives under Sechele defended themselves till the approach of night enabled them to flee to the mountains; and having in that defence killed a number of the enemy, the very first ever slain in this country, by Bechuanas, I received the credit of having taught the tribe to kill Boers! My house, which had stood perfectly secure for years under the protection of the natives, was plundered in revenge. English gentlemen, who had come in the footsteps of Mr Cumming to hunt in the country beyond, and had deposited large quantities of stores in the same keeping, and upwards of eighty head of cattle as relays for the return journeys, were robbed of all; and when they came back to Kolobeng found the skele-

tons of the guardians strewed all over the place. The books of a good library—my solace in our solitude—were not taken away, but handfuls of the leaves were torn out and scattered over the place. My stock of medicines was smashed; and all our furniture and clothing carried off and sold at public auction to pay the expenses of the foray.

"I do not mention these things by way of making a pitiful wail over my losses, nor in order to excite commiseration; for though I do feel sorry for the loss of lexicons, dictionaries, &c., which had been the companions of my boyhood, yet, after all, the plundering only set me entirely free for my expedition to the north, and I have never since had a moment's concern for anything I left behind."

The following letter, written by the Chief Sechele[1], to Mr Moffat, describes the above transactions, and is a touching specimen of native eloquence:

"Friend of my heart's love, and of all the confidence of my heart, I am Sechele; I am undone by the Boers, who attacked me, though I had no guilt with them. They demanded that I should be in their kingdom, and I refused; they demanded that I should prevent the English and Griquas from passing (northwards). I replied, These are my friends, and I can prevent no one (of them). They came on Saturday, and I besought them not to fight on Sunday, and they assented. They

[1] For an account of this chief, see note, p. 4.

began on Monday morning at twilight, and fired with all their might, and burned the town with fire, and scattered us. They killed sixty of my people, and captured women, and children, and men. And the mother of Baleriling (a former wife of Sechele) they also took prisoner. They took all the cattle and all the goods of the Bakwains; and the house of Livingstone they plundered, taking away all his goods. The number of waggons they had was eighty-five, and a cannon; and after they had stolen my own waggon and that of Macabe, then the number of their waggons (counting the cannon as one) was eighty-eight. All the goods of the hunters (certain English gentlemen hunting and exploring in the north) were burned in the town; and of the Boers were killed twenty-eight. Yes, my beloved friend, now my wife goes to see the children, and Kobus Hae will convey her to you.

"I am, SECHELE,

"The Son of Mochoasele."

A strong reason for giving publicity to this design for trying to obtain Bibles and the two libraries, is in order that I might hereby possibly forward objects so desirable. In the one case the advocates and helpers of Christian missions to the heathen, and in the other the friends and admirers of Dr Livingstone, may be the more induced to circulate this book. It must, however, be kept in mind, that the lectures themselves possess enough intrinsic merit to ensure and deserve a wide circulation. Giving as they do an outline of the main features of the

large work, they are well adapted for Parochial, School and Cottagers' Libraries, as well as for circulation through the medium of Free Libraries, Mechanic Institutions, Book-Hawking Societies, &c. The affluent, who have both opportunity and leisure for reading the book of travels, can, at a small price, gratify and inform the poor on one of the most interesting and important topics of the day, by placing this little book in their hands. In truth, many persons whose time and energies are too much occupied for reading large books in general, can hence gain an outline of our traveller's great achievements, and, in the main, hear him tell his own story.

At all risk of compromising the desirable character of being regarded as a judicious editor, I have designedly kept prominent the important object of meeting a great public want by making this book a complete manual of the central South African question in all its bearings. An attentive perusal of this volume will give the ordinary reader a concise but entire view of this interesting topic.

I have been encouraged to take this course in having my own judgement fortified by the advice of literary friends. If I have erred, I have knowingly sacrificed myself for the good of others.

Although our traveller actually speaks verbally in but a small part of this book, still in fact and substance it is mainly as essentially his as though he had dictated or written its pages.

I return my thanks to the President (Sir R. I. Murchison) and Council of the Royal Geographical Society, for the kind interest which they have taken in this book: especially for allowing me to quote Dr Livingstone's unpublished letters, addressed to Sir R. I. Murchison from Africa during the progress of his journeys; and for the great favour shewn in granting copies of Mr Arrowsmith's valuable map of the route across the continent, for this publication.

To Dr Norton Shaw, Secretary to the above Society, I express my thanks both for the interest taken in, and the information contributed for, this work.

To the Rev. Professor Sedgwick I express my deep obligations, for labouring so successfully beneath a weight of years, and despite continued sickness, in writing the accompanying prefatory letter, the completeness and value of which can only really be appreciated by those persons who have carefully studied the book of *Travels*. This eloquent letter is a complete digest of the narrative of the two great journeys; it will be observed to contain a few parallelisms with some passages in the lectures, life, and appendix—resulting from writing entirely independently—but it is thought better to let them remain.

To Dr Lee, of Hartwell Park, Buckinghamshire; and to the Rev. Professor Browne, for revising the whole proofs;—to the Rev. F. Gell, B.D. Fellow of Christ's College, and other friends for reviewing the MSS.; and to the Secretaries of the Society for the Propagation of the

Gospel in Foreign Parts,—of the Church and London Missionary Societies for information given,—I return my most grateful thanks.

I herein also acknowledge the kind courtesy of the editor and reporters of the *Cambridge Chronicle*, for the trouble and interest which they have taken in order to secure accurate and extended reports of these lectures, which have been further corrected and enlarged by Dr Livingstone himself, and by reference to the report of the *Independent Press*, as well as by comparison with the corresponding passages in the book of travels. To the editor and reporters of the latter paper I have also to return thanks for readily endeavouring to secure careful reports.

The portrait and small map are the production of Mr Vinter, of London, an artist eminent in his profession; the portrait[1] is based on the photograph taken by Mr Monson, of Cambridge, modified by a sitting given to Mr Vinter by Dr Livingstone.

In explanation of the long delay which has occurred in publishing this book, I have to state that this has been somewhat caused by the every day interruptions inseparable from a clergyman's life in a large parish in a populous town; and by the close perusal of several books, and of the

[1] Copies of this portrait, published by Mr Wallis, Sidney Street, Cambridge, can be obtained on India paper, 4to imperial, for framing, at a small price; the profits of this also will be devoted to the before-mentioned objects.

book of travels three times over, in order to obtain these materials; but chiefly through the illnesses before referred to, of Professor Sedgwick. Surely real interest in matters so absorbing and vitally important in most respects, cannot have in the mean time waned. This delay has been very beneficial, since I have hereby gained some valuable contributions to the work, of various kinds. It is obvious, on comparing the excellency of the type, &c. in this book, with its small price, that a large circulation alone will help forward the two libraries. This smallness of price is intended to meet the wants and means of the many.

For my own part, whatever trouble or anxiety may have fallen to my lot, in connection with these deeply interesting matters, will be amply repaid by any small amount of good thereby produced. This matter I prayerfully leave in the hands of our gracious Lord, who doeth, giveth, and receiveth that which seemeth him best; resting content with that command generally given, "IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED, AND IN THE EVENING WITHHOLD NOT THINE HAND; FOR THOU KNOWEST NOT WHICH SHALL PROSPER, WHETHER THIS OR THAT."

WILLIAM MONK.

AUBREY VILLA,
Cambridge, 1st June, 1858.

LIFE OF DR LIVINGSTONE.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE is a Scotchman, and one whom his nation may well delight to honour. He is one of God's true nobility, as is shewn by high resolve, energetic and successful action, Christian character, and unselfish aim.

The Scottish nation stands out boldly in the history of great achievement; especially in Travel. Here is a golden chain of names eminent in exploration: Mungo Park, Bruce, Buchanan, Moffat, Livingstone. The last the greatest of all. It appears from his own statement, that his great grandfather fought at Culloden, and that his grandfather was a small farmer at Ulva, one of the cluster of the Hebrides. Like Sir Walter Scott, Burns, and others, his mind, in childhood and youth, was much influenced by the Gaelic and Scottish legends of years bye-gone. His grandfather could recount the lives of his forefathers for six generations, who it appears were remarkable for uprightness of character. One of them, on his death-bed, charged his family with a remembrance of this fact, and left them the motto for practical application, "BE HONEST." This motto has doubtless influenced Dr

Livingstone's own character; for he is ever desirous to appear himself, and to place all else with which he has to do, in a truthful unadorned light. His grandfather removed from his farm at Ulva to the Blantyre Cotton Works, near Glasgow, where he and his sons found employment. Dr Livingstone's father alone remained at home, and gained an honest livelihood as a small tea-dealer; the others all became either soldiers or sailors in His Majesty's Service during the late French war. All parents may well learn wisdom by the example and influences exercised by those of the Doctor on himself. Hear what he says of his father especially:—"He deserved my lasting gratitude and homage for presenting me from infancy with a continuously consistent pious example, such as that the ideal of which is so beautifully and truthfully portrayed in Burns' 'Cotter's Saturday Night.' He died in February 1856, in peaceful hope of that mercy which we all expect through the death of our Lord and Saviour: I was at the time on my way below Zumbo, expecting no greater pleasure in this country than sitting by our cottage-fire, and telling him my travels. I revere his memory."

Dr Livingstone became a "piecer" in the factory at the age of 10. Now notice an instance of "the boy being the father of the man." With part of his first week's wages he bought Ruddiman's "Rudiments of Latin," and studied this language afterwards at night for a long time. In this disadvantageous manner he made steady progress. Surely hereby many a poor aspiring student, who is perchance engaged in "the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," may take courage, and keep in mind the end achieved by this

truly great man. On the other hand, the idle unprincipled student, who for years may have wasted his precious intellectual substance in riotous living; who deserves not the *name of Student*, but who has spurned the high gifts of talent, teaching, and opportunity, as being of nothing worth; and who, as a consequence, begins when too late to feel within himself the degrading impotency of a blighted mind, together with the dark forebodings of a soul unblest—such an one must feel miserable and condemned, in pondering the noble issue of an early struggle such as this—an issue which compresses the ordinary doings of an age isolated by long periods before, and possibly by wider æras, after its dawn, into the short life of one self-denying, self-dependent, God-fearing man.

The dictionary part of his labours he pursued till 12 or later at night, returning to the factory at 6 a.m., and staying till 8 p.m.

Like many others of his mould, he was a great reader in his youthful days. Scientific works and books of travel were his especial delight. After much anxious inquiry he found comfort in ascertaining the fact that *true Science and philosophy are not the foes, but the handmaids of religion.* We have now to dwell on the greatest personal event which can happen in his, and in every other man's life, viz. *The true conversion of the soul to God.* What this is, we are told in that memorable conversation held at night by Christ with Nicodemus. By it we have new hearts, new desires and affections, and renewed souls, given us. The Holy Ghost makes us new creatures; old things have passed away, and behold all things have become new. Although

Dr Livingstone, and others eminent in various walks of life, have honourably graven their own names on the scroll of time, for earthly observation, still to have the name written in Heaven is an object of unspeakably higher aim. It is far better than the proudest record of earthly deeds, whether preserved on monumental brass, or living rock, or sculptured stone. The obelisk, statue, triumphal arch, or even pyramid, is nothing to it. Hear the account briefly given of his own conversion.

"Great pains had been taken by my parents to instil the doctrines of Christianity into my mind, and I had no difficulty in understanding the theory of our free salvation by the atonement of our Saviour, but it was only about this time that I really began to feel the necessity and value of a personal application of the provisions of that atonement to my own case. The change was like what may be supposed would take place were it possible to cure a case of 'colour blindness.' The perfect freeness with which the pardon of all our guilt is offered in God's book drew forth feelings of affectionate love to Him who bought us with His blood, and a sense of deep obligation to Him for his mercy has influenced, in some small measure, my conduct ever since."

In the spirit which real Christianity inspires in the soul of the true convert, he dedicated his life henceforth to the alleviation of human misery, like Howard and Wilberforce; but more especially, after the example of the first disciples, he resolved to strive to make known Christ the "Chief Good," sought but not found by philosophy of old, in regions where the Gospel had not yet been preached. Towards China he turned his thoughts. There was true heroism in this resolve,

for China of all others was perhaps the most difficult field of missionary enterprise, and is so now. Again do we learn a lesson from his practical mind. He immediately studied and obtained a degree in medicine; a course which helped him much in all respects in Africa[1]. He now unwittingly prepared himself for these African journeys, in botany, geology, other natural sciences, and pedestrianism, by making excursions in Scotland. The advantage of this training is obvious in the book of Travels, since his references to these departments of knowledge are so accurate and valuable. Yet there is something striking about this adaptation of means to an end. This preparation was not like that of Mungo Park, made with especial reference to Africa. His views now, as we have seen, were not thither, but China-ward. He was preparing himself for his work, but knew it not. Such was Cranmer's case in making himself "the Scripturist" here at Cambridge. Such has been the case with thousands of others, and possibly is so now with some who read this book. You want to know your work, but as yet do not. Wait! follow, and do not go before the providence of God; make the best of present opportunities. That work will be made

[1] It appears to be commonly agreed among travellers, and especially missionaries, that a knowledge and practice of medicine is invaluable to any one dwelling or travelling among uncivilized people. This is a hint to be taken and acted on by those who contemplate such courses of life. The many evidences given in Dr Livingstone's book of his professional usefulness, and consequent acceptableness, among the heathen, as well as the valuable information afforded to ourselves on medical and botanical topics, confirm this view. These remarks apply to hosts of other travellers and missionaries whose experience in this respect is recorded.

plain, if you are prayerful and earnest about it. These excursions are amusingly referred to in page 5.

The following traits of character are brought out in the book of Travels:—The valuable power of total abstraction of mind amid surrounding noises; intense independence of character in entirely supporting himself by labour while attending the medical and Greek classes, and divinity lectures at the University of Glasgow; and great endurance, arising from a life of early toil.

The life of Dr Livingstone affords a remarkable illustration of God's superintending providence. If ever the doctrine of a particular providence were clearly proven by the testimony of human experience, as corroborative of Scripture, surely this life completely does this; so much so, that I propose deliberately to be guilty of some anachronisms, by bringing together certain episodes in his experience occurring at different times. It is best to trace God's hand whenever we can; and to shew "chance" and "change" to be only other words for "providence." With general providence we do not now concern ourselves: this is well summed up in that passage, "He maketh the sun to shine on the just and on the unjust." See God's particular providence as set forth in the following occurrences. Just as our traveller is about to proceed to China, the Opium War breaks out: "Man deviseth his way, but God directeth his steps." Had he gone to China, who would have opened up Central Africa? In consequence of this frustration of his Chinese plans, he turns his thoughts to Africa, and in time proceeds thither. Here is one instance: turn attention to another.

While at Kuruman his waggon-wheel breaks, and he is vexatiously detained there a fortnight instead of returning to his

station among the Bakwains[1]. During this time the attack is made on Sechele, and Dr Livingstone's property destroyed, as detailed at page vi. of the Introduction. We may conclude almost positively that the Boers would have killed him, since they hated him with so cordial a hatred. Ponder another instance.

He has just compassed his ardent purpose of visiting Sebituane[2]. This done, he proposes to settle with him. The chief is quite as desirous for such a settlement as he. No. "To every man his work." The chief's is done: he dies. Our traveller's plan of settlement is set aside; once more he is a wanderer, and soon afterwards in company with Mr Oswell discovers the Zambesi, a full deep flowing river as broad as the Thames at London bridge, 1500 miles inland. Again, when at Linyanti he deliberates, like Abraham and Lot, whether he shall turn to the right hand or to the left. He knows himself to be in central South Africa, and that the ocean is on both hands to the East and the West. We may try to picture him in our mind's eye, thousands of miles away from European civilization, in the midst of African barbarism. God watches him there; not a hair of his head shall be injured. By faith only is he able to know this; sense and sight never can divine what a day may bring forth; faith trusts and hopes. He deliberates anxiously and prayerfully, then tries first to find a path to the sea towards the West. It turns out in the event, after going first from Linyanti to the West, and then from Loanda back again across the continent almost to the Eastern Coast, that had he first gone to the East he must inevitably have

[1] See *Travels*, p. 118.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 89.

been cut off in the war then raging between some hostile native tribes and the Portuguese, which was over when he got there, after having gone to the West. Once more. When at Loanda, he falls in with several of Her Majesty's cruisers[1]. In these he has an opportunity of returning to England: his ill health seemed imperatively to demand this. Moreover, the entreaties of officers and men, desire of visiting home, and especially of meeting those whom nature and affection drew nearest to him, all powerfully impel him to embark. But no; with him, as with all noble-minded men, duty and honour stand first. He is bound to return to Sekeletu; and also to provide for the safety of the faithful companions of his perilous pilgrimage. This is not all. The great work of opening up Africa is not accomplished. He may be sick in body, and more sick at heart, as he turns his back upon the ocean, but is inflexible, and sends his journal, letters, &c. on board the *Forerunner*, and apparently goes from comparative safety to certain destruction. Not so: that ship, with nearly every person on board, was lost. That man accomplished his journey and his object, and has just left his native country nerved and prepared for encountering new dangers, and we may reasonably hope destined to achieve new and more splendid successes.

There is something so striking in these occurrences, that their being thus brought together is of more consequence than a strict adherence to chronological order. The object of sending a book into the world should be not alone to amuse, or even instruct, after one stereotyped fashion, but to cause the reader to rise from its perusal a BETTER MAN.

[1] p. 396, &c.

We now resume the thread of his life. His first missionary Station was at Kuruman in the Bechuana country, about 700 miles from Cape Town. In 1844, he here married the eldest daughter of Mr Moffat, the well-known African missionary and traveller, by whom he has four children. The following quotation from his book will give in his own words a concise outline of his life from 1840 till his return home:—

"If the reader bears in mind that from 1840 to 1845 I was employed in preparatory labours and associated with other missionaries at Kuruman and Mabotsa; then from 1845 to 1849 continued to work at Chonuane and Kolobeng, aided only by Mrs Livingstone and two native teachers; that in 1849 the journey to discover Lake Ngami was undertaken; and that in the following pages a sketch of our labours at Kolobeng is given, as well as an account of the journey to Lake Ngami, and finally the last great journey which occupied the years 1852-6 detailed,—he will have a clear idea of the arrangement of this book. Speaking generally, I have spent sixteen years of my life, namely, from 1840 to 1856, in medical and missionary labours in Africa without cost to the inhabitants."

It is impossible to overrate his gigantic labours as a traveller. The British character is eminently marked by hardihood, endurance and perseverance. The same spirit sent the Pilgrim Fathers to America, prompted the attempt to find a north-west passage round that Continent, traversed the South Pacific, conquered India, colonized Australia, and now crosses Africa. These qualifications, combined with high intellect, have made the Briton a pioneer

in almost every department of social, national, intellectual, moral and religious progress. No one can say that such is not the case in South Central Africa. An examination of the route delineated on the map will shew that Dr Livingstone has travelled in that country almost eleven thousand miles. Under what circumstances? read his book and you will see. Now prostrate with fever, overcome with fatigue, beset with difficulties, and tried by untoward events. One day, untutored companions have to be managed, savage tribes propitiated; and another, trackless forests must be threaded, bridgeless rivers, swamps and prairie lands crossed, and dangers on all hands overcome. Nearly every day subsistence had to be obtained by hunting, or received as presents from the natives. His most usual way of travelling was in a waggon, walking, in canoes, or on ox-back. The ox Sinbad is rather a celebrity in the book: he carried our traveller all the way from Linyanti to Loanda, and back again. Women were generally kind. The Bushmen were cordial, but occasionally somewhat cold; as well as the Bechuanas. He received unkindness and insolence from the Boers; unvarying hospitality and confidence among the Makololo; general kindness among the Balonda; and decided hostility among the slave-dealing tribes, and along the slave-dealers' trail.

Professor Sedgwick's letter gives a complete account of the two great journeys. The book of travels alone gives the detail of these. It is a book which, for its literary merit, new and valuable information, candour, uprightness, and Christian spirit, must commend itself and be commended. Therein the incidents of the first journey, from 1840—52, are to be found in pp. 1—93; and those of the second from 1854—6, from p. 94

to the end. The last journey necessarily occupies most of the book, and absorbs public attention, since during its progress the great discoveries were made of so much consequence to Africa and the world. Preparatory to this, he sent his family home to England from Cape Town. This journey extended from the southern extremity of the Continent to St Paul de Loanda, the capital of Angola on the West coast, and thence across South Central Africa in an oblique direction to Quillimane in Eastern Africa[1]. On his arrival at Teté, the most inland settlement of the Portuguese, he left there 113 of his native attendants lent to him by Sekeletu, and proceeded down the Zambesi to Quillimane; thence, on the 12th of July, he set sail in Her Majesty's brig "Frolic," for the Mauritius, accompanied by Sekwebu[2], his native interpreter, where he arrived on the 12th of August. He staid here with Major-General C. M. Hay until November, and then came home by way of the Red Sea, arriving in England on the 12th of December, 1856.

His residence at home has been gratifying both to him and to the public at large; and has been usefully spent. He wisely determined on preparing and publishing his book before making any public appearances. To commit to paper so valuable a mass of information in a manner intelligible to all was a matter of first importance; accident, sickness, or death might have prevented him. He has lectured many times in public, and has been enthusiastically received. Societies have elected him an honorary member of their bodies; towns and cities have presented him with their

[1] *Travels*, p. 94.

[2] See an account of the death of Sekwebu, note, p. 14.

freedom; and many are the substantial presents which he has received. The government lately appointed him British Consul for Tetè, Senna, and Quillimane. One graceful act performed towards him by Her Majesty, on the day of the banquet about to be referred to, is of more consequence, in connexion with the success of his expedition, than many are aware of, viz. that of giving him an audience. He never could well satisfy the minds of the natives on the score of not having seen and conversed with his chief: which every African expects, and is expected, at some time of his life to do. Now that difficulty is removed.

Great success and applause turn the brains of some persons; not so with our traveller. With all this well-deserved honour, he still remains the kind, quiet, communicative David Livingstone, the man of purpose, the man of energy, the man of decisive action, and the man of prayer and humble dependence on his God; the man who is a study for other men.

We now turn attention to his future plans. Since we have set out with the purpose of hearing him, as much as possible, speak for himself, we cannot do better than listen to his own statement of these plans, made at the banquet given on the 13th of February, 1858[1], under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society. More than 300 gentlemen, comprising names well known, and most illustrious in rank, science and art, assembled on this occasion to do him honor. Among these were Sir R. I. Murchison, in the chair; the Ambassadors of Denmark, Sweden and Norway, many noblemen; and some ladies who witnessed the proceedings and heard the speeches from the gallery.

[1] This speech is quoted from the *Times* of the following Monday.

"When I was in Africa I could not but look forward with joyous anticipation to my arrival in my native land; but when I remember how I have been received, and when I reflect that I am now again returning to the scene of my former labours, I am at a loss how to express in words the feelings of my heart. In former times, while I was performing what I considered to be my duty in Africa, I felt great pleasure in the work; and now, when I perceive that all eyes are directed to my future conduct, I feel as if I were laid under a load of obligation to do better than I have ever done as yet. I expect to find for myself no large fortune in that country, nor do I expect to explore any large portions of a new country, but I do hope to find through that part of the country which I have already explored, a pathway by means of the river Zambesi which may lead to highlands where Europeans may form a settlement, and where by opening up communication and establishing commercial intercourse with the natives of Africa, they may slowly, but not the less surely, impart to the people of that country the knowledge and the inestimable blessings of Christianity.

I am glad to have connected with me in this expedition my gallant friend Captain Bedingfield, who knows not only what African rivers are, but also what are African fevers. With his aid I may be able to discover the principles of the river system of that great continent, and if I find that system to be what I think it is, I propose to establish a depôt upon the Zambesi, and from that station more especially to examine into that river system, which, according to the statements of the natives, if discovered, would afford a pathway to the country beyond, where cotton, indigo, and other raw material might be obtained to any amount.

I am happy also in being accompanied by men experienced in geology, in botany, in art, and in photography, who will bring back to England reports upon all those points, which I alone have attempted to deal with, and with very little means at my disposal.

The success—if I may call it success—which has attended my former efforts to open up the country mainly depended upon my entering into the feelings and the wishes of the people of the interior of Africa. I found that the tribes in the interior of that country were just as anxious to have a part of the seaboard as I was to open a communication with the interior, and I am quite certain of obtaining the co-operation of those tribes in my next expedition. Should I succeed in my endeavour, should we be able to open a communication advantageous to ourselves with the natives of the interior of Africa, it would be our great duty to confer upon them those great benefits of Christianity which have been bestowed upon ourselves. Let us not make the same mistake in Africa that we have made in India, but let us take to that country our Christianity with us.

I confess that I am not sanguine enough to hope for any speedy result from this expedition, but I am sanguine as to its ultimate result. I feel convinced that if we can establish a system of free labour in Africa, it will have a most decided influence upon slavery throughout the world. Success, however, under Providence, depends upon us as Englishmen. I look upon Englishmen as perhaps the most freedom-loving people in the world, and I think that the kindly feeling which has been displayed towards me since my return to my native land has arisen from the belief that my efforts might at some future time tend to put an end to the odious traffic in

slaves. England has, unfortunately, been compelled to obtain cotton and other raw material from slave States, and has thus been the mainstay and support of Slavery in America. Surely, then, it follows that if we can succeed in obtaining the raw material from other sources than from the slave States of America we should strike a heavy blow at the system of slavery itself.

I do not wish to arouse expectations in connexion with this expedition which may never be realized, but what I want to do is to get in the thin end of the wedge, and then I leave it to be driven home by English energy and English spirit.

I cannot express to you in adequate language the sense which I entertain of the kindness which I have received since my return to this country, but I can assure you that I shall ever retain a grateful recollection of the way you have received me on the eve of my departure from my native land.

Reference has been made in language most kind to Mrs Livingstone. Now, it is scarcely fair to ask a man to praise his own wife, but I can only say that when I left her at the Cape, telling her that I should return in two years, and when it happened that I was absent four years and a half, I supposed that I should appear before her with a damaged character. I was, however, forgiven. My wife will accompany me in this expedition, and I believe will be most useful to me. She is familiar with the languages of South Africa, she is able to work, she is willing to endure, and she well knows that in that country one must put one's hand to everything. In the country to which I am about to proceed she knows that the wife must be the maid-of-all-work within while the husband must be the jack-of-all-trades without, and

glad am I indeed that I am to be accompanied by my guardian angel. Allow me now to say just one word in reference to our chairman; let me just tell you that I found a few days back an abstract from an address which he delivered to the Geographical Society in 1852, and which he had the assurance to send to me. In that address my distinguished friend foreshadowed a great portion of those discoveries which I subsequently made, and all I can now say is that I hope he will not do the same thing again."

This characteristic speech gives a complete account of our traveller's future plans in Africa.

As it regards the expedition which has just sailed from our shores, it is a very complete one.

Her Majesty's Government has granted £5000 wherewith to defray its expenses. The proposal for this grant was enthusiastically received in the House of Commons; Lord Clarendon has been particularly solicitous about Dr Livingstone's welfare and future success.

The President, Council, and members of the Royal Geographical Society have been active in assisting this expedition. At a crowded meeting held early in January at Burlington House, Sir R. I. Murchison in the chair, a communication was made to the meeting, by the desire of Lord Clarendon, expressing a wish that the Council would submit to the Foreign-office suggestions with reference to the expedition. Dr Livingstone had explained to the Council his own plan of operations, and had laid before it the names of those whom he proposed should accompany him: and a resolution had been passed, expressing their entire approbation of his project.

His associates are Commander Bedingfield, R.N., well known for his exploration of the Congo and other African rivers; Dr Kirk, M.D., of Edinburgh, and botanist; Mr R. Thornton, of the School of Mines, as mining geologist; Mr T. Baines, as artist, for which position he is well qualified by his previous experience in Africa, and his travels in North Australia; Mr Rae, as engineer of the launch; and Dr Livingstone's brother, who will take charge of the establishment which it is proposed to fix for a time at the confluence of one of the tributaries of the Zambesi.

In consequence of the unhealthiness of the delta of the Zambesi, for about 250 miles below Teté, the Council expressed a wish that the expedition should be conveyed to Teté in a decked steam-vessel, of light draught, and that the steam launch should only carry them on from that point, or above Teté.

These plans as far as possible will be carried out.

A beautiful iron steam launch was constructed by Mr John Macgregor Laird, at his Birkenhead Works, by order of the government, for the purposes of the expedition. This vessel is 75 feet long, 8 broad, and 3 deep; being in the shape of a large flat-bottomed canoe, having both ends alike, and covered in with awnings. Her hull is made in three compact watertight sections, with a curved keel; the draught of water being only 14 inches[1].

The expedition set sail from Liverpool, on Wednesday 10th of March, on board the screw steam-ship *Pearl*, under

[1] There is an admirable lithograph of this launch published by Mr S. Walters, Liverpool: as also a description and wood-cut of it in the *Illustrated News*, of *March* 6th ult.

the command of Captain Bedingfield, the launch being taken on board in three pieces.

The *Pearl* will take them as far as possible up the Zambesi, and then leave them to God's merciful Providence and to their own resources.

In a letter dated Sierra Leone, 30th March, addressed to Sir R. I. Murchison, Dr Livingstone speaks cheerfully of the well-being and happy prospects of the whole party; stating that they were going on immediately to the Cape.

We have now brought this Memoir up to the present moment. Surely the prayers of multitudes will ascend to God for the success of this undertaking. True philanthropy, the advancement of science, and the opening up of Africa to Commerce and Christianity are its avowed and real objects; what can be nobler? This little book finds its way into the world, just after our traveller and his companions have departed from their native shores on this mission. God only knows the result, and He doeth all things well. If they ever return to this country, the editor of this book as well as many who read it may be silent in the grave. While we wish for Dr Livingstone and his companions GOD SPEED, and pray for success and temporal and eternal blessings for ALL; let us, in remembering our latter end, "strive to enter in at the strait gate," in the prayerful hope of meeting them and many Central Africans around God's throne in heaven. *THERE IS* PEACE, *THERE IS* HAPPINESS, *there* "THE WICKED CEASE FROM TROUBLING, AND THE WEARY ARE AT REST."

PREFATORY LETTER

BY

THE REV. ADAM SEDGWICK, M.A., F.R.S.

VICE-MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE.

TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,
March 16, 1858.

MY DEAR SIR,

A FEW days after Dr Livingstone's visit to Cambridge, you informed me that you were about to publish the Reports of the two Addresses he had made (in the Senate-House and Town-Hall), with some notes and explanatory matter of your own. At the same time you asked me to write an account of what took place in our Senate-House, on the occasion of his Address to the University, with any comments I might think fit to offer for the use of your little Volume. I promised to comply with your request; for you told me that by so doing I should gratify my honoured friend Dr Livingstone: but my prefatory letter, I added, must be short; as I disclaimed all purpose of writing a formal review of Dr Livingstone's labours. I should indeed have thought such a task delightful, had I possessed health and leisure for its performance; but I had neither the one nor the other.

Three months have passed away since you first spoke to me of your intended publication. The delay cannot be a cause of regret to you if it has enabled you to improve the matter of your work. For your subject is not one of a momentary and local interest; but is connected with the advance of physical knowledge; and, under God's blessing, with the progress of humanity and Christian truth. You now tell me that, with the exception of a few pages, your work is all in type; and you again claim my promise. I ought to be ashamed of my long delay were I not able to reply, that, after the duties of the Michaelmas term were ended, my health for many weeks was in a state which made

the simple task of writing such a letter as this almost impossible.

It may seem incongruous that I should write a preface to a work with which (excepting the two newspaper Reports) I am still unacquainted. But on this score, after my conversations with yourself, I think that I am quite secure from blame. As to the baleful misery and deadly sin wrought by the slave-dealer in Africa, your opinions do not differ from those I have been taught to hold from the days of my childhood. If you hope, in however humble a degree, to make Dr Livingstone's great labours and discoveries more widely known—to forward (by a direct appeal to what he has done) the great and good cause of civilization, brotherly love, and Christian truth—and to encourage the Missionary of the Gospel in carrying the message of peace to poor benighted Africa;—in all such hopes you have the heartfelt sympathy of many a fellow-Christian who will wish God speed to your little Volume.

Dr Livingstone, if I mistake not, came to Cambridge as your guest, on Monday, December the 3rd. The next morning he addressed, in the Senate-house, a very large audience composed of the resident Graduates and Undergraduates of the University, and of many visitors from the Town and neighbourhood. Under the sanction of a Grace of the Senate this building had been hastily prepared for his reception by an order of the Vice-Chancellor, who presided at the Meeting. On the same day he dined in the Hall of Trinity College, when the Master presided; and he rested for the night at the Master's Lodge. The day following (Dec. 5th), with the sanction of the Mayor and Corporation, he addressed a very crowded audience in the Town Hall; and he afterwards dined a second time in the Hall of Trinity College. In the course of the same evening he took leave of us, to our great sorrow; some of us believing that we should never see his face again.

In the long period of my academic life I have many times been present in our Senate-House, on occasions of joyful excitement. The few amongst us who remember the early years of this century cannot now forget the thoughts which filled the national heart, if not with fear, at least with sorrow and deep anxiety: for England saw nation after nation falling before the sword of the first Napoleon; till at length she stood alone with all the great powers of Europe combined in league against her. But a brighter season followed. Europe regained its freedom from military domination; and England, with her institutions safe and her soil inviolate, seemed to stand on a pinnacle of glory.

Again and again, I have seen those good stout-hearted men who, under God, had helped to work out the deliverance of Europe from military servitude, greeted in the Senate-House with our loudest acclamations. I have been present at four Installation Festivals; when we met to do honour to the good men whom by our free votes we had placed at the head of the University. All these were occasions of honest and great excitement.

The last installation festival was graced and honoured by the presence of our Sovereign. To her was due the first homage of the University; and it was given by us not grudgingly, but with a loyalty that carried us almost beyond ourselves, and drew from us the most fervent gratulations that affectionate and grateful subjects are permitted to exhibit in the presence of their Sovereign. Nor did we, during that season of loyalty and joy, forget our youthful Chancellor, or abate one jot of the honour due to him. We greeted him as one placed by our free choice in the highest Office of the University; as the Consort of our Queen; as the Father of the future Sovereign of England; as a man well trained in academic learning, to whose wisdom we might look for counsel in any times of difficulty, and to whose eloquence and influence we might look for protection in an hour of danger.

On none of the public festivals, to which I have just alluded, were the gratulations of the University more honest and true-hearted than those which were offered to Dr Livingstone. He came amongst us without any long notes of preparation, without any pageant or eloquence to charm and captivate our senses. He stood before us—a plain, single-minded, cheerful man — somewhat attenuated by years of toil, and with a face tinged by the sun of Africa: and he addressed us in unadorned and simple words; said nothing that savoured of self-glory; and when he told us of what he had done, during the sixteen years that were gone, and what he hoped, with God's blessing, to do for the cause of truth and the good of his fellow-creatures in Africa, in years to come, he more than once exclaimed in earnest truth, that "he had made no sacrifice"—that he had but done a duty to which he had been called by outward circumstances—that he had only obeyed an impulse which he felt within himself, and had the sanction of his conscience.

We received him, therefore, as a Christian brother, who having grappled manfully with great dangers and overcome them, had returned to his home after long years of absence: and while we listened to the tale that he had to tell, there arose in the hearts of all the listeners a fervent hope, that the hand of God which had so long upheld him would uphold him still, and help him to carry out the great work of Christian love that was still before him. In such words as these I believe that I am truly interpreting the sentiments of the University the day that they met Dr Livingstone in the Senate-House.

All who that day assembled to meet him, and listen to his address, had heard something of his early labours; and there was a smaller number who had then read his *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa*. We knew that he was a man of humble birth, and that he had learnt the first lessons of Christian truth from the teaching and example of his parents. We knew that, for years of his early life he had

to gain his daily bread by the labour of his hands—that after the fatigues of the day, even in his boyhood, he had with unconquerable energy sought after many fountains of useful knowledge and drunk of their waters—that he had stolen from the night the short hours of study the day did not afford him—that, as he advanced in years, he had learnt to carry on his studies in moments of time, snatched in the crowd and toil and din of a manufactory, and amidst interruptions which, to wills less resolute, would have made any continued exercise of serious thought impossible. We knew that, as he improved in manual skill, and gained higher wages, he set apart a larger sum for study—that he made good progress in the classic tongues—that he laid the foundation of sound knowledge in several important branches of natural science, and gradually won his way by his own energy, and "without receiving a farthing's aid from any one" (and I may add, not without some hinderances in early life, on the part of those whom he most loved and honoured),—that he was at length enabled to attend three important Classes in the University of Glasgow as a regular student, and in the end became a Licentiate of the Faculty of Physic and Surgery. Such were the early years of the man who came to address us, after his labours of love and long wanderings in South Africa.

His boyish studies may have been carried on without any long-sighted visions of what the future had in store for him: but he never quite forgot those early parental lessons which contained the good seed of all the fruits of his after life. There may, during his daily and nightly toils, have been a short period in which he ran the risk, like many other men, of forgetting that he was a Christian. But as he advanced in mature knowledge and grew in stature, he became, through God's blessing, more and more, in heart and life and firm conviction, a good religious man. He became a man of large benevolence, of firm faith, and of a grand catholicity of spirit. He believed that all the families upon earth are God's children,

and heirs of His covenanted mercies; that the command to spread the light of the Gospel through all the nations under heaven had passed downwards on every honest Christian; and that every son of man who passed under the Christian name ought to receive the command as delivered to himself, and act upon it according to the measure of his capacity and the means that God had placed within his hands.

Nor were his views of natural knowledge less wide and generous. For he believed, with unshaken faith, in the ruling providence of God—the Creator of all worlds and of the laws whereby they are upheld: and, hence, he also believed, that all true natural and material knowledge is but a knowledge of one portion of the will of our Creator embodied in His works. Hence, also, he practically believed that no parts of true knowledge, whether sacred or profane, can, when rightly used, ever be in mutual antagonism: nay, rather, that considered as a whole, they are at once the manifestation of our Maker's glory and implements of good to our fellow-men. With a faith like this acting on a brave heart; with the free spirit of an honest Christian; with good stores of knowledge which he longed to spread among his ignorant and suffering fellow-creatures; with a benevolence and love that made his heart yearn towards the poor degraded and persecuted inhabitants of heathen lands; with feelings and endowments such as these, we cannot wonder that he put aside any dreams of worldly ambition in his own country (if such he ever had), and sought to devote his life to the humble duties of a Christian Missionary. No man, with powers like those of young Livingstone, can be quite unconscious of them. When a boy he may have dreamed of foreign lands without aim or purpose. When come to manhood, under the promptings of his conscience, he resolved, as we have seen, humbly to devote all the powers which God had given him, and by which he had risen to what he then was, to the service of his Redeemer and to the spread of light in the lands of heathen darkness.

I have dwelt on this passage of his life, because he told us in his Address that he came among us as a Christian Missionary; and in that capacity asked us for our help and counsel and sympathy. We are not permitted now to look for miracles in the natural world; and no great tasks (those especially that are employed in changing the habits and opinions of men, in influencing their lives, and in leading them from evil to good) can ever be well done without much preparation and previous thought, and without great and long-continued labour. It would not, I think, be too much to affirm, that all the early days of Livingstone's life, from his childhood upwards, were, under Providence, a preparation for his missionary labours in South Africa.

Disappointed in his early hopes of beginning his work in China, he went out (under an engagement to the London Missionary Society) to South Africa; landed at Cape Town in 1840; without needless delay went up the country; and soon began his labour of love among the Natives. After numberless toils and some strange changes of fortune, but never without hope and good courage and trust in God, he finally completed his great task at the mouth of the Zambesi, on the 12th of July, 1856: and then, by the Mauritius and the Red Sea he found his way back to England. In the letter I am now writing, I can do little more than allude to the works by which he fulfilled his mission during these sixteen eventful years: the details may be read and studied in his published volume. But I may dwell, through one or two pages, on the manner in which he began his great task, and how he carried it forward during the first twelve years of his wanderings in Africa.

For six months he shut himself out from all direct intercourse with civilized men. He lived among the Natives as their brother, till he gradually became familiar with their language, their wants, their habits of thought, and all that made them what they were—the poor degraded children of untaught

nature. Some of them might have seen and learnt to fear, and perhaps to hate, the civilized men called Christian. For it is certain that men, called Christian, living on the frontier lines of savage lands (and the remark applies to no line more than that which forms the northern skirt of the Cape Colonies), while they perhaps thank God that they are not as the poor Savage who is before them, are seldom known to hold out a hand to lift him from the earth: nay, rather, are ever ready to make him the enslaved minister of their base and selfish appetites.

With such apostles, civilization and Christian truth can never make one step of good progress. Nay, such men will dare to tell us (and thousands have been ready to believe the tale, and even good men have listened to it) that when sunk below a certain level, of which they make themselves the judges, no power under heaven can reclaim the Savage—that he is doomed to death by the God who created him—that over him the promises of the Gospel have passed without any meaning—that by the laws of nature, which are the voice of God, he is predestined to be torn out of the soil like a rank weed, or slaughtered like a wild beast of the forest.

Such was not the faith of Livingstone. He taught the poor Africans to love him and to trust him, because he treated them with confidence and love. He visited them in their wants; he healed them in their sickness; he taught them the first simple lessons of Christian truth. With the Natives who had reached the years of manhood he made but slow progress. Some of their Chiefs were, however, won over to the truth. But while the greater number heard him with a kind of torpid apathy, they learnt to honour and trust him; and they were willing that he should teach his lessons to their children. With the children he made far better progress, while he taught them the simple lessons of the Gospel, awakened their affections, and trained them in the humble duties of a Christian life. During this period his Wife (a daughter of Mr Moffat, the oldest and greatest of all the Missionaries of

the Gospel to South Africa,) became his comforter and helper in these good offices of love and ministerial duty. At length a little vineyard was planted by him at Kolobeng and in the country near the south-eastern skirts of the great Kalahari desert, which promised to spread its fruit and branches far and wide in South Africa.

Nor did he, during these years, forget the studies of his earlier life, or shut his eyes to that goodly book of nature which never ceased to charm him. His pages teem with information and good suggestions; to be worked out, we trust, and turned to profit, by those who may hereafter follow in his steps. In reading some of his plain unadorned descriptions, which are almost sublime from their simple truthfulness, we might fancy that we were wandering with him through a wild untamed world of an antique fashion (like that sometimes painted by geologists) before man had been placed upon it, and begun his works of change.

In 1849, he for the first time crossed a part of the great Kalahari desert, and visited the lake Ngami.

His journal is here crowded with matters of deep interest to a moralist or a naturalist—to one who can study human nature in its lowest degradation, yet even there can find marvellous traces of ingenuity and of aspirations after a higher and better life;—or to another who rejoices to view the face of the natural world in its extremes of wild luxuriance and sterility; yet in both extremes capable of supporting millions of rational beings when man has driven off the ponderous monsters that are now stalking on the surface, and obeyed the command of his Maker in subduing it.

The next year (1850) he made another northern excursion and reached the great river Zambesi. It was then that he became personally known to Sebituane, the conqueror and Chief of all the neighbouring country. He was everywhere received with fresh confidence and kindness. The report of his labours of love had gone before him, and no one was

afraid to trust him: but he learnt, to his dismay, that the slave-dealer—the deadly minister of evil—had in the preceding year found his way for the first time into a district under the great Chief's authority. To arrest a deadly pestilence before it had spread its moral poison through the country—to teach the poor African that he might, without danger or broil or bloodshed, carry on a good commerce with civilized man without committing it to the brutal slave-dealer—to extend the ground of Christian Missions—to give a movement to civilized commerce along the course of the great Zambesi, and with it to stir up the honest zeal of good true-hearted men, who, under Providence, might bring the light of civilization and Christian truth to central Africa—these were the thoughts that moved the heart and mind of Livingstone as he returned southward to his home and Christian flock.

But a black cloud was hanging over the infant Church that was founded by Livingstone. Crowds of lawless Boers came, during the Caffre wars, to settle on the outskirts of the Bechuana country. They called themselves Protestant Christians; and they had learnt to cull out from the Old Testament some words which appeared to tell them that the heathen were their inheritance, or seemed to sanction their deeds of violence and aggression against the poor African. But their senses were close-shut to the teaching of the Gospel—to its message of peace and love to every son of man, and to all nations under heaven. Many of these Boers had been trained in deeds of blood before, and during, the Caffre wars. Many had been open rebels against the central authorities at the Cape. All lawless men, deserters and bad spirits, were drawn towards them. By a disastrous treaty (for how can any compromise with ignorant and lawless rebels be otherwise than disastrous?) they gained a kind of political independence. In words, indeed, they were bound to suppress slavery and to give a free passage from the Cape Colonies to the tribes in Central Africa: but conditions, with lawless

men, are a dead letter and a mockery. Aggression on aggression followed; the Negro became no better than a slave to the neighbouring Boers: and to complete their work, they invaded the Bechuana country in 1852; ruined the Christian settlement of Kolobeng; butchered many of the adults, and swept off two hundred school-children into slavery. All Dr Livingstone's property was destroyed or plundered; his house was a heap of ruins; his books were torn and scattered to the winds. His Christian harvest was gone; and the field in which he had laboured for ten years was made desolate. All means of peacefully carrying on his mission at Kolobeng were at an end.

A man of less resolute will, and less firm trust in Providence, might well have despaired of doing more good work in Africa. But hope and courage never left the heart of Livingstone. He conducted his wife and children to Cape-Town, and procured for them a passage to England. "Thus" (to use his own words) "he had for the first time during eleven years revisited the scenes of civilization." He improved himself in the work of scientific observation, under the direction of the Royal Astronomer at the Cape. He prepared himself in every way (within his means) which zeal and prudence and long experience could point out to him. To their honour, be it told, he had the cordial sanction of the London Missionary Society in the great work that was now before him; and in carrying it on, he was left to his uncontrolled discretion. They had found the right man for their work, and they had the heart to trust him.

Thus fortified, he turned his face once more, in good hope, towards Central Africa: and in four years of danger and great toil he realized the work which rose within his mind, two years before, when he first saw the great Zambesi, and first heard that the slave-dealer—the pest of Africa—had at length found his way into the country of the Makololo. From the center of South Africa he did "establish a highway"

to its eastern and western shores, which other men may follow: and he has now gone back from England in the fervent hope that Christian men may learn to carry on a righteous commerce along this "highway;" and that Africa may learn to bless the stranger who comes to visit her, and to know that she may procure the precious goods of the white man at a better rate than giving him in exchange the life and blood of her own children.

Some readers of this letter may think it strange that I have written so much about Dr Livingstone's earlier life, and passed over, with such brief notice, his almost super-human labours during his two journeys of discovery from Linyanti to the eastern and western coasts of Africa. But I do not profess to write a review of his admirable Volume. Thousands will delight to read his history after he left Cape Town in 1852. But in the long succession of trying incidents there recorded—in the varied aspects of wild untamed nature, and of man as wild as the land in which he dwells, yet struggling and looking upward for something better—a reader may perhaps forget that Livingstone travelled and did all his work as a Christian Missionary; and overlook the causes which, with God's blessing, helped him to triumph over every danger that beset him on his way. If his early life was a preparation for his mission to South Africa; with still more literal truth we may affirm that his missionary life of twelve years helped to arm him, in mind and hand, for the good work which he afterwards accomplished: and we may well doubt whether in all Europe there was another man who could have had the heart to undertake, and the head to finish the good work that he has done.

Let us just consider the powers he brought to bear upon the task. He was a man of a wiry frame that was fitted for much endurance; of great physical courage; of much fore-thought and prudence; of a strong and steadfast will in carrying out the purpose of his heart; of a cheerful and

hopeful temper; of ample love towards his fellow-creatures, and a hatred of that brutalizing policy by which millions of the human family are made the hopeless bond-slaves of their brethren, and shut out from the blessings which God has in ample store for all his children; of a keen relish for natural beauty, and a love of natural knowledge which kept him alive in all his wanderings, and helped to drive away any sinking of spirit that might have been his death; of a firm trust in Providence; of a firm belief that, with a good conscience, he was doing a work of solemn obligation, and carrying out, as best he could, a commission which, through God's will, had been intrusted to his hands. Personally, then, he had no ground of fear; and he had the best ground of hope, whatever might be the issue of his labour.

Qualities like these might, perhaps, have been found in some other men. But where are we to find another who combined these gifts with twelve years of familiar intercourse with the children of South Africa; who could speak their prevailing dialect like one of themselves; who was inured to their climate; who knew their manners, superstitions and affections; who knew how to control their savage passions, in times of perilous excitement, by reasons they could comprehend; who by long acts of kindness had been training them from evil to good; who passed among them as a Father; whom they had learnt to trust as a friend and benefactor? Every good practical work must have a firm basis to rest upon. Livingstone's operations were based upon his long labours of love, on the good-will and trust he had gained among the Natives, and on the power of persuasion he had, by long experience, gained over their Chiefs. In this power he trusted, and in the time of need it did not disappoint him.

After a journey from Cape Town of eleven months, in the well-known carriage (the ponderous bullock-waggon of South Africa), he reached Linyanti, the capital of Makololo, in May 1853. The Chapters in which he describes this long journey

are among the most interesting of his Volume. His pages are pregnant with good suggestions, and filled with objects of most lively interest. Sebituane was dead. But his successor, Sekeletu, received our Missionary with unhesitating kindness: and many were the rude, but honest, proofs of his good-will. During a halt at Linyanti, and a tour of nine weeks on the Leeambye, our Author tells us "that he had been in closer contact with heathenism than he had ever been before;" and strange are the pictures of savage life which he has put before us.

As he had in good hope anticipated, when he left Cape Town, he readily persuaded Sekeletu to support him in his plan of discovery. The Makololo were ready for the enterprise, and anxious for honest commerce with the "children of the sea"—the white men of the far west. The question was discussed in public. They counted the cost and knew the danger; but the popular voice was won: and 27 men (of six distinct tribes, and familiar with several dialects of South Africa) were equipped for the expedition—not as slaves or hired servants, but as companions and helpers to Dr Livingstone, in an object as eagerly desired by the great Chief and many of his people, as by himself.

Thus supported he began his perilous journey up the Leeambye, in November, 1853. "As I had always believed," he tells us, "that, if we serve God at all, it ought to be done in a manly way, I wrote to my brother, commending our little girl to his care, as I was determined to *succeed or perish* in the attempt to open up this part of Africa. The Boers, by taking possession of all my goods, had saved me the trouble of making a will; and considering the light heart now left in my bosom, and some faint efforts to perform the duty of Christian forgiveness, I felt that it was better to be one of the plundered party than one of the plunderers." The limits of this letter prevent me from making a longer extract.

With stout hearts this little crew ascended the upper

Zambesi (or Leeambye)—one part in canoes, and the other part on foot or on riding-oxen—bearing Sekeletu's ivory for the market of Loanda, and such light baggage as they were able to carry for their own support in their long and perilous journey. In this way they passed through the whole of the Barotse valley, and at length entered on a country that owed no allegiance to Sekeletu. They afterwards quitted the Zambesi, and ascended the Leeba, a large tributary river which led them towards the north-west. Continuing their onward course, among tribes who did not obstruct them, but gave them generous and friendly help, they were induced (on the 10th of February, 1854) to leave their canoes behind: and then, after crossing vast swampy places and many tributary streams that fall to the left bank of the Leeba, they slowly worked their way; and, on the 20th of February, 1854, came upon the water-shed of South Africa.

This water-shed is not a mountain-chain—sending its brawling torrents, on the one side towards the Atlantic, and on the other towards the Indian seas—but is represented by a vast table-land which stretches through many degrees of latitude; and (north of the Zambesi) through many degrees of longitude; and is crowned, here and there, with great swamps and tangled and almost impenetrable forests, or by shallow lakes which are fringed with the rankest tropical vegetation. From beneath these swampy lands ooze out those waters which form the northern feeders of the great Zambesi:—not in dark brown streams, like those which come from the mountain-bogs of the British Isles, but in clear pellucid water which has filtered through the uncarbonized roots and grass of the upper plains.

Such appears to be the nature of the physical boundary which stretches far and wide across a large portion of the continent, and separates those central parts of South Africa, from which our travellers started, from the unexplored regions extending towards the north. How far the table-land extends in that direction, and whether it does not blend itself with,

and pass into, the physical structure of Northern Africa, are questions to be, we trust, hereafter settled. Its greatest height above the sea, along the track taken by Dr Livingstone, is about 5,000 feet. Its height at the swampy lake Dilolo, which is precisely on one part of the summit-level, is not more than 4,000 feet.

In their progress up the Zambesi, the land was almost featureless. Great damp plains—flooded after the fall of the tropical rains—skirt the river-banks. Ant-hills (as large, however, as hay-stacks) are the pigmy mountains of the neighbouring lands; and they rise, during the floods, like oases out of the deserts of water. Hence these ant-hills are often the special seats of human life and cultivation. Up the Leeba, and almost to the water-shed, the country improves in feature. Ridges of high land were seen towards the east, which might deserve the name of hills: and among the valleys that descended from these hills, nature seemed to revel, here and there, in her most gorgeous forms of tropical vegetation. Still there were the same prevailing characters. Rank grasses, often rising above the heads of those who were on ox-back—a dull swampy surface—streams as clear as crystal emerging from the upper swamps—and a dismal rising vapour, bearing with it a *malaria* most oppressive to the strength and senses.

Spite of all difficulties, and spite of attacks of fever, which almost bent him to the ground, Dr Livingstone moved onwards—kept alive by a spirit of enterprise—by hope and good courage which never left him—and above all by a trust in Providence, and a firm belief that he was engaged in a task of solemn duty, which, under God's blessing, might bring good to his fellow-men. His loyal crew partook of a portion of their leader's spirit, and were hardly heard to utter a murmur during the long months of their daily toils; and they never flinched from their duty.

But if there was much, along the Zambesi, to weigh down the spirits, there was, also, much to raise them up. Elephants

zebras; herds of buffaloes, gnus, water-antelopes, and other ruminants, were the inviting game of the neighbouring country. "Alligators (Crocodiles?) in prodigious numbers," sometimes with their attendant watch-birds, might be seen near the banks of the great river. Shoals of hippopotami so filled its waters, that in some places it required skill and caution to steer the canoes clear of them, and avoid their lumbering carcases when they were disturbed and rose suddenly towards the surface. Sometimes the females were found moving through the water, and bearing their young (gipsy-fashion) on their backs. Strange wading birds were seen along the shoals. The moping ibis of Egypt was found upon the river banks. Flocks of black geese, and multitudes of water-fowl were rising continually before them. All nature seemed to swarm with life; and each creature to be fitted for its work and element.

As our travellers ascended the Leeba, the game on which they fed became less and less abundant. The Natives had procured fire-arms, by wretched bargains with the slave-dealer, and had driven the larger animals into the recesses of the forest. Hence, while Dr Livingstone and his brave followers crossed to the western side of the water-shed (and for six weeks afterwards), they had to sleep upon the damp ground, to live generally on manioc (a miserable tasteless innutritious food, like starch), and sometimes to endure the severe pains of hunger. Through dire necessity they had to slaughter several of the oxen which carried them and their baggage and the tusks Sekeletu had sent with them for the market of the far west.

But I must not, in this sketch, pass over the Native families with whom they held intercourse on their way. From the bottom to the top of the Barotse valley they met with every mark of good-will and kindness which the humble negro could show to strangers. Their wants were all supplied —their food was abundant—and they suffered nothing but what inevitably sprang from fatigue and an oppressive climate.

Let it not be said that these, most welcome proofs of kindness, on the part of the Natives, arose from fear of Sekeletu whom they acknowledged as their Chief: for Dr Livingstone and his whole crew met with men of the same hospitable and confiding temper, far beyond the authority of Sekeletu—even to the summit of that high table-land which parts the waters of the Congo and the Zambesi.

A man who rejoices in faithful pictures of manners, displayed by the rude untaught children of nature; who loves to turn his thoughts to the forms of government by which they are held in social union and obedience to their Chiefs; to their superstitious and early aspirations after a higher life; to the first rude dawnings of those passions and affections by which they may be trained to good or evil:—such a man will delight in the voyage of Livingstone along the Zambesi and the Leeba, and his descriptions of the *courts* (for such they may be called) of Shinte and Katema. We may laugh at the domestic manners, and the grotesque ceremonials of the black men. We may, perhaps, be shocked at the gods they ignorantly worship and the rude symbols of their idolatry. We may pity their ill-placed confidence in trials by ordeal—fatal more often to the innocent than the guilty. We may, perhaps, laugh again at their belief in the transmigration of souls; when we read that there are Tribes, on the banks of the Lower Zambesi, who dare not hunt the lion, lest in so doing they should be hunting one who had in former times been their Chief. We may, perhaps, think with self-satisfied scorn of their simple faith in witchcraft, charms and sorceries, and their implicit trust in quacks and rain-doctors.

These blind feelings after knowledge—these rude distortions of the human soul in thought and deed—were not matters of mockery to Livingstone. They gave him a lesson, and he knew how to read it. They prove, by a test drawn from an extreme case, that the poor African is our untaught Brother, created by the God who made us; and knit toge-

ther, soul as well as body, out of elements undistinguishable from our own. We may look at the fantastical decorations of his outer person; such, for example, as the head-dresses figured in the *Missionary Travels.* There is not one among them comparable in absurdity to those monstrous stacks of perfumed and powdered hair that were worn last century by the fairest daughters of England. There is no end to the fooleries of fashion, whatever may be the condition of society, however high or low may be its grade. Even in this much boasted nineteenth century, were a man dropped amongst us, after a few years of absence from the earth, he might well think that a vile wizard had transformed the lower half of our fair sisters into the semblance of some ponderous Pachyderm; and that they were doing their best to conceal this monstrous metamorphosis by hoops of iron and ugly outworks of flounce and furbelow.

If Africa have its wretched slave-gangs; we once had slaves in England, and sent them in gangs to the markets of civilized Europe. If Africa have now its miserable ordeals; we once had our trials by ordeal, long after we had risen on the social scale very far above the rank of savages. Nay, within my memory, an accused Englishman claimed the right of appeal to wager of battle—as one of the surviving remnants of a legal form of ordeal. How long is it since our statute-book ceased to be blackened by capital enactments against witchcraft; and our jail-deliveries disgraced by horrible acts of torture inflicted (after all the solemn formalities of law) upon poor decrepit unoffending English women? If Africa have its quacks, we too have a plentiful crop from the same vile seed. If we have no rain-doctors (and the fickle elements would spoil their practice were they here), we have our rain-prophets, and our weather-wise impostors, in plenty; who year by year know how to sell their atmospheric oracles to thousands. And as to charms and other credulous fooleries of the poor African; we can surely match him in our table-

turnings, and our spirit-rappings, and our purblind acceptance of the worst impostures of *clairvoyance*. The follies and sins of civilised men are, from pure shame, partly trimmed and coloured in a way to conceal or lessen their deformity, and partly hidden in darkness: but the faults of the poor savage stand out in full relief and in the light of day.

A good lesson, I repeat, may be drawn from the pages of Livingstone—not from those only which tell us of the fidelity and the honesty and the kindness of the poor African; but those also which tell us of his faults and follies. Ignorant and degraded as he is, he is still our Brother, and the child of the great God who made us. If this be so, cold must be the heart and stunted the faith of that Christian man, who can believe that the glorious promises of the Gospel have no application to one quarter of the world, and that the "Sun of righteousness" is never meant to shine on the dark portions of benighted Africa.

Before I go on, let me quote a few lines from one of the golden pages of Dr Livingstone. Describing his ascent through the Barotse valley he tells us, "that the welkin rings with the singing of birds, which is not so delightful as the notes of birds at home, because I have not been familiar with them from infancy. The notes here, however, strike the mind by their loudness and variety, as the wellings forth from joyous hearts of praise to Him who fills them with overflowing gladness. All of us rise early to enjoy the luscious balmy air of the morning. We then have worship; but amidst all the beauty and loveliness with which we are surrounded there is still a feeling of want in the soul in viewing one's poor companions, and hearing their bitter impure words jarring on the ear in the perfection of the scenes of nature; and a longing that both their hearts and ours might be brought into harmony with the Great Father of Spirits. I pointed out, in the simplest words I could employ, the remedy which God had presented to us in the inexpressibly precious gift of His

own Son, on whom the Lord 'laid the iniquity of us all.' The great difficulty in dealing with this people is to make the subject plain. The minds of the auditors cannot be understood by one who has not mingled much with them. They readily pray for the forgiveness of sins, and then sin again; confess the evil of it, and there the matter ends."

Does not this extract prove, that the poor African is of a moral nature in the exact similitude of our own—that he is of our very kith and kin—that he is indeed our humble Brother? If so, our duty towards him is plain on the general score of humanity; and the commands of God are plain and positive. This at least we may say—with a full assurance of God's truth—that we commit a deadly sin against a benevolent Creator if we try to enslave and shut out, from the blessings of His truth, any portion of the human family: that we mock His attributes and scorn His redeeming mercies while we treat his humbler children as if they were only born to be beasts of burden to the proud civilized idolaters of Mammon. In the next paragraph—still writing of the Natives—he adds, "I shall not often advert to their depravity. My practice has always been to apply the remedy with all possible earnestness, but never allow my own mind to dwell on the dark shades of men's character. I have never been able to draw pictures of guilt, as if that could awaken Christian sympathy."

After tracking their way several weeks through swamps, and forests, and rank grasses which often reached two or three feet above the heads of those who were riding on the oxen; and after crossing many clear streams which ooze out of the higher plains, and by their union form the last ramifications of the Kasye (a supposed tributary of the Congo), they at length crossed the Mosamba ridge. Soon afterwards they found the western edge of the great table-land, and had their hearts refreshed by the sight of a noble valley, the lateral streams of which unite and form the river Quango. This

great river has a northern course through several degrees of latitude, and is then supposed to turn to the west, and at length to merge itself in the waters of the Congo.

The views, from the edge of the highlands, were glorious. "Emerging," writes the Author, "from the forests of Londa, this magnificent prospect made us feel as if a weight had been lifted from our eyelids." And well might their hearts rejoice; for on the other side of the great broad valley (or system of valleys) there rose a western chain of mountains in a country under the government of Portugal. As he descended from the table-land, he was so weak, from many previous attacks of fever, that he had to be supported by his attendants. "It was annoying (he remarks with characteristic simplicity) to find myself so helpless; for I never liked to see a man, either sick or well, giving in effeminately." In the valley they were compelled, from want of food, to slaughter one of their few remaining oxen; for they were in a land of inhospitable Savages—men trained in treachery and blood by the teaching of the slave-dealer—who had food in plenty, but would give none of it to the weary strangers except in exchange for men (to be sold as slaves), or fire-arms, or oxen. On the third of April, 1854, they reached the left bank of the Quango. Dr Livingstone was then without any change of clothes, and without a tent to cover him in the night. His little tent had been for some time in tatters, and he was fain to cower under his remaining blanket—"thankful to God for His goodness, for having so far brought them in safety without loss or bloodshed."

The next day they crossed the river, after a malicious, but harmless, discharge of fire-arms had been opened on them by the Savages they were leaving behind. They were soon conducted to the hospitable house of Cypriano, a half-caste Portuguese sergeant; and their dangers were at an end; for they were now in a country ruled over by the old and tried friends of England. "We could breathe freely," says the Author;

"and my men remarked, in thankfulness, 'We are the children of Jesus.'" Whether they fully understood these words may well admit of doubt. They had heard their Master use these words, and he had done his best to make his hearers comprehend their meaning. Whatever may have been the speculative faith of these humble Africans, we may say of them with truth, that a more true-hearted and gallant crew has seldom followed a Christian leader through toil and danger.

In this long journey from the lake Dilolo to the western bank of the Quango, they had to pass the country of the Chiboques; men thoroughly brutalized by their intercourse with the Mambari slave-dealers. They no longer met with truth and kindness and friendly help; but with falsehood, treachery, shameless extortion, and murderous intent. When Livingstone asked for food, though of the simplest kind and which they had in abundance, he was told to pay the price in a slave, a gun, a tusk, or in one of his oxen. Whatever were his straits, he was not the man to sell one of his loyal companions; nor did he commit the suicidal folly of parting with a gun to those who were ready to murder him and make a slave-gang of his followers; and the tusks were not his own. Through hard necessity, some time before he crossed the Quango, all his oxen were killed excepting four; these he saved from further importunity by lopping off a portion of their tails; for the fierce savages were cowed at the sight of a stump-tailed bullock; thinking it must have some charmed drug within it that might work them mischief.

Though worn down by hard labour, bad food, and many obstinate attacks of fever "which reduced him almost to a skeleton," hope never left him; and he trusted that God would give them a deliverance from danger. It was this sentiment that kept up the courage of a brave heart, and made him calm and prudent in the hour of utmost peril. At one halting-place some of the Chiboque remarked,

"they have only five guns;" and soon afterwards their Chief collected all his people, "well armed with spears, swords, arrows, and guns;" and with fierce shouts they surrounded the little encampment of Livingstone. He calmly faced the danger, though his personal risk was imminent; for he knew well that if a fight began "the Chiboque would aim at the white man first." He came in front, sat down upon his camp-stool, with a double-barrelled gun across his knees and a double-barrelled pistol at his side, and invited them to a parley. The chief and his leading men accepted the invitation, and sat down in front of their own party. By this act "they had placed themselves in a trap, for the little band of Makololo behaved with admirable coolness, very quietly surrounded them, and made them feel that there was no chance of escaping their spears." The danger was however great. For the crowd was furious; brandishing their weapons, and pointing their guns at Livingstone, while he sat calmly on his camp-stool. "I was careful," he says, "not to appear flurried; and, having four barrels ready for instant action, looked quietly on the savage scene around." The courage of the white man at length prevailed; and after giving an ox as the price of peace, the crowd separated, and he was permitted to go on his way. "I felt assured," he tells us, "of being enabled, with the Makololo, who had been drilled by Sebituane, to beat off our assailants. I was truly thankful, nevertheless, that—though resolved to die rather than deliver up one of our number to be a slave—we had so far gained our point as to be allowed to pass on without having shed human blood."

The country they had then to pass through had its tracks well trodden, and was not wanting in food. But the guides were treacherous and the natives inhospitable. He was ever the first when danger was in front. He was the last to cross the rivers; and it was his task, in case of

need, to compel a treacherous ferryman to complete his bargain. Many times he could have forced a supply of food for his party, and cut his way through those who opposed him; but he had come on an honest mission of peace, and not on one of violence and blood. Hence, before he crossed the Quango, he was compelled to part with his last change of linen, and every scrap of property that he had a right to exchange for food; and his black friends were in like poverty, being stripped of the most prized decorations of their persons.

He knew how to maintain a good discipline, necessary to his own life as well as theirs: and on one occasion when there was a mutinous brawl among his men, while they were feasting on an ox he had slaughtered for a Sunday feast, he came from his tent, where he had been resting in a state of febrile stupor, with a double-barrelled pistol in his hand, and told them, "That he would maintain discipline, though at the expense of some of their limbs; that so long as they travelled together they must remember that he was Master." "There being but little room to doubt his determination, they immediately became very obedient, and never afterwards gave him any trouble."

When further on their way, they all became disheartened; and some of the Makololo proposed that they should return home. But how were they to return home through the hostile country of the Chiboque? Their property was gone. Sekeletu's tusks were still with them. That property had been held sacred till this day, when through dire necessity they were compelled to part with a single tusk. "The prospect of turning back when just on the threshold of the Portuguese settlement" was too painful to be endured. He used his best powers of persuasion, and then declared to them that if they returned he would go alone; and he then went into his little tent to pray to God for help. His true-hearted band soon followed, and with

artless simplicity tried to comfort him in such words as these: "We will never leave you—Do not be disheartened—Wherever you lead we will follow—We are all your children—We will die for you—We have not fought because you did not wish it; but if these enemies begin, you will see what we can do."

Contrary to my express intention when I began this letter, I have been led to touch on details which shew the heroic side of Livingstone's noble character. He may not be a man of high birth, as height is counted in the heraldic symbols of honour; but his patent of nobility was registered in heaven, and the stamp of true greatness was fixed on his brow by the hand of the King of kings. He stood before us in our Senate-House, as a Christian hero; and as such we gave him the warmest welcome of our hearts.

Leaving this digression, I will rejoin the little band of tattered travellers while among their kind friends at the house of Cypriano. After enjoying at his hospitable house some very welcome days of rest and refreshment, they moved on to Cassange, the frontier Portuguese station, and there sold their merchandise of tusks at a good price. They then crossed the Tala Mungongo mountains, which form a part of the most western skirt of the great table-land they had left behind, and descended into the valley of the Quize, in the higher lands of which, their eyes were greeted with the sight of wheat-fields, first introduced, it is said, by the Jesuit missionaries. In the country through which they continued to descend, first among the tributaries of the river Coanza and afterwards down the valley of the Bengo, they met everywhere with ample courtesy and kindness. Wide tracts of country, with a soil of almost unbounded fertility, were however left wild and uncultivated. As they journeyed onwards, orchards of fruit-trees, pine-apples and cotton-fields met their eyes. But they were sickly and out of spirits—partly from daily fatigue, and partly from

the effects of climate and the rank luxuriance of vegetable life. All the cultivation they saw was the result of slave-labour: and the slaves told the Makololo, in passing, that they were going to Loanda to be sold by Dr Livingstone; for no white man had ever led black men from the interior country to the coast without selling them. Still the Makololo followed their master with a loyal obedience, spite of some natural misgivings as to their own fate.

On the 31st of May, 1854, when they crossed the plains above Loanda and first came in sight of the sea, they looked with awe upon the boundless waters. "We marched along with our Father (they said) believing—what the Anoients had always told us—that the world has no end; but all at once the world says to us—I am finished—there is no more of me!" They then descended the declivity above the city of Loanda, while their leader was sick from chronic dysentery, exhausted by long fatigue, and under a great depression of spirits: for he felt doubtful about his reception in a city of 12,000 souls, among whom there was but one English gentleman. Mr Gabriel, the Commissioner for the suppression of the slave-trade, was, however (he tells us), "a real whole-hearted Englishman. Seeing me so ill he benevolently offered me his bed: and never shall I forget the luxuriant pleasure I enjoyed in feeling myself again on a good English couch, after six months sleeping on the ground."

The arrival from central Africa of twenty-seven free men, headed by a native of North Britain, was a joyful event, unexampled in the history of the province of Angola; and the whole party received most substantial proofs of good-will, not only from Mr Gabriel, but also from the Bishop (then acting Governor of the Province), and from the Portuguese gentlemen resident at Loanda. Dr Livingstone's illness was of a nature that did not admit of a speedy cure; and while he remained at the house of his

kind friend, some British ships of war came to anchor at the port; and several officers, as a matter of course, soon found their way to his sick chamber. When they saw his emaciated condition, they offered to convey him to St Helena, or to give him a passage home. But the spirit of hope had not left him. He was bound in conscience to carry back the fruit of their labour to Sekeletu, and he was bound in honour not to desert his loyal crew. So he refused the tempting offer, spite of all the dangers and toils to be encountered on their return to Linyanti. And well it was for him and for us, that his trust in Providence did not fail, and that his heart remained firm to its purpose; for the vessel in which he might have sought a safeguard from sickness and danger, was lost in its way back to England. Gladly, however, he accepted the medical help offered by Captain Phillips of the Polyphemus; and (he tells us) "that Mr Cockin's treatment, aided by the exhilarating presence of the warm-hearted naval officers, and Mr Gabriel's unwearied hospitality and care, soon brought him round again."

The Makololo were presented by Mr Gabriel with red caps and striped cotton dresses; and thus arrayed they were led by Dr Livingstone on a state visit to the Bishop (the provisional Governor), who received them with all courtesy in the hall of his palace, and gave them the right of a free passage to Loanda, whenever they might wish to revisit it. They were afterwards invited, by Captain Skene and Commander Bedingfield, to visit the Philomel and the Pluto. Nearly the whole party of the Makololo went on board; but not without some natural misgivings; for they had been told, again and again, by their own countrymen, that their leader would in the end sell them to the "men of the sea." When on deck Dr Livingstone pointed to the sailors and said, "these are my countrymen sent by our Queen to put down the trade of those who buy and sell black men."

Truly they are just like you, was the reply. All their fear at once vanished. They went forward among the jolly crew and partook of their dinner. They were allowed to fire off a cannon, and were delighted to see the powerful weapons with which the English put down the slave-trade. The size of the brig-of-war amazed them. "It is not a canoe, it is a town," was their remark; "and what sort of a town is this which you must climb up into with a rope?"

All the way from Linyanti, the Makololo had been kind and loyal to their leader; but this visit to the ships of war made him stand higher still in their estimate of his authority. He had to the last been faithful to them; he was honoured by his own countrymen; all their misgivings were now gone; and from that day they looked up to him with unflinching deference and fidelity. Indeed from their first arrival at Loanda every one remarked the respectful gravity of their deportment. They were struck with awe at the sight of the large stone-houses, the churches, and the sea. A house of two stories was a thing for which they had no name in their own tongue. The only houses they had known were huts made out of poles stuck in the ground. Describing the houses at Loanda, "these are not huts, they said, but mountains, with several caves in them." But this feeling of awe and wonder did not, as one might have supposed, make them torpid and indifferent to their own place and duties. Quite the contrary. For Dr Livingstone had a severe relapse in the early part of the month of August, 1854, which again confined him to his room; and on his recovery he found that the Makololo, without any hints from himself, had set up a brisk trade in fire-wood. Day by day they had sallied out at cock-crowing, and by morning light had reached the thickets and there collected bundles of fire-wood, which they brought back to the city. The bundles were then made into fagots, for which they had found a ready market. They were also employed, each at

sixpence a-day, in unloading a coal-vessel that had come from England; and proved themselves good free-labourers, sticking steadily to their work for more than a month. In their own words—they had laboured every day, from sun-rise to sun-set, for a moon and a half; unloading, as quickly as they could, "stones that burn," till they were tired out.

With the money thus gained, they purchased clothing and ornaments to take back with them on their journey home: and our author has thought it deserving of remark, that when taken to a shop where they saw many specimens of calico—some of which were flimsy, but of gaudy colours; and when told to choose what they most valued, they *all selected* the strongest and best specimens of English calico, without any reference whatever to colour. Facts such as I have stated, prove that the poor African is our brother—not to be trampled on, but to be won with kindness—to be taught gradually the arts of life, and he is willing to be taught—to be instructed in the pure lessons and hopes of the Gospel—and so be raised to the level of a true Christian brother, who may at length learn how to walk in the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace. But, these lessons, alas! he has seldom been taught, during the past three hundred years, by the men of Europe who have gone to the outskirts of his country.

The objects our author had in view were so well approved of by the authorities of Loanda that they voted a colonel's uniform and a horse for Sekeletu, and suits of clothing for all the men who had come on the expedition The merchants, by public subscription, gave them specimens of all the best articles of trade; and two donkeys were added, in the hope of introducing that beast of burden among the Makololo—on many accounts valuable, and most of all because it is insensible to the poison of the *Tsetse*. Dr Livingstone procured also a good stock of cotton-cloth, ammunition and beads, and gave each of his followers a musket; and he

was himself also supplied "with a good new tent, made by his friends on board the Philomel."

Their baggage was indeed heavy when they left their kind friends at Loanda on the 20th of September, 1854, after a halt of nearly four months: but the Bishop had furnished them with twenty carriers, and ordered the Commandants of the districts they had to pass through to give them all needful help. Their way was slow, but the country was beautiful and rich almost beyond imagination, and the inhabitants were courteous and friendly. The Makololo were pained by the dryness of the soil, to which their feet were unaccustomed, but their spirits bore them up; and while on their way they were composing songs to be sung when they should reach Linyanti. Like other poets they were somewhat vain-glorious. "It is well, they said, that you came with the Makololo, for no tribe could have done what we have accomplished in coming to the white man's country: we are the true Ancients that can tell wonderful things."

At Golungo Alto several of the Makololo suffered from *malaria*, and one of them had an attack of *mania*. He started up one day saying to his companions—"remain well, I am called away to the gods!" and off he ran at full speed. He was caught, after a long race, and brought back; and through gentle treatment he in a few days recovered. Livingstone also suffered by fever, while halting in the same neighbourhood at the hospitable house of Mr Canto.

On the 14th of December the whole party were sufficiently recovered to resume their journey; and after crossing the Lucalla (one of the feeders of the river Coanza) they turned southwards to see the famous rocks of Pungo Andongo, and to visit the domains of Colonel Pires—one of the richest, wisest, and most patriotic men of the whole Province. On his estate cattle are found in thousands: his dairies produce excellent cheese and butter: his wheat-

crops are luxuriant: grapes, figs and peaches are the fruits of his cultivation: nature all round him is prolific, food is abundant, and the labourers are cheerful and well-fed. Were there a few more men scattered through Angola like this "merchant prince," it would soon become a bright jewel in the Crown of Portugal—of far higher price than it ever was, even in those days when the export trade in slaves was not restrained but encouraged by the great Christian states of Europe.

Here Dr Livingstone learnt, to his sorrow, that his despatches, maps and journal had gone to the bottom of the sea, in the mail-packet that was to convey them from Loanda to England. He rejoiced, however, to find that his friend Lieutenant Bedingfield (to whom they had been entrusted) had escaped with life in the hour of peril: and with characteristic energy, he immediately set to work to re-write his journal; and as far as possible to replace his loss. He remained, therefore, to the end of the year with Colonel Pires; and nowhere in Angola could he have found a better resting-place.

On the 1st of January, 1855, having re-produced some of his lost papers, he resumed his journey. They halted at a dairy-establishment of Colonel Pires; and then through rich green pastures they went on to Malange, where they struck upon the track by which, in the previous year, they had entered the province of Angola. While continuing their way, they met a half-caste slave-dealer bringing his gang of sixty slaves and many elephants' tusks from the interior. They also met several carriers bearing ivory and large cakes of bees' wax for the markets of Loanda. On the 15th of January they again crossed the heights of Tala Mungongo; and after approximating to the elevation of these mountains by experiments on the temperature of boiling water, our author and his followers descended once more among the tributaries of the Quango. With untiring labour he con-

tinued to explore the features of the country and to examine its resources; and on the 20th of February they left the frontier-station of Cassange behind them. But before they arrived at the left bank of the Quango, they were again brought to a halt by a fever which attacked two of the Makololo; and they did not reach the house of their friend Cypriano till the end of February. The next day, by a payment of calico (the money of the country), they were ferried across the Quango, and were once more among hostile Chiboque, and beyond the protection of the authorities of Angola: but they were well armed against attack, and had brought ample means with them for purchasing their needful food.

The country, on the east side of the Mungongo range, which they had now traversed, was of a fertility and beauty that called forth Dr Livingstone's frequent expressions of admiration and delight. Even the Makololo were loud in their words of praise at the sight of the fine garden-grounds through which they were journeying; and they set down the inhabitants as an inferior race of white men, because they knew not the use of milk, and were seen to kill their heifer-calves, and cows. When told that flour, and some other articles of daily use among the Portuguese, were brought from a far country, they exclaimed—"they are ignorant of living, they know nothing but buying and selling, they are not men." I hope, adds Dr Livingstone, that this may reach the ears of my Angola friends, and stir them up to develope the resources of their fine country. While he remained in the Province he lost no opportunity of learning its resources. Its natural riches are almost incredible; but have so far been turned to small profit. The palm-tree which produces the oil of commerce rises there to perfection. The tobacco-plant grows in great luxuriance; and rich grounds with orange-trees and bananas, maize and manioc, are found in the lower valleys and plains. The

coffee-tree grows rapidly on the outskirts, and within the partial shade, of the forests. In many parts of the country, especially on the banks of the Coanza, there are vast tracts of land admirably fitted for the cultivation of sugar, rice and cotton. Good iron mines are found and partially worked in the same districts. That the uplands of the Province are admirably fitted for pasture and for agriculture is most certain. But the country is without carriage-roads; and it is in vain to look for a great production of food where there are no roads for its conveyance to a distant market.

The whole economy of the Province was vitiated by the long continuance of the foreign slave-trade. The great proprietors came to Angola to gain wealth, and then to return to Europe. They found the export of slaves a ready source of profit; and they little thought of durable improvements of the soil, which, however promising in regard to future good, could produce little gain before they left the country. The one great source of wealth has now been cut off; and the country is, as our Author tells us, in a state of "transition from unlawful to lawful trade." But bodies of men cannot at once change their habits and opinions; and the Angolese have undergone a season of inevitable depression, and are again rising, it is hoped, in industry and wealth. To secure this end they are above all things called on to do what they ought to have done long since—to make carriage-roads through the rich parts of the Province; and to complete those canals which will connect the Coanza with the port of Loanda—thereby giving good water-carriage to some of the most productive districts of the country. There can be no lack of labourers in Angola; and it would be wise were the authorities to allow some bodies of their slaves to purchase their freedom by the construction of public works. No matter how constructed, the moment there are good roads, and good water-carriage,

agriculture and productive industry will improve rapidly; and Angola will throw out crops a hundred-fold the value of what it now produces.

There is an enormous disproportion between the numbers of the coloured and white men of Angola. Dr Livingstone mentions one district in which out of nearly 14,000 there are only ten white men. What is the proportion of free half-castes is not stated. In other parts of the province the relative numbers are, of course, very widely different. The state of morals under such a condition of society must inevitably be low. But let no Englishman too proudly blame the rulers of Loanda for their slave-gangs, or for their having sometimes, perhaps, shut their eyes to a smuggling export of negroes from their coast. I am old enough to remember the dreary time when the brave indignant oratory of Fox, the majestic eloquence of Pitt, and the silver voice of Wilberforce (speaking like an angel in the cause of mercy and truth and national honour), were heard in vain in St Stephen's Chapel; when, year after year, the representatives of free England sanctioned and commended a vile unchristian trade in the flesh and blood of the men of Africa. Vain were the pleadings of Christian love and national honour, when the children of mammon were allowed to hold the balance while the debate was going on. Yet our temptation to wrong was not comparable to that of the governors of Loanda. They inherited a bad polity, which put them in moral fetters; from which they had not then, nor have they now, the power of gaining an instant freedom. But they have the power to mitigate the horrors of the imported slave-gangs, and perhaps to put them down: and now that there is an opening, we may hope that they will effectually encourage a humane, free commerce with central Africa.

They brought with them to Loanda the sentiments of honour and humanity they had been taught in Christian

Europe, and to which every man, whatever may be his private life, professes an allegiance. But when they find themselves in a new position and entangled in a policy which their hearts cannot approve of, they may soon learn to lull their conscience into a belief that the African is in a better condition with them than he would be were he left to the freedom of his own country. Were this true it would be but a worthless atom in helping us to decide upon a great moral question that still agitates a part of the Christian world.

Unrestrained power is a corrupter of the human heart; and the principles of the Gospel (as is proved by the social history of all the older portions of Christendom) are at war with an institution that makes one part of the human family the bond-slaves of the other. The Son of God, who came down to save us, tells us in as plain words as were ever put on record — that the humblest man living is our brother—that if he be ignorant we are bound to teach him —if fierce and sinful, to soften his heart, to lead him to better knowledge and better hopes—and thus to raise him, through Divine help, to his true resting-place as a member of the great human family. To act in direct antagonism to these pure elements of Christian truth is to make a profane, hypocritical mockery of our religion — to shew ourselves the tyrants over those who have God's title to our good-will and love—to prove ourselves the bond-slaves of the minister of evil.

The true Christian policy of Angola is steadily and honestly to mitigate a great existing evil—to stop the slave-gangs from coming down among them from the forests of Africa, like the blast of a moral pestilence—with all prudence and humanity to change slavery into serfdom, and serfdom, at length, into civil freedom. Taking the lowest ground, and keeping the moral question in abeyance, the State would not lose but gain by such a gradual change; while the African is encouraged to win his freedom by

labouring at the construction of public works, which are most needful to the wealth and prosperity of the country. This at least we may affirm, that no state in Christendom, whatever be its extent, and be it weak or strong, can ever be truly great and glorious while it willingly retains and upholds domestic slavery as an element of its polity. Its profession of religion would, in such a case, be nothing better than a national hypocrisy; and it would but mock us if it dared to boast of its social freedom. The advocates of good and evil—of Christian freedom and social slavery—cannot be so blended in the institutions of any nation under heaven, as to work well together (like the antagonist muscles of the human body) in maintaining its uprightness and strength. Either the evil will overcome the good, or the good will reform the evil. But the victory, on which ever side it lean, may not be won without a long conflict: and while the champion of slavery is able to hold up his head, what can we expect from him but fierce manners in the place of Christian gentleness? The man who has so hoodwinked his conscience as to be without any moral sympathy with the purest elements of Christian truth and love, will be ready to poison the fountains of legislation, and to laugh to scorn those laws of nations which have long supported the weak against the strong—which have mitigated the horrors of war, and have helped to keep in remembrance not the form only but the very substance of truth and justice even among the bitterest trials of humanity.

The power of Christian truth cannot be felt by the man who denies the Divine authority of its author. There are men, who deny the being of a God, and in His place pretend to set up man as the creature of their idolatry. And they do this while they are robbing him of hopes that are the solace of his life, and debasing his understanding by taking from it all true nobility and trying to cheat it of those in-born powers by which it rises to the apprehension of the

highest truth. Nor do they stop here. They tell him that he is of a beastly origin, and only the king of brutes. Like brutes he is to live and die—a mere machine, ruled by a stern physical necessity, and therefore without moral blame, even in his most atrocious violations of human law. What is this but to snap asunder the sacred bonds by which men have been held together in social union? To such men I have nothing to say. My remarks apply to those men only who call themselves Christian freemen, and ought therefore to be bound by the sacred principles which belong to that high name.

The great sin of the slave-trade was not in the horrors of the middle passage, or in the evil and degradation endured by the poor African in the Colonies on the western side of the Atlantic. Its greatest mischief was in its origin. It set man against man, and tribe against tribe; and has for centuries been the great barrier against all progress of civilization, and all diffusion of Christian light through wide portions of a great Continent: while by a hideous moral transformation, it made some of the strongest nations of Christian Europe the tempters, the apologists, the cowardly accessories of a set of lawless savages and brutal murderers.

If a man, who knew nothing of the miserable history of Africa, were told of a map which represented the moral condition of its inhabitants by shades of colour; he would naturally look for the brightest colours on the coast-line, where the negro must have learnt wisdom by his commerce with the civilized men of Europe. But alas, how different has been the teaching! Where the Christian has most trodden, his footsteps have been too often traced in colours of blood: and where he has planted Colonies on the coast of Africa, we do not see a zone of bright colours fringing the frontier lines; but we do see, in their stead, great waves as black as ebony spreading themselves far inwards, till they are lost in the better tints of the central continent. Such

is the moral map; and its stygian colours are a foul disgrace to civilized Christian Europe.

Leaving this long digression let us rejoin our Author and his party on the east side of the Quango, and follow them across that broad dark wave which disfigures the moral tints of Africa. They proceeded nearly along their previous track till they had passed the Mosamba ridge; and they were accompanied by some half-caste traders, who carried "aquardente" with them—a baneful article of commerce. The country was still unfriendly; but they were strong and well provided; and, being more quick of foot, they soon left their slave-dealing companions far behind, and struck towards the north-east—along a main slave-dealers' track that leads to Cabango, and thence to Matiamvo the capital of Londa.

While making their way along this track, through dreary forests and dismal swampy plains, Dr Livingstone was smitten down by a dangerous fever, and for twenty-two days was unable to move forward. His companions during this delay contrived to embroil themselves with the head man of the village, and had to pay a gun and some cloth as a peace-offering. Encouraged by this successful extortion, the Natives, not long afterwards, attacked and fired upon them after they had proceeded on their journey, and our Author's courage was again put to trial. Forgetting his fever, he staggered quickly to the place of danger; and there "with a stern visage, ghastly from sickness," and with a six-barrelled revolver presented to the breast of the Chief, he soon brought about a revolution in the martial spirit of his opponents and was allowed to pass on. "The Macololo made the woods ring while telling how brilliant their conduct before the enemy would have been, had hostilities not been brought to a sudden close." Nor was this a mere noisy boast; for they were a set of gallant fellows, and had been well-trained by Sebituane their former leader.

While making slow way from his state of great exhaustion, he was glad for a short season, to rejoin the half-caste traders; but he never lost a day in which he did not notice the manners of the Natives and the productions of the country. As they went northwards the landscape improved, the inhabitants were more numerous, and the food was of better quality. The continued use of manioc produced a disease in the eyes; but by mixing the oleaginous ground-nut with it they had a more hearty and wholesome food. Though the prevailing use of fire-arms had driven the larger game into the forest they saw tracks of the eland and the hippopotamus high up among the branches of the Caşai. Their most northern point was Cabango—a large village composed of native huts, and a few miserable square houses belonging to the half-caste slave agents of the Portuguese traders of Cassange. The cruelty of these agents provoked the indignation of the whole party. "They have no hearts," exclaimed the Makololo, "and why do the slaves let them?"

The spirit of enterprize never left Dr Livingstone so long as his strength lasted; and he at one time thought of following the track to Matiamvo; hoping from that capital to work his way to the Zambesi. But neither he nor his companions were well-acquainted with the Balonda dialect; and the large stock of goods with which they had left Loanda was rapidly wasting away. They, therefore, turned from Cabango towards the south-east; and through gloomy forests, and open swampy plains, journeyed on towards the watershed of Dilolo. While away from any slave-track they were received with kindness; and they met with one simple-hearted tribe who refused to eat beef when it was offered them; because "the cows," they said, "were human beings, and lived at home like men."

It was the winter of the southern hemisphere, and there were great ranges of temperature between night and day among these swampy uplands. In the day the thermo-

meter would range from 80° to 96°, and sink in the night to 58° or 60°; and he mentions a case when it sank to 42°. Before they gained the water-shed, they were once more among the slave-dealers; and at Kawawa they met with a treacherous Chief who called out his people to attack them. With his usual presence of mind, and by a new exposure of his person at the point of danger, Dr Livingstone held the savages at bay; and not without difficulty prevented his own men from opening fire upon them.

After crossing the Casai they again entered the great plain (about 4000 feet above the level of the sea) which is the water-shed between the Congo and the Zambesi. They no longer had any fear of interruption from the slave-dealer: but two days afterwards (June 5th) their leader was struck down (though but for one day) by his twenty-seventh attack of fever. Next day they moved forward, and on the 8th of June regained their old track near the Lake Dilolo. They had still a long and weary way to travel; but they were among friends, and wholesome animal food soon became abundant. Once more they met with a hearty welcome from Katema and Shinte, and were this time able to gratify those Chiefs with ample presents.

I need not dwell upon their journey down the Leeba, and down the Barotse valley. As their return was little expected, their canoes had been removed; but they easily had them replaced. One of the party afterwards deserted them to join his father; but this was done when all danger was over. Down the Barotse valley their progress was a continued ovation; yet they had little now to offer in return for most ample kindness. "The many delays," says Dr Livingstone, "caused by sickness, made me expend all my stock, and all the goods my men procured by their own labour at Loanda; and we returned to the Makololo as poor as when we set out." "I felt, he adds, and still feel most deeply grateful, and tried to benefit

them in the only way I could, by imparting the knowledge of that Saviour who can comfort and supply them in the time of need; and my prayer is that He may send His good Spirit to instruct them and lead them into His kingdom. Even now, I earnestly long to return, and make some recompense to them for their kindness."

He again dwells with delight on the riches of animated nature. The ibis was seen in large flocks. The pelicans whitened the banks, and might be counted by hundreds. In other places, the banks were so covered by brown-backed ducks (*Anas histrionica*) that he brought down fourteen at a single shot. Among other incidents, his canoe was one day attacked and upset by a hippopotamus which had lost its young. Finally, after a halt at Sesheke, he arrived at Linyanti in September, bringing with him the presents sent for Sekeletu by the authorities of Loanda. His waggon and its contents (things of great value in the eyes of the poor Makololo) were standing, where he had left them twenty-two months before, in as perfect safety as if they had been locked up in the magazine of an arsenal.

Dr Livingstone never for a moment thought of procuring oxen and harnessing them to his waggon for a return to the Cape; which he might have done without any obvious difficulty. He had effected his first purpose, and opened a way for a lawful commerce with Angola. But the way was long and quite unfit for the ox-waggon; and many parts of the country were unhealthy. To find if possible an easier and a better road, by descending along the line of the Zambesi to the eastern coast of Africa, was now his object: and Sekeletu readily listened to the plan, and began to organize a party for the enterprise. The Makololo were fired with a spirit of adventure. The great Chief ordered tusks to be collected from all the country round about, that they might be conveyed by Dr Living-

stone to the coast, and exchanged for the precious goods of England; and before long he brought together a brave band of volunteers, who were anxious for a start down the great river. In this band were some men of experience and authority; and among them was Sekwebu a Chief of much native prudence and discretion, long tried in danger, and skilled from early life in the dialects spoken above the Delta of the Zambesi.

Sekeletu was proud of his colonel's uniform and of the rich presents he had received from Loanda; and he was delighted with the two donkeys which promised him a new breed for domestic use, and might now and then regale his ears with their sonorous music. The Makololo had indeed returned with Dr Livingstone as poor as they went out; but "we have not gone in vain," they said, and even before they reached Linyanti they had begun to collect tusks of the hippopotamus for a second journey to Angola. Such was the genuine spirit of the poor Africans.

Meanwhile Dr Livingstone was in full professional employment. He had to preach to the 7000 inhabitants of Linyanti, to cure their sickness, and to heal their wounds; for he was at once a missionary, a surgeon and a physician. He remarks that the temperature of the blood of the Natives was 98°; while the thermometer with the bulb held in his own mouth rose to 100°. But this seems only to prove that he was in a fever from overwork and the effects of a burning tropical sun; while his friends were in more natural health. He had, however, still harder work: he had to settle many nice and angry questions in debate. Several of the Makololo ladies had married again during the long absence of their husbands in the expedition to Loanda. They preferred a good husband in hand to one in the far western bush who never might come back to them. When a single wife was in dispute, he compelled the new husband to give her up to the man who had the

first claim upon her love. The cases of polygamy were harder to determine; and some of the offending parties were out of reach and mocked the court. Some of the husbands who had lost their wives affected to be indifferent. "Wives are as plentiful as grass, said Mashauama, and I can get another; she may go." He added, however, that if he caught the fellow he would slit his ears for him. One important case was referred to the judgment of Sekeletu. There were many suitors for the hand of a pretty black girl; and to prevent all further heart-burnings he compelled them to stand in a row; and then told her to pick out the one she liked best. With all gravity, and with great discretion, she selected the best-looking fellow that stood up before her.

Sekeletu had himself been an offender, in a different way, during the absence of the western expedition. He had done a little work in the old and honourable trade of "cattle-lifting." Dr Livingstone privately and tenderly admonished him; and he confessed his fault with promises of amendment. The counsel given to our Author by old Motibe (the father-in-law of Sekeletu) deserves notice. "Reprove your child Sekeletu," he said, "for this maraúding. Scold him much, but don't let others hear you." Without any attempt at declamation, but as the calm result of long and intimate experience, Dr Livingstone concludes that the poor untaught Africans "are in conduct just such a strange mixture of good and evil as men are every where else, and that by a selection of instances it would not be difficult to make the people appear excessively good or uncommonly bad." Steady principle the poor African may want; and he may be liable to be borne away by savage gusts of bad passion till he has been better taught. But do not the facts before us—be they serious or comic—prove that he is indeed our humble brother? and that we do vile wrong, before God and man, when we drag him from his home, and make him a slave that he may minister to the

refined appetites of Christian nations; who profess, at least, to believe the lessons of a Saviour common to all the sons of men?

The expedition down the Zambesi had no other base to rest upon than the influence gained by Livingstone over the native Chiefs. He had not a scrap of property of his own: but he had brought with him a good name from the Bakwains: and well had he confirmed it while among the Makololo, by his truth, his purity of life, and his courage in the hour of danger. Had he been found wanting in any one of these qualities they would have despised him. Just before they started, Mamire (who had married Sekeletu's mother) came to bid them farewell. "You," said he to Dr Livingstone, "are now going among a people who cannot be trusted because we have used them badly; but you go with a different message from any they ever heard before, and Jesus will be with you and help you though among your enemies: and if He carries you safely, and brings Ma-Robert back again I shall say he has conferred a great favour upon me." When Dr Livingstone remarked that he had nothing of his own to give, Mamire's answer (translated literally) was as follows: "A man wishes to appear among his friends, after a long absence, with something of his own to shew. The whole of the ivory in the country is yours; so you must take as much as you can, and Sekeletu will furnish men to carry it."

The exploring party, composed of 114 men,—selected from several distinct tribes, and with Sekwebu as their interpreter among the tribes of the lower Zambesi—left Linyanti on the 3rd of November, 1855. They bore with them many tusks for sale at the end of the expedition; hoes, beads, and other articles for exchange while on the way; and they had twelve oxen, three for riding, and the rest for bearing their baggage. Everything they had was with confiding generosity supplied by Sekeletu; and he himself,

with about two hundred of his followers, accompanied them as far as the falls of the Zambesi.

The first part of their journey was through a low country, which is partially inundated by the tropical floods, and forms the north-eastern brim of the great central basin of South Africa: but before they reached Kalai the country was greatly changed. Beautiful hills and woodlands rise, on both sides of the river, to a considerable elevation; and still higher hills stretch through the country further toward the east. How then does the Zambesi work its way through these hills to the Indian sea? This is an important question; for it is certain that the river once stood at a much higher level than its does now; and that it then helped to supply the waters of a great central lake. Of this fact we find ample proof in the work of Livingstone.

About ten miles below Kalai, dark clouds (looking, at a distance, like the smoke of a burning jungle) are constantly seen to hang over the broad bed of the river. A thundering sound—loud enough sometimes to be heard beyond Kalai—had seemed to Sebituane to come out of the overhanging clouds. He had spoken of this fact in 1850, when he asked Livingstone if he had ever seen sounding smoke. Hence it was that the Chief called the place Mosyoatunya (smoke sounds there)—no bad name for one of the most wonderful spots on the face of the earth. Livingstone was not the man to be content with a mere name. He twice descended to the "sounding smoke"—in the second instance accompanied by Sekeletu. His descriptions of the scene are admirable; but too long to be extracted here. In a few words then: just where the "sounding smoke" begins to rise towards the sky, the great Zambesi—nearly a thousand yards wide and with rapid and pellucid waters—suddenly disappears. It is engulfed in a basaltic rock that forms the bed of the river, and descends at one plunge into a deep fissure less than a hundred feet wide, which traverses the channel from

the right bank to the left. From the left bank the great fissure appears to continue its course through the eastern hills, for thirty or forty miles. What may be the phenomena below the Victoria Falls (such is the name given to them by their discoverer; for Sebituane had heard, but had not seen them) must at present remain a matter of conjecture. This, however, appears certain—that about thirty or forty miles below the falls, the great river emerges in a comparatively low country, and becomes navigable for canoes (with the possible exception of one or two rapids) down to the head of the Delta; and thence down the many channels by which it makes its way to the sea. To examine this part of its course (if possible by help of a Steam Launch—the Ma-Robert—and may God prosper it and its good crew!) will be one of the many objects of the expedition which has now left England.

The sudden plunge of the river into the yawning chasm, naturally produces the thundering sounds which are heard from afar. The foaming surface of the water—seen about a hundred feet below the top—has the whiteness of snow; but the rocky bottom of the chasm, to allow the onward passage of such an enormous mass of waters, must be at a vast depth below. A conflict between the boiling waters and the walls of rock, through which they force their way, produces great volumes of spray which rise high above the river, and are then condensed into clouds and drifted before the wind. But the spray is not uniformly diffused above the great fissure; for in some places it is so much condensed as to put on the look of great jets or columns, among which the sun-beams play and produce glorious circles of prismatic light.

The eye of civilized man had never viewed this scene before it was beheld by Livingstone. Some of the Natives were struck with awe at the sight; and three Batoka chiefs offered prayers and sacrifices to the Barimo, at three different spots; while they listened to the roar of the waters, and

beheld the bright bows of colour in the rising spray. Nature herself seems to have rejoiced in her own workmanship; for she has adorned it with the most gorgeous dress of tropical vegetation. The huge giant of the forest, the baobab—groups of palm-trees with their feathery leaves projected on the sky or on the rising vapour—the silvery mohonono, in form like the cedar of Lebanon—the dark motsouri, in form resembling the cypress, and dotted over with scarlet fruit—many other trees, like the great spreading oaks, elms, and chestnuts of England—each in its own way, and all combined together, as if in nature's revelry, helped to decorate the banks of the Zambesi and the Falls of Victoria.

Before leaving the subject, it deserves remark that the chasm which receives the Zambesi does not seem to have been much changed since its first formation; and the rock, over which the water tumbles into the chasm, has not been worn down, more than two or three feet, by the attrition of the materials which have been drifted over it.

On the 20th of November the generous Chief bad adieu to the party and returned with his attendants to Linyanti. Dr Livingstone and his 114 companions then left the Zambesi, and struck northwards into the hilly country of the Batoka. Their whole journey to Tete—the nearest Portuguese town—may be divided into three periods: 1st, Their journey from Kalai till they again touched on the left bank of the Zambesi. 2ndly, Their course along the left bank, till they were enabled to cross the great river. 3rdly, Their journey from the right bank of the river, till they reached Tete, when their perils were over. The first period employed them about six weeks.

In their way through the Batoka country they saw many rude proofs of the ferocity of the old inhabitants, who were in truth a set of brutal savages. Their subjection and partial extermination by Sebituane is considered by Livingstone,

spite of its horrors, to have been a great gain to central Africa. The conquering Chief was a rough and classical reformer: for he called it peace when he had made the land a solitude. The country they passed along was delightful. They had not now (as in their western journey) to make their weary way through tall reeds reaching above their heads, and through swamps and tangled forests; but they trod on soft green pastures, decorated here and there by gorgeous tropical trees and partial woodlands; and constantly, as they crossed the higher elevations, they had panoramic views of great extent and admirable beauty. The whole region was broken into a succession of ridges—running north and south, or north-east and south-west—and, almost without being conscious of it, they gradually rose to the height of 5,000 feet above the level of the sea—among bosses of granite which pierced through the gneiss and mica-slate, and tilted up the beds at a high angle, so as to make them dip from the protruding rock.

The temperature was high, for they were travelling under a tropical sun, and during the summer of the southern hemisphere: and in an unknown land—among wild beasts and savages—they could not make their way by night. But the air of the uplands was fresh and invigorating; and they were all in high health and spirits, well fed, and without fever, headache, or sense of fatigue. In short, says Dr Livingstone, "the climate is as healthy as that most healthy of all healthy climates," which extends for several hundred miles on the eastern skirt of the great Kalahari desert. The country improved in beauty as they approached the Kafue—one of the larger tributaries of the Zambesi. After they had passed that river their labour increased. The climate became more oppressive; and they had to work their way through valleys and dense woods, sometimes following the tracks made by the wild beasts. Lastly, they became aware of their approach to the broad waters of the great river by

flocks of water-fowl, which darkened the air; and they at length reached its left bank at the beginning of the year (1856).

In the hills and fine uplands through which they had passed, the baobab lifted its huge limbs into the air, and they saw many other trees, with which they had become familiar in Loanda. Their senses were also greeted by beautiful fruit-trees, which gave them healthy and refreshing food. Many of these trees are probably of new species. Once for all (including some that were seen on the south bank of the Zambesi), I may mention the fruit-trees our Author most frequently alludes to. The *moshuka* with its apples tasting like a pear, and "found in prodigious quantities as they went along." The *manéko* producing a curious fruit with a horny rind; the interior filled with glutinous juice and sweet like sugar. The *masuka* in some places covers the ground and yields a pleasant fruit, which gave them a constant supply of food: and the *molondo*, a smaller allied species, had a delicious fruit. The *mokoronga*, a forest-tree producing a dark plum, with purple juice, which is eagerly devoured by the elephants, and by the Natives who call it "pure fat." It is at once wholesome and delicious. The Author also found, on the north bank of the Zambesi, *mango-trees* and *tamarinds* in abundance. The fruit is collected for the Chiefs; but the trees are not propagated or cultivated. He saw also the *motondo*, resembling a *tamarind*. It is a useful timber-tree, and yields a good fruit as large as a walnut. He also mentions a species of gigantic fig-tree: but I must leave this subject—a glorious one for the botanists of the new expedition.

The soil among the glades and lawns of the delicious uplands is spangled with flowers. Among them he describes the *zebra-hoof*—a flower as white as the snow-drop, which droops and dies day by day in the sun, and is renewed by a fresh crop of blossoms every morning. The ground seems quite alive with the stridulous piercing notes of crickets and

grasshoppers. The air hums joyfully with the sound of insects on the wing, and among them the wailing note of the musquito is not heard. Nor are the birds less vocal. The cheerful chirp of the honey-guide was heard on all sides; and during their long journey it was often followed by the Makololo (comprehending under this word all the Africans of the party), and seldom led them wrong. Every evening and morning the birds of the forest joined in full chorus, and some of them had fine loud notes. One of them, called by the Natives *Mokwa-reza* ("the son-in-law of God"), cries *pula, pula* (or rain, rain), a note of good omen. The croaking of the crow is of bad omen; for "it is supposed (as our Author tells us) to seal up the windows of heaven."

Again (when describing the country on the south bank of the Zambesi) he tells us that the birds are not generally wanting in the power of song: "the chorus or body of song is not much less in volume than it is in England; but it is not so harmonious, and it sounded as if the birds were singing in a foreign tongue." It is not that the African birds are wanting in song, "but that they have lacked poets to sing their praises;" and there are, he adds, comparatively few with gaudy plumage, like the birds of Brazil. "The majority of them have a sober dress."

But what most of all delighted his companions was the fertility of the soil, and the abundance of large game. Elephants, zebras, gnus, buffaloes and antelopes, swarmed among some of the glades which they passed through; and droves of red pigs (the *Potamochœrus*) were seen near the mouth of the Kafue. The habits of the animals—the way in which the different herds went under the guidance of a prudent leader—the fierce charge of the buffalo, sometimes seen with its guardian birds (*Textor erythrorhynchus*) sitting on its withers, which like true sharp-sighted guardians are ready to sound the alarm, while the dull-sighted beast is feeding—the clumsy gestures and sports of the elephants; their di-

minished size in these latitudes; and their enormous tusks—the spear-hunts of the Makololo, and their songs of triumph when a huge beast is down—all these things passed in review before Dr Livingstone. Again and again he wished for some photographic power to fix in true stature and proportion these aspects of a grand and untamed nature. At their resting-places, during night, they often heard the roaring of the lion: but they did not fear him; for he is a cowardly brute, and had plenty of timid animals to prey upon in the woodlands round about. Before turning to another subject, I may remark that the lordly giraffe and the ostrich are wanting in the fauna north of the Zambesi, and have not so much as a name in the language of the people. The white rhinoceros has also disappeared from that region; and the double-horned black species has become very rare. South of the Zambesi the black species is more common, and (like the buffalo) may be seen with its attendant guard-bird (*Buphaga Africana*). Before they reached the Zambesi they saw a female elephant followed by three calves: and again (as in the Barotse valley) the female hippopotamus was seen swimming in the waters with her young crouching between her ears, or resting on her withers.

While describing the country as a tropical paradise, we must not forget the people. The Batoka are thinly scattered; and the allied tribes, between them and the Kafue, are in a low grade of civilization. But the poor people are hospitable in their own way, and did their best to help the travellers. Their provisions are abundant; for the soil is most grateful, and the climate is such as to secure a good return for what is sown in it. The whole country abounds in monstrous ant-hills (like those seen the year before)—often fifty feet in diameter and now and then twenty feet high—which supply the best garden ground in the country; and there the Natives plant their maize, pumpkins and tobacco.

There was, however, one single exception to the kindness of the Natives. At the river Dila (not quite half way between Kalai and the Kafue) they were among a tribe of men—not perfectly subdued by Sebituane—who probably suspected them to be enemies. There was the risk of a night-attack; and one frantic fellow (driven mad perhaps by smoking a kind of *cannabis*—a vile habit among the poor Africans) came and brandished his battle-axe before Livingstone; who with his usual courage and humanity, and well supported by Sekwebu, soon put the madman on one side, and prevented all further mischief. In the rest of their journey to the Zambesi they met with nothing but good-will.

The forms of salutation among the Natives are base and grovelling; and among some of the tribes towards the Kafue the men go in perfect nudity, and sneer with much contempt at the unmanly custom of wearing any covering. The women, however, wear a more modest dress, though they are by no means prodigal in drapery.

All the people of this country are, at a certain age, deprived of their upper incisors. Sebituane and Sekeletu have made this vile mutilation unlawful. But no matter! Fashion here, as elsewhere, drives law and reason to the winds: and as soon as the children arrive at a certain age they are, somehow or other, sure to go abroad without their upper front teeth. When Dr Livingstone asked them why they did this; they answered, we make ourselves look like cows: with our upper teeth in front our mouths would look like the mouths of zebras. A pretty reason certainly; and we may well doubt whether a China woman could give a better reason for her cramped feet, or an English woman for the iron hoops with which she girds her lower person.

The country they had left behind, among the abrupt valleys branching from the Kafue, not only abounded in what our Author calls "the large game," but was well-

peopled. Every available spot between the river and the rugged hills was under cultivation. The gardens were protected by pitfalls to keep off the night-attacks of the hippopotamus; and many of the villages were placed in the deep recesses of the successive ridges, as if the poor Natives had some reason for hiding themselves from a marauding enemy. The cultivated soil is of rare fertility, "and all the Natives" (says our Author) "are fond of trade; but they have been taught none by the stranger, save that in ivory and slaves;" and when he has come among them, it had too often been as a treacherous and brutal ruffian prepared to murder them and carry off their children. Teeming with riches and natural beauty as the country was, one horrid pest—the *Tsetse*—had come into some portions of it, and several of our traveller's oxen were bitten. It was, therefore, the more needful that they should hurry on; as they could not, after the poison of the insect, long count upon the useful service of their cattle.

The night before they reached the Zambesi they halted under a baobab-tree, in the hollow of which there was a lodging for twenty men: and we need not wonder at this when we remember that the Author, in an early part of his volume, has described one of these trees which, when measured three feet above the ground, proved to be eighty-five feet in circumference. While approaching the great river they had to make their way through a kind of jungle or low woodland, in which the elephants were so tame that they had, by shouts and gestures, to drive them out of the way: and when they were passing through one of the more open glades a drove of buffaloes came trotting down to look at the oxen and their riders: nor could they be driven off till one of them had been shot for his insulting familiarity. Its beef was excellent. But in truth, neither Livingstone nor his men were nice; and during their laborious daily work, they had a craving for animal food, and ate freely,

whenever they could, of any grass-devouring beast that fell in their way. They were glad to eat a tough steak from the rump of a zebra, when they could get nothing better; they rejoiced over the carcass of an elephant; and they swallowed, with delight, a fat slice from the flitch of a young hippopotamus. *Fat*, in the language of the African, is the word that describes everything that is good. The air was filled with water-fowl, and out of them, had their ammunition been more abundant, they could easily have secured a meal for the whole party. "I never saw a river," he tells us, "with so much animal life around it, and, as the Barotse say, its fish and fowl are always fat."

At length his eyes were gladdened by the sight of the great river, and he found its waters of a dark reddish brown colour—an impurity no doubt derived from the neighbouring hills through which it and its tributaries had worked their way. Above the Victoria Falls the waters of the Zambesi are clear and colourless; and so are all its branches, as above stated, which come soaking out of the vast upland bogs. It appeared broader now than it did above the falls. A man might in vain try to make his voice heard across it; and it ran at the rate of four miles and a half an hour.

He is careful in his use of definite numbers; and he often cautions the reader while he is only guessing. Thus, his latitudes were observed daily when the sun was visible. His longitudes were given by the chronometer; but he tested them by lunar observations whenever he had a good opportunity. In like spirit, and always seeking for a good numerical result, he made an approximation to the full speed of the ostrich by counting its steps with his stop-watch in hand; and then—having by actual measurement upon the sand, got the average length of each step—he found that it could run, for a short time, at the rate of twenty-six miles an hour.

They were now commencing the second part of their journey, between ridges of hills which flank the north and south banks of the great river, and are supposed to be about fifteen miles apart. The climate was changed: there was an oppressive steaminess in the air, and the rain that descended on them felt hot. In the glorious fresh uplands, the rain would bring down the thermometer to 68° or 72°: but down in the valley of the Zambesi, they found that its lowest range, in the coolest shade, was from 82° to 86° at sunrise—from 96° to 98° at mid-day—and 86° at sun-set; and to increase their discomforts they were attacked by an insect with a sting like a musquito.

Still, their daily labours were not without some charms. Their pathway through the bush was along the tracks of wild animals; "and of such there was no lack; for buffaloes, zebras, pallahs, water-bucks, wild-pigs, koodoos, and black antelopes were in abundance;" and they shot a second buffalo as he was rolling himself in the mud. While they travelled eastward they found a simple-hearted and hospitable people; and day by day they saw the men, women and children working and weeding among their grain and garden grounds; and as they journeyed onwards, from village to village, they were cheerfully supplied with guides to shew them the way through the thinnest parts of the jungle. Some of the superstitions of the poor Natives are indeed barbarous; and the women have some strange forms of personal decoration. For not content with the pouting lip that nature has given in such bounty to the African, they enlarge it by the insertion of a shell. When Sekwebu was asked the reason for this decoration, he gravely answered; "these women want to make their mouths look like the mouths of ducks." A pretty reason certainly; and well it is that the limits of African fashion are bounded by the forms of created life. In Europe, the boundless views of fashion will not submit to any such mean, servile limitations.

At Selote they were for the first time presented with rice—"the white man's food"—and for the first time they were asked for a slave in exchange. These were words of evil omen; and soon afterwards they met with signs of hostility and defiance: but they were a strong party; and Livingstone, helped by his right-hand man Sekwebu, soon found means to pacify the Natives. Nor does he blame them much: for they might well suspect treachery from a party, headed by a strange white man, such as they had never seen before. They knew, alas! too much of treachery; for marauding scoundrels had at different times come up from Tete, and swept away some of the inhabitants from the islands and river-banks: and not long before, an Italian ruffian with some well-armed followers had come on the like mission. Fortunately he had been cut off, while on his return, and his captive slaves set free.

Game continued abundant; and they were obliged to slaughter some of the *tsetse-bitten* oxen that had gradually become unfit for work. Before crossing the broad river Loangwa they met with still more decided proofs of treachery, and were in great risk of an attack. But they were well prepared; and Livingstone's courage, followed by words of peace and good-will, gradually won the Natives over. The party crossed the river; and they then parted with their ferry-men under some fine tamarind and mango-trees. Here they found the ruins of a Portuguese station; and we can neither wonder at its ruins, nor mourn over its fallen church, when we know that it was simply a military position for the defence of dealers in slaves and ivory. Its position is, however, noble—well fitted as a settlement for Christian dealers who wish to improve the Natives in the honest arts of peace.

After leaving the Loangwa, the last of the riding-oxen failed, and they had all to travel on foot; and their difficulties were increased by the sickness of one of the party

—a man of the Batoka tribe. His complaint was mysterious and beyond the Doctor's skill. Is it not possible that the bite of the tsetse, which killed the cattle, may have also killed the poor African? While moving eastward through the bush, a herd of buffaloes came driving through their ranks and tossed one of the men; but by careful treatment he was not long in recovering. They then journeyed on through holmes and river-terraces—often gazing on the herds of buffaloes and antelopes which were quietly grazing in the meadows below them. They met with maize as fine as any that is grown in America, and all of them were amply supplied with what they stood in need of. "In few other countries (says the Author), would 114 sturdy vagabonds be supplied as we were by the generosity of the head-men and the villagers." Though far away from home they were (one excepted) strong and in brave spirits: and the jolly crew joined in dance with the villagers. The young women were delighted, "Dance for me (they said), and I will grind corn for you." Sekwebu (who had lived on the lower Zambesi while a boy) cried out with joy, "Did I not tell you (before we left Linyanti) that these people had hearts?"

Still they were in great difficulties. The fly-stricken oxen which remained could not move two miles an hour. Tete had been wrongly placed on their maps; for they found that it was on the south bank of the Zambesi. All the great Chiefs farther down on the north bank were in hostility with the Portuguese, and certainly would not allow a white man to pass down toward Tete on that side; and the friendly head-men of the villages, through which they passed, did not dare to ferry them across the Zambesi in disobedience to the commands of the Chief, Mpende. Through downright necessity they were, therefore, forced to bend their way to his head-quarters in the hope of obtaining his leave to cross the river.

On the 23rd of January they encamped close to Mpende's

station; and met with fierce signs of war. There was next morning imminent risk of an attack; and to prepare his men for battle Dr Livingstone slaughtered an ox. His men were veterans in marauding and longed for a fight. In anticipation of a victory they talked, while the roasting went on, of carrying off the women (in the old Roman fashion), and of pressing their enemies to bear their tusks for them to the coast. "We shall now, they said, get both corn and clothes in plenty."

But this was not the plan of Livingstone. He had no fear of the result of a fight: but by handing a leg of the ox as a peace-offering to Mpende he obtained a parley. I am not an enemy, he said, to two old men, sent by the Chief; I am a Lekoa (an Englishman). "We thought you were a Mozunga (a Portuguese), the tribe with which we have been fighting." Fortunately they had only seen half-caste slave-dealers; and when Livingstone shewed them his skin, they were convinced that he spoke truth, and added, "Ah! you must be one of that tribe that has a heart to the black men." There was then a new discussion. Sekwebu was sent to Mpende as Livingstone's representative. Some of the leading men were convinced before; and Sekwebu's eloquence and prudence soon won over the great Chief, who believed that the white stranger who had come among them was a true Lekoa—"one of the friendly white tribe." His heart was won, and from that moment he gave them all the help in his power. Most thankful was Dr Livingstone on gaining his end without bloodshed, and delighted to find the English name thus spoken of with respect and kindness by the poor Natives of central Africa.

Next day they were ferried across to an island; and the day following (the 25th of January) they all passed safely to the south bank of the Zambesi. The river is stated to be 1,200 yards wide from bank to bank; and they crossed about 700 or 800 yards of deep water, flowing at the rate

of a little less than four miles an hour; and this was by no means the season of high water. Thus they finished, in twenty-five days, their journey along the left bank of the great river.

Very thankful was Livingstone when he found himself and all his crew landed on the right bank of the Zambesi. After he had sent back a grateful offering to Mpende, they descended to an island belonging to the Chief Mozinkwa. In that neighbourhood they were long detained by continued rains, and by the illness of the poor fellow of the Batoka tribe; who had for some time before been carried or supported by his companions. When his case became hopeless, the Makololo wished to leave him; but to that proposal our Author could not think for a moment of giving his consent. At length the sick man died: and soon afterwards another man, of the same tribe, deserted from them to Mozinkwa. He did this openly—stating that the Makololo had killed both his father and mother, and that he would not remain with them any longer. To this Dr Livingstone made no objection—only telling him that, if he changed his mind, he would be received back into their company; and at the same time telling Mozinkwa that the man must not be treated as a slave. On the lower part of the river they were sure to meet with many treacherous slave-dealers, and it would not do for them to have any unwilling followers.

Considering that the men were of many tribes, and had been used to marauding warfare, their whole conduct had indeed been excellent; and a good discipline had been maintained among them by the firmness and kindness of their leader; who kept the tribes separate at their resting-places, and made the head-man of each tribe responsible for the conduct of those who were under him. Occasionally they were visited by Natives who had been down as far as Tete; and there had heard of the English tribe that hated and put down the slave-trade. The English are *men*, said

one of them, addressing himself to Sekwebu; and on such reports Livingstone rose higher than ever in the love and honour of his crew. Even the people who had been tempted to sell their children felt a bitter resentment against the slave-dealer: and when asked whether they had not received the dealer's goods in exchange, they said they had; but he had done them wrong in tempting them.

About the end of January, 1856, the party were again on their way; and early in February, Dr Livingstone gave two small tusks in exchange for some calico, which his men were much in need of: for after travelling three months through the bush they were all in a very ragged condition, and some of the men had not a scrap of any covering. The country became greatly changed. They were no longer among beds of micaceous slate, but among beds of sandstone which, by their decomposition, made the river-fords difficult and treacherous: and sometimes they had to make their way over beds of a reddish clay, and a slippery adhesive soil, that was very tiresome to walk upon. The ground was, however, fertile and produced abundant crops of "corn, maize, millet, ground-nuts and pumpkins." When away from the river—which is the great slave-mart—and not themselves suspected, they were received with every mark of good-will. Provisions were supplied with cheerfulness and in abundance, while they had little or nothing to give in return. In the villages many of the huts are built on raised platforms to protect the people from the lions and hyænas —two cowardly beasts, but sometimes dangerous in the night; and the lions are extremely abundant, being protected from the hunter's weapons through a strange superstition before alluded to (p. xviii).

Hoping to find an easier pathway, and wishing to avoid all treacherous slave-dealers, they afterwards struck into the interior: and on the 13th of February they came to the village of a head-man called Nyampungo, offered him the last piece

of cloth they had, and asked for provisions and a guide. The Chief received them with courtesy, and conferred with his council. He then returned the cloth, and gave rice to Livingstone, and told him to send his men to seek food among the villagers. A venerable old man, the father-in-law of the Chief, came with some others to the tent, and examined the books, and other curiosities they found there, and inquired about their use. They spoke of praying to departed Chiefs; but the thought of praying to God was new to them; and on this subject "they listened to what they heard with reverence." They are anxious to keep cattle, but are prevented by the prevalence of the tsetse; and being ignorant of the cause of their misfortune, they asked for medicine; "give it us, they said, that it may enable us to keep them." This kind of superstition is universal in central Africa.

Next morning (the 14th) they left their hospitable friend, who had provided them with guides. They were led to a part of the country that was more free from the jungle, and were then enabled to walk on in comfort. Having tasted nothing for several days but grain, they had a great longing for animal food, and kept a sharp look out for some large game; and after a few hours march, they spied an elephant. They instantly attacked him, and after a splendid spear-battle, gallantly brought him to the earth. While the battle was going on, one of the native Banyai, who happened to be present, emptied his snuff box on the ground as an offering to Barimo; and one of Nyampungo's men, who was at Livingstone's side, uttered loud prayers for the success of the combat. "I admired," he says, "the belief they all possessed of the existence of unseen beings; and I prayed that they might yet know that one benignant Being who views us all as His own."

After the elephant was down, and while the Makololo were wildly dancing round his body, the man who had made the snuff-offering remarked: "I see you are travel-

ling with a people who do not know how to pray, I therefore offered the only thing I had, in their behalf, and the elephant soon fell." The travelling crew were indeed less religious; and they thought (like Hector) that the best of omens was to fight the enemy and beat him if they could. One of them however said, as Livingstone came up to them, "God gave it to us;" and then turning round addressed the carcass—"Go up there! men are come who will kill and eat you."

But the feast could not begin that day: for by a law in the country south of the Zambesi, the side of every beast, killed in hunting, which first comes to the ground is the property of the neighbouring Chief; and no one dares touch the carcass till he or his agents are present to see fair play. By good luck the upper tusk was the best; and after a division of the spoil it was the property of the hunters. Next day a large party came from the Chief with corn and a fowl and some other gifts to them for having slain the elephant on his land. They thanked the Barimo for the hunters' success, and then added, "There it is, eat and be glad!" There was a large party to join in the noisy feast; but there was meat in abundance for them all; and when they had retired, they for two whole nights heard the loud laughter of great packs of hyænas which had gathered round the offal. "They are laughing, said one of the crew, because we could not take in the whole, and that they have plenty to eat as well as we."

But the crew of travellers were soon to leave the simple-hearted hospitable Natives, and to find their way through tribes of a far different character—men thoroughly corrupted by the slave-dealers of a Christian state, and accustomed to acts of treachery and extortion. The men, as they journeyed through the Mopana country, robbed many nests of the korwe (or red-beaked hornbill), of which a long and curious account is given; and the honey-guides enabled them to procure quantities of honey. They became utterly fool-hardy in

the pursuit—venturing into woods in spite of all remonstrances from the Native-guides. Not one of them, however, was caught by the lions which abound throughout these forests. The country had still a good supply of large game, and they one day killed six buffalo-calves out of a single herd they met on their way. But the climate and long-continued labour began to tell upon them, and their progress was slow. "The rains had fallen heavily, and when they lifted up the rank grass which lay over their path, they felt as if a hot blast had risen against their faces: everything looked unwholesome; but they had no fever."

On the 20th they reached Monima's village. He was one of a set of great Chiefs bordering on the Portuguese settlements, some of whom have obtained a place in history, and he was the first Chief who gave them any grounds for fear. One of them has been called "the Emperor Monomotapa:" but these men have few visible proofs of greatness; excepting the number of their wives and their imperial acts of extortion whenever a good occasion offers. Livingstone calls the government "A sort of feudal republicanism;" for the Chiefs are elected, and never from the right line of descent. The choice is made out of the late Chief's relations—such for example as the sons of his brothers or sisters. To keep this institution entire, the sons of the reigning Chief have fewer privileges than the ordinary free men. They have also training institutions at their courts, which remind us of one of the customs of the ancient Persians.

Monima received them with a haughty courtesy, seemed to despise their poor presents, and told them that he had absolute power over the country in their front. But there was no hostility in his manner; and his little son came to see their encampment, accepted a knife, and then ran back to bring them a small pot of honey. The council were more hostile; for they seemed to think that the party of travellers must have some concealed treasures with them, and that

Livingstone was dealing falsely with them. However this might be, in the evening they got up a war-dance near the encampment; and the younger men came armed with guns, bows and arrows and spears. No attack was however made: the war-dance ceased an hour or two after dark, and the armed Natives went away. Our travellers then went to rest with their arms by their side—ready to fight in case of a night-attack. In the course of the night Monahin, one of the head-men, walked out, as if to look towards the village—saying to one of the men who was half asleep, "Don't you hear what these people are saying? Go and listen!" The poor fellow never came back. To his great sorrow Livingstone found, in the morning, that Monahin was missing. He does not accuse any of the Natives of treachery; but rather believes that Monahin had walked off in a state of stupor or insanity; and been perhaps, caught and carried off by a prowling lion. Monima, with apparent honesty, joined in their sorrow, and sent his men to search in all the neighbouring gardens for the poor fellow who had strayed away. All search was, however, vain; and the Chief then dismissed the party in peace, and gave them guides to the next Chief, Nyakóba.

In a few hours, the guides led them to the Chief's village. He suspected them of falsehood; but they escaped from him, more easily than they expected, by giving him "some beads taken from Sekwebu's girdle, and by promising to send him four yards of calico from Tete." While on their way they had met a witch-doctor, who had been sent for by Monima; whose many wives had that day, under the prescription of this grave doctor, to swallow a poisonous infusion used by him as an ordeal. The poor women, in full faith, and knowing that they are innocent, swallow it readily; and will even express a strong desire to try the test. If it make them sick, all is well: they are innocent and have only to kill a cock as a thank-offering: but if not

sick, they are judged guilty and burnt to death. Horrible as this custom is, we can match it by the solemn decisions of our own courts of justice within a little more than two hundred years of the times in which we live.

Spite of these judicial horrors, which perhaps only affect the harem of the Chief, the women in this part of the country are of great authority. "The women are masters here," one day remarked Sekwebu. The children are the property of the wife and not of the husband: and not only is he compelled to honour her by tender and pleasant acts of obedience, but he has also to perform some servile acts for his mother-in-law, and to appear before her in a crouching posture. The old ladies, hearing of the hunting skill of the Makololo, tried to secure some of them for their daughters; but the brave fellows would not swallow the bait; for they had no taste for such a new form of petticoat government. Nyakóba had granted them a guide, who accepted a hoe as his fee; but when the hour of starting came he told them "that his wife would not let him go." "Then give us back the hoe," was the reply. "I want it," he rejoined, "and my wife won't let me."

To avoid the probable loss of all Sekeletu's tusks—a treasure they had kept sacred—and the great risk of having to fight their way to the Portuguese frontier, they now resolved to avoid the villages, and to find their way as best they could. As a good omen the birds were singing sweetly, and Livingstone thought that he heard the canary, as he had done the year before in Loanda. They passed the carcass of a lion that had been gored to death by a buffalo; and made a winding course to avoid Katolósa (or "the Emperor Monomotapa"), who seems to have little mercy on those who fall into his hands. They all obtained an occasional help from men who were on their way to the market of Tete: and though the thermometer never rose above 94°, the heat was far more oppressive than it had been during

their journey through the uplands, when the temperature was much higher than it was now. The Natives were men of fine stature; wore their hair in a fashion like that of the old Egyptians; were of cleanly habits; and were of a light coffee and milk colour, which is considered a test of beauty through all the country.

The party were compelled to make short stages; for they were all becoming emaciated from fatigue, and one of them was ill: and for a few days, while they avoided all human habitations, they lived on mushrooms they picked off the ant-hills; on bulbs and tubers the Makololo knew how to gather; on honey; or on such fruits as the forests gave them. They had to march over rough gravel, like the shingle of an old sea-beach; and on the first of March they slept on the flank of the hill Zimika, and were then, for the first time, in sight of hills with bare rocky summits. On the previous day they had crossed over broad dykes of syenitic porphyry —ranging north and south.

Next day they started in good hope of reaching Tete without further interruption; but some villagers under the authority of Katolósa pursued and came up with them. By a bribe of two small tusks they were allowed to pass on— a cheap purchase of neutrality. Had they fallen into the hands of the great Chief (even though the Makololo had escaped with personal freedom and Livingstone with life) they would almost certainly have been plundered of Sekeletu's store of tusks, which they had with such enormous labour brought so far across the Continent.

Only eight miles from Tete, and too much tired to sleep, he lay down in the evening on the rough ground, and sent some of his men, who were less fatigued, to carry his letters from the Bishop and his other friends at Loanda to the Commandant at Tete. About two o'clock in the morning (March 3rd) the Makololo gave the alarm of an approaching enemy. The nocturnal visitors turned out to be

the friends they had longed for. Two officers and a company of soldiers were come from Tete "bringing with them the materials for a civilized breakfast." A good breakfast they soon had, and our Author speaks of it in terms of delightful remembrance—classing its comfort with that of Mr Gabriel's bed on the day he reached Loanda. All fatigue vanished, and the party made their way joyfully over the rough shingles to the Commandant's house at Tete. Thus they had, exactly in four months, completed their fatiguing, and sometimes perilous journey from Linyanti.

I might here conclude this sketch of the joint labours of our Author and his loyal followers: but there are one or two points in the remaining chapters of the *Missionary Travels* which give the last touches to his picture of the Africans. From their long journey through the bush, and latterly from want of food, they all arrived at Tete in a ragged and emaciated condition. The Commandant, Tito Augusto d'Araujo Sicard, a Major in the Portuguese Service, received them with a most generous welcome. The 111 Makololo were immediately well fed, clothed, and provided with a lodging in the Residence; and they were then put in a way of building themselves huts which might be their homes during their master's absence in England: and immediately (like the Makololo when they reached Loanda) the honest fellows began to work as free labourers in the best way they could. Major Sicard, hearing of their skill in hunting the elephant, afterwards proposed that they should occasionally join his servants in hunting expeditions—a proposal which they joyfully accepted. It was provided also, by his authority, that proper wages should be secured for them; so that they might not go back to Linyanti empty-handed, whenever their master might return from England to conduct them home.

Livingstone was received as if he had been a brother—not only by the Commandant, but by every one in authority at Tete and other parts of the Colony. Like his men he was

in want of a dress fit for society; and he was so reduced in strength that good food and rest were most needful for him. He had, indeed, an ample experience of the kindness of his Portuguese friends; for Tete and its neighbourhood formed his head-quarters for full seven weeks, before he began to descend the Zambesi on his way to the sea-coast. Just as he was about to start he wrote:—"I am happy to acknowledge that I received most disinterested kindness; and I ought to speak well for ever of Portuguese hospitality."

So soon as he was sufficiently recovered to bear fatigue, he visited a coal formation on the left bank of the Zambesi—already known to the Colonists. But to him it was a very interesting discovery; as he was speculating on the possibility of a steam-boat navigation on the lower Zambesi—not merely for an exploring party, but hereafter, it was hoped, for lawful and humane commerce.

From Tete he also visited the site of the once flourishing Jesuit establishment of Micombo. The Fraternity were in former times "immensely rich, but they had not there the popularity they enjoyed at Loanda:" and perhaps the reason of this may be found in the fact that they were keen traders in ivory and gold; and we know that these trades had been carried on by slave-labour, or through slave-dealers. But "all praise to their industry, and whatever they did they did with all their might," remarks Livingstone. He is a large-hearted man: and though bred in the severe Protestantism of his own country, and honestly receiving its doctrine as Scriptural, he has more than once said a good word for the Jesuits. With a rare catholicity of spirit (in the true sense of catholicity), he can think with charity of any Christian brother, who is willing to devote himself heartily to the instruction and amendment of his humble fellow-creatures.

During this interval he also accumulated much valuable information respecting the statistics of the Colony; its

fertility and climate; its vegetable products, that may, perhaps, hereafter be turned to medical and commercial use; its probable possession of a substitute for the Cinchona (or Peruvian bark); its minerals, gems, and iron; its relations to the country farther north—with some account of the Chiefs and their forms of government, that may be useful to future explorers of the Continent. His benevolent and practical mind found ample stores for employment. Once, however (April 4th), he was smitten by fever: but he soon recovered "by the use of his wonted remedies."

The general condition of the Colony was very gloomy. Its supplies of wealth had been partly cut off by the abolition of its export trade in slaves. Its gold washings had become unproductive by some acts of strange improvidence. It had been desolated by a fierce, ill-conducted Caffre war; which only ended in a precarious peace, lately gained through the prudence and humanity of Major Sicard—a man justly popular with the Natives as well as the Colonists. And to add to this list of misfortunes, a portion of the Delta of the Zambesi was desolated by a terrible famine, which was prevailing at the time of Dr Livingstone's arrival at Tete.

At length (April the 22nd), they started on their way down the river—the Commandant generously providing them with three large trading canoes, under the command of Lieutenant Miranda, containing ample supplies for the voyage; and our Author had selected, for this special service, ten of his men who were best skilled in navigating canoes. Their progress down the stream was rapid; and at Lupata the river made its way through a kind of gorge, and was so contracted as to be less than 300 yards wide. But its depth must there be enormous, as the current is not too violent to prevent a steam-boat from ascending through the narrows. The upward passage might be effected without any difficulty. Afterwards the river spreads over a wide surface and moves down among many islands.

In four days they descended to Senna—a Portuguese town in a grievous state of depression, chiefly from the effects of the Caffre war. To ascend from this place to Tete takes twenty days; and the trading boats are sometimes to be pulled against the stream by ropes from the shore. On the left bank of the river, opposite Senna, are mountains of a fine form. One of them has a hot sulphurous spring on its north side; and, from its form, appears to be volcanic. It is conjectured to be three or four thousand feet high: but our Author was not permitted to visit it. After leaving Senna they were soon floated down to Mazaro, which is at the head of the Delta. The river immediately above this place is more than half a mile wide, is without islands, and its banks are covered with forests of fine timber. But the Delta below is only an immense flat; covered with high coarse grass and reeds, and with here and there a few mango and cocoa-nut trees. Through this Delta the river works its way sea-ward in many channels.

At Mazaro our Author had his last severe attack of fever. After being tormented some days by fever, and horribly stung by musquitoes, he sailed through the northern branch of the Zambesi with his African companions, and they reached Kilimane on the 20th of May, 1856. There he found a supply of quinine and wine, which he stood much in need of: but his joy was embittered by hearing that a boat's crew, commanded by Captain MacLune and Lieutenant Woodruffe—who had come in the "Dart" expressly to convey him from the coast—had been lost on the bar of the river. After returning unfeigned thanks to God, "who mercifully watched over him in every position, and influenced the hearts of both black and white men to regard him with favour," he adds, "I view the end of the geographical feat as the beginning of the missionary enterprise. I take the latter term in its most extended significance, and include in it every effort made for the amelioration of our race."

Eight of his men were sent back: for the position was very unhealthy, and provisions were still scarce; so that now only two of his black friends continued with him. After remaining about six weeks—during which time he experienced the greatest kindness from Colonel Nunes—H. M. brig "Frolic" arrived off Kilimane, bringing abundant supplies of every thing he stood in need of. It was sent from the Cape, for the purpose of offering him a passage to the Mauritius, which he thankfully accepted. Sekwebu, the intelligent brave Chief who had so often stood at his "Father's" right hand in his hour of need, was permitted to embark with him. The other poor African begged hard to be taken with them: and it wrings one's heart to read that it was the expense which prevented Livingstone from granting the poor fellow's earnest wish. The Author's concluding words must here be quoted, "I said to him, 'You will die if you go to such a cold country as mine.' 'That is nothing,' he reiterated. 'Let me die at your feet!'"

Such are the men whose homes and houses the slave-dealers steal upon; murdering some, and carrying off more in chained gangs to the coast—there to be sold to civilized men who disgrace their Christian name by such vile commerce. And within the early years of this century, England and other States of Europe, were so blinded by the lust of gain, that, for its sake, they became the cruel accessaries and tempters of these foul murderous dealers, and the cowardly receivers of their plunder! Nay, during these years, some of the richest cities in this land sent representatives to Parliament, to plead for and to uphold these abominations; and to stigmatize, with the names of fanatics and fools, those good men, like Clarkson, who had the Christian humanity and courage to raise their voices against a traffic that was a foul dishonour to their country.

Sekwebu was the only one of the African party who embarked (July 12, 1856,) with Livingstone. He was a man

of great natural intelligence, and had been of constant service to his friends, by his good sense, tact, and command of the dialects of the tribes on the lower portion of the great river. Without his help (writes our Author), "I believe we should scarcely have reached the coast: and I thought it would be beneficial to him to see the effects of civilization and to report them to his countrymen: I wished also to make some return for his important services." The poor African soon began to pick up some English; became a favourite both with the officers and men; was much pleased with his company; and began to have some notion of the use of the sextant. He was however bewildered by the strange world of waters; and being a thoughtful man, there was a constant and unhealthy strain upon his untutored mind. The night after they reached the Mauritius, the excitement was too much for him, and he became insane, and seemed to think of drowning himself. By kind words he was somewhat soothed; but the officers proposed to secure him from mischief by putting him in irons. To this Livingstone objected: for he could not bear to think of having it said at Linyanti, on their return, that he had put such a disgrace on one of his principal men, and chained him as if he had been a slave. Perhaps this tenderness was unfortunate; for the following evening, the poor African under a fresh access of insanity, "tried to spear one of the crew, and then leapt overboard: and though he could swim well, pulled himself down, hand under hand, by the chain cable; and his body was never seen again."

This is a sorrowful passage in the concluding page of a large Volume filled with matter of deep interest, and written throughout in a spirit of thankfulness, cheerfulness, and hope. Perhaps some Cambridge men, when they read this passage, will think of the joyful greeting we should have given poor Sekwebu, had it been God's will that he should appear on the platform of our Senate-House at the side of his "Father." We should have welcomed him and greeted him as a brother

—perhaps then as a Christian brother. But that additional happiness was not granted us.

I have now, My dear Sir, complied with a part of your request, and brought my sketch of our friend's long journey in Africa, to a close. If I have been slow in the performance of my promise, I have a good excuse to offer you in my behalf. When I began my letter in March, I hoped to finish it in three or four days; and what I first wrote was, without delay, sent to the press and set up in type. But I soon became too ill to go on with my task; and to my sorrow, it was interrupted for several weeks: and when I had again taken up my pen, I was too often compelled to lay it down again, after I had written a few sentences—sometimes insufficient to make a single paragraph. Thus it has happened that the press has been very ill supplied by me, and that I have so long detained your work from the public. The assertion may appear strange to you; but it is true, that the weary and sometimes painful manner in which I have been writing, has led me into details that I hardly thought of when I began; and has caused me to drag out my letter to an unreasonable length, in contradiction to some of the very words which are printed in its early pages. Certainly it is of, at least, four or five times the length I thought of when I began. But let me not detain you, or the reader, with any more of my apologies.

If you ask me what have been the objects I had most in view while I was writing the previous sketch, I reply—that I in the first place wished to shew the true character of a Christian hero through the clear light of his own works—through the constancy, and faith, and courage, and wisdom, which supported him in the midst of many dangers and great trials; and at length brought him safely out of them, and restored him in honour to his friends and countrymen.

Secondly, I hoped to bring out, from the graphic delineations of our Author, the true character of the Natives of

central Africa. For he knew them long and well. They had learned to call him Father, and he loved them as his children: and to prove that this was not, on his part, an idle and inoperative sentiment (for words of love cost little, and may sometimes be used to turn and grace a sentence), he is now gone again to the Zambesi, with his wife (Ma-Robert) and his son—willing with them to encounter fresh toils, and to brave the climate of Africa; and hoping with them to carry the message of peace and good-will to its poor inhabitants.

The living pictures of our Author do not shew us the black man as he is seen in the base, crouching attitude of a slave. Sometimes he may be well treated while he is in that condition (for a good man may have the social misfortune to possess slaves, however infamous he may count the slave-dealer); but while a slave he is liable, at every turn of fortune or wantonness of caprice, to be trampled on by those who are stronger than himself. Nor is the African often painted by Livingstone as he is seen on the outskirts of his own Continent, corrupted and brutalized by his commerce with civilized dealers in the flesh and blood of men—dealers who have tempted him to abominable sin, led him to cast away all the true elements of his humanity, and taught him nothing that deserves the name of good. But he is here put before us in his true colours—with all the elements of good and evil that belong to his native, unsophisticated character. Barbarous he may be, and liable to gusts of passion that sometimes carry him to deeds of savage violence: ignorant he may be, and the slave of a gross idolatry: but he is not insensible to kindness; he is not unwilling to be taught and raised to something that belongs to a far higher order of humanity. And take him as he is,—untaught, ignorant of the arts of life, and the sport of savage passion—yet has he learnt to be faithful to his leader; to be true to his word, and honest in his dealings; and he has learnt so much of the nature of social union, that he is loyal to his Chief, and proud of his tribe and name; and he has many of

those points of character which, among civilized men, are called honour and patriotism. Nor is he a mere fierce and wandering hunter, like the Red-Indian of North America. For though he does love to follow the "large game," and to bring back their spoils for commerce; he also delights in agriculture and dwells contentedly among his gardens and fields of corn; longs to possess new implements and arts of culture, that he may turn them to profit; delights to improve his stock of domestic animals, to exchange produce with neighbouring Tribes, and thus to learn the arts of peace. Above all, he longs for the improved arts and the commerce of the white-men; whose fame has reached him, but whose persons he has never seen.

Or taking the moral side of the African's character, as it is here delineated:—We find that he believes in God, but does not know how to worship Him. He offers prayers to his dead Chiefs; and if he endeavour to propitiate the Barimo, it is by charms and vain formalities. He is a creature of cheerful temper, and of warm affections; and if we consider his humble and untaught condition, we may well regard him as a being framed by the hand of his Creator with good capacities, which, under Christian guidance, may raise him to the social level of a happy and useful civilized man.

Such is the living picture we see in the pages of our Author. And a picture of like tints, though drawn with much less extended knowledge and far fewer touches, is found in the excellent volume of Mr Galton, written after he had extended his travels to Ovampo. He also had seen a large tribe of Negroes, whose hearts had not been corrupted by the breath of the slave-dealer, and whose land had not been blighted by his footsteps.

It is on such elements as these that the Christian merchant and Christian missionary will have to work while they are doing their endeavour jointly to benefit the poor African and

themselves. Thousands will read the *Missionary Travels in South Africa* who have not heard of this letter: but should there ever be one single reader of this letter who has not read the admirable Volume of Livingstone; I can only entreat him, for his own sake, not to rest contented till he has read it, and felt its power. Henceforth it will be a hand-book to all Christian men—be they merchants or naturalists or philosophers or missionaries, or lovers of the works of God under whatever name—who may visit South Africa, and have true human sympathies for its condition. Under God's blessing, may they all conspire together to raise the moral condition of that basely injured country! And then we may hope that it will rise rapidly in the scale of social life; and cease to be (what it is now) a foul disgrace to Christian Europe.

There was a third object I had in view before I began this letter. I wished to add my name to the long list of those who have protested against slavery as a social institution—believing that it is in direct antagonism with the pure lessons of the Gospel; and that every national attempt to perpetuate or extend it, is an act of open war against humanity and Christian truth. And honest men, whatever be their condition, will do well at this time to enter a protest against an insidious suggestion, which might possibly lead some of the great states of Europe to think of importing free labourers from Africa to their western Colonies. To do this would be to tamper basely with those great legislative acts which form the noblest passage of European history within the limits of this century—acts which are a public triumph of national honour and principle over the selfish calculations of national gain—an open avowal that Christian nations are bound by the same laws as Christian men; and that, if they look for God's blessing, they must count every gain as a loss while it is procured at the cost of humanity, or the surrender of one link of that golden chain that binds Christian societies together in a holy and honourable union.

How, we may ask, is any European state to obtain free labourers from the black men of Africa? Only, we may reply with confidence, by a base bargain with the old slave-dealers of that Continent. And were we to grant (and any man of common sense may think this a very large grant) that the African would be treated well, and truly dealt with as a free labourer in the western Colonies; that would not touch the fundamental objection to the plan. The great mischief of slavery and slave-dealing is, I repeat, at the fountain-head. Plausible as some men may have thought the previous suggestion; it would, if carried into effect, not only help to perpetuate the present terrible social evils which afflict large portions of Africa, but it would also very greatly aggravate them; and it might perhaps extinguish, for many years to come, those warm hopes for the good of Africa which have been kindled among Christian men, and have had their issue in labours of love—the noblest example of which shines out in the *Missionary Travels* of Livingstone.

God forbid that any state in Christendom, after it had washed its hands of a foul, selfish and inhuman policy, should, in the 19th century, be so grovelling as to return to it! Good men who in their hearts believe in a superintending Providence, believe also that the moral and physical laws of nature, are so ordained that, even in this world, good will have, in the end, its triumph over evil. But when that end is to be, and by what alternations of good and evil it is to be brought about, no mortal man can tell: and it is a vain task for him to strain his sight in trying to look through the darkness that clouds the future. He knows, too, that unmixed good there never can be in this world, while it is held together by those great laws to which all nature, moral as well as physical, is compelled to yield obedience.

Still a Christian lives in hope; and with God's help can do his duty manfully and cheerfully: not like one who is dismayed and stupified by the many evils that he sees around

him; but who labours like a true-hearted soldier of the Cross; and knows that where there is ignorance and misery it is his duty to meet them and subdue them by deeds of love. And after all, is it not true that good men, labouring honestly on the principles of the Gospel, have done, and are now doing, much good work in humanizing the world? Speaking of the past, it is absolutely certain that the highest civilization of man, since Christ came into the world, has been reached by those nations which have accepted (at least nominally) the great doctrines of His religion, and professed to make His benevolent precepts the guide of their polity. Strangely and disgracefully as they often swerved from their holy guide, it is still absolutely certain, that all other civilization sinks into moral darkness when compared with that which is to be seen in Christendom.

But truth is progressive, and neither men nor nations are permitted to remain quiescent on the line of duty; and there is work enough before them. Black clouds are now hanging on our eastern and western horizon which may portend a long night of darkness and tempest: and if I might dare to talk of the future, I should perhaps say, that on the great question of social slavery hang the coming destinies of mankind, more than on any other that is soon likely to come under the arbitration of States and Empires.

If a great missionary work remains undone; then, to be done at all, it must be taken up by those who will begin it honestly and fervently. But we are often told that the missionary office is now undertaken by ignorant, unlettered, uncommissioned men; who have been heating their imaginations among crude prophetic visions, and pillowing their souls on empty dreams. It may have been so in some rare instances. Ignorant, unlettered men would have little chance of influencing the convictions and turning the hearts of the subtle and civilized Hindoo or Mahomedan of Asia—such men as the learned and pious Martyn had to deal with. But zeal and sincerity are in

all cases among the good elements of success: and the words of the Gospel, and the duties arising out of its commands, are so plain and simple, that an honest teacher, gifted with common sense, cannot well be mistaken in their application, while he is dealing with men of humble state like those of central Africa. Whether he be learned or unlearned can make little difference in the first doctrines he will have to teach, and the first duties he will have to enforce when he begins to instruct the poor unlettered heathen. Be he wise or foolish, as this world counts wisdom and folly, and whatever may have been his social position here, that man deserves our grateful praise, who, under God, has been an honoured instrument in first spreading the light of truth among the heathen, and leading their hearts and wills toward that kind of social union which is the commencement of a Christian society.

I remember well the mockery and ribaldry—seasoned with pungent wit, and spiced with words which if they helped to raise a laugh, served also to raise a blush on a modest cheek—by which a party of humble Missionaries, who went out to the Islands of the Pacific in the early years of this century, were held up to open scorn in some of the most popular works of that period. These Missionaries were not learned men; and some of them may have imperfectly known their own strength, and ill counted the cost of what they undertook. But they were earnest men, and not to be put down by the wit and mockery of those who had done, and were willing to do, nothing for the civilization and instruction of the licentious inhabitants of those beautiful Islands. The Missionaries persevered against scorn and ill-bodings; and before many years were over, their labours were blessed; and they christianized the Islands to which they first shaped their course; and their goodly victory was, under God, followed by one of the most rapid advances in civilization of which we can find an account in the moral records of the present century. If some of the

fruits of this holy triumph have fallen short of expectation, and have not been allowed to ripen, that misfortune was not the fault either of the Missionaries or the Natives; but was the fault of stronger men who, without a plea of law or justice, invaded and beat down the inhabitants by force of arms, and drove away their Christian teachers. Wisdom is approved of her children; and from this good band of Christian labourers—once so much mocked and scorned by writers of great power and skill—have arisen works we may with truth call philosophical; which have advanced the cause of physical science; cast a good light upon the history of a very interesting section of the human family; and added a goodly chapter to the religious literature of the present day.

Just in the same narrow, and I am sorry to say unchristian spirit, some of the most popular writers of this time—men who have delighted us by their prolific works of fiction, and done some service to the cause of humanity and justice, national taste, social freedom, and brotherly love—have thought fit to blight their laurels by frequent and lusty scoffings at honest acts of public zeal for the instruction of the poor natives of heathendom. They write as if every man must be a brain-heated fanatic who stands up on a public platform to plead for his fellow-creatures in distant lands; and as if every woman, who goes to listen to him and desires to help him, must needs be a simple dreamer, a slattern, a sorry housewife, and a bad mother. Such gross caricatures, if they prove nothing else, are a proof of vulgar taste, and may help to do some mischief: but they partly carry with them their own antidote; for they are nauseously false and ridiculously untrue to nature. Who ever doubted that there are, and ever will be, great follies even among good men? There will be found at all times men who talk of goodness, and make a show of it, without loving it for its own sake. Such men are the chaff which the blast of ridicule might, perhaps, winnow from the corn. But our Bible tells us not to be in too great

a hurry to divide the good part of the crop from the bad—rather to leave the separation to an unerring hand: and as for ourselves it tells us to hope all things, and to live in charity with our neighbour. A man who pleads honestly (and wisely too) for a cause in which his heart is warm, but for which his hearers have no sympathy, may perchance appear to them to be acting and talking like a fool while he is speaking the very words of truth and wisdom.' Let us keep down our mockery, and try gravely and honestly to look society in the face; and we shall most certainly see, that among men and women of every grade—from the highest to the lowest—who have felt true love for their fellow-creatures both at home and in heathendom, and have proved it by efforts for their instruction in the lessons of the Gospel, are to be found some of the best patriots, some of the most high-minded men and best clergymen, and many of the best daily fire-side models of social duty and domestic love.

The preceding remarks do not apply to the Church of England only; but to every other Christian Church, whatsoever may be its name, of which the members believe in the promises of the Gospel as the ground of their hopes, and take its commands as the rule of their life. While such men are doing the good work of Christian love among the heathen, we pray, with all our hearts, that God may speed them well—without stopping to inquire into the Covenants they may have signed, the Synodal Confessions they may have published, or the outward forms of polity they may have chosen. A man may surely join in such a prayer without forfeiting one iota of his loyalty, or abating one particle of his active duties, to his own Church and Country.

But charity begins at home, it is said, and very truly said. Charity will, however, very soon be cold when it is confined to one household; and its flame will soon go out if it be not fanned by the open air. That man is sure to be a base citizen and a surly master, whose charities do not expand beyond his

own threshold. In that condition he would morally be little better than the beasts of the field. It is of the very essence of Christian love that it is expansive, and that it gains new strength by its social exercise. For sentiments of true love are not barren, but have a goodly progeny, which bring back to the heart a most abundant recompense.

There has however appeared in our times another argument (alluded to before, p. viii) against missions to the heathen, which starts with an hypothesis that some Tribes of men have been created only to be destroyed—that when a Race is once sunk low in the scale of humanity it is absolutely irrecoverable—and that all efforts to raise it to a higher moral grade are a worthless waste of time, and therefore a mischievous application of our labour. I do not stop to ask by what law of faith or reason we dare to define the bounds of divine benevolence; and by what right we strive to draw within our narrow limitation those large religious hopes which animate a good man, who is willing to devote his life to a work for which he believes he has God's sanction; and who works well because he trusts that he shall continue to have God's help. The hypothesis gives us a gloomy, cheerless view of our Maker's dealings with His creatures. There is darkness enough in the world without our hypothetical colouring to make it darker still. The argument, when sifted, is but a miserable apology for our own shortcomings; and a profane readiness to throw, on the unfathomable decrees of Providence, a blame for evils, which, in obedience to His commands and in full trust in His help, it was our bounden duty to remedy. But have we done this? Nay, have we not—in the case of Africa—fostered and engendered these evils by most intrepid and cruel deeds of wickedness—continued and upheld for centuries, without remorse or shame? To such an argument—when urged by men with little hope, with frigid benevolence, and it may be in selfish sincerity—we can reply by an appeal to the conversions wrought, with God's help, by the Missionaries to the Islands

of the Pacific. Or we may appeal to more recent instances—such, for example, as the goodly Christian fruits produced in New Zealand, by the apostolical labours of the faithful, pious, and brave Bishop Selwyn.

But a true-hearted Christian does not need an appeal to facts, however much he may rejoice to think of them. The book of life is before him. He knows its commands and its promises, and he feels its hopes. He knows well that its promises embrace the whole human family, and are not bounded by latitude or climate. He does not, on that account, give up the homely duties of that state in which God has placed him. He performs them prudently, loyally, and faithfully. But that does not hinder him from honouring those good and brave men to whom his Maker has given a stronger frame, a wider vision, a firmer will, and an ampler and more glorious line of duty than his own. Such men he honours by outward reverence, assists by prudent counsel, and encourages by substantial sympathy.

Nor can a true-hearted Christian doubt that, in some form or other, Providence will bless those labours of love of which the high aim is the enduring good of the human family. The progress of national civilization, under all conditions, is of very slow growth: but this fact of history, when well interpreted, may become an indirect encouragement, and tell a good man, like Livingstone, not to lose heart because so little seeming progress is made during the course of a single life. Spite of the little that has yet been done, he can look forward with good hope to future days, when millions of civilized men may flourish in Christian freedom and happiness on the hills that skirt the Kalahari desert, and in that earthly paradise which he found near the banks of the Zambesi.

The imaginative and philosophical idolaters of ancient Greece worshipped the heroes who had figured in their old traditions as the benefactors of their country. And if we are to trust that noble English teacher, who has sometimes been called

the prophet of inductive science, there was a wisdom lurking under the wild visions of those Ancients, which shadowed forth some higher truths than had then been plainly told—and were to the old world, as the outstretched hands of a blind man, feeling his way towards a true resting-place, but with no light to help him. They tell us in a fable, that fire brought down by stealth from heaven could give life to a statué of cold clay. We can take up the figure, no longer entangled in a fable, and declare its accomplishment in that heavenly fire which warms the Christian heart, and that holy light which irradiates the Christian eye. The power of God—which brooding over the dead matter of the created world, brought out of it law, and order, and all living things, and breathed into man a living soul—has not lost its energy. It was the Spirit of the everlasting God who knows no change; who has dealt kindly by His faithful people, and will deal kindly still; who knows how to help His faithful servant, and will help him; and by His renovating power will, in His own time, give to a good man a mighty strength to lift up the poor heathen from the earth, to warm his cold frozen heart, and to bring his inner being into that likeness of God in which man was created.

Such is the faith and hope, and such the commission of Livingstone, and of other good men—too many to tell—who are gone to teach the truth to the millions of our fellow-creatures who are scattered over the earth. These men are a portion of the sinews of our national strength. For they help to keep alive amongst us the true practical acceptance of our religion. The men of no nation can be maintained in honour and happiness without a recognition of religious principle. Heathens have taught this lesson; and I once heard it affirmed by one of the greatest philosophers in France, who, at the time he uttered this great moral truth, was himself an unbeliever in the religion of Christ. But I write not to unbelievers. It is not on mere grounds of expediency, but to

enforce the everlasting truth of God, that Christianity is commended to the whole world. At the same time, no nation can hope for long prosperity which practically denies its Christianity. Such a nation is not an instrument in the hand of God fit to work out the holy purposes of His Providence. Men like Livingstone are among the strong fibres that make the complicated textile fabric of our national strength. We greeted him with glad hearts while he was here—we pray that his God and Saviour may long bless his labours now that he is far away: and we trust that in long distant ages he may live in the grateful memory of Christian Africa—not in fabulous figures, like the old imaginative traditions of heathen Greece, but in homely, honest, historic truth—as a brave good man who came among them in their old days of darkness; instructed them, like a Father, in the pleasant ways of light and gentleness and truth; and taught them to lift up their hearts towards a redeeming God.

In such a prayer as this, my dear Sir, I know that you will join me. Again asking your forgiveness for my long delay,

I remain, in all good-will,

Very faithfully yours,

ADAM SEDGWICK.

To the Rev. WILLIAM MONK,
Aubrey Villa, Cambridge.

POSTSCRIPT.

TRINITY COLLEGE,
May 17, 1858.

YOUR work, I am told, is ready for publication; and very nearly the whole of the previous letter is now in type. I must therefore—especially after the long and unhappy delay to which I have before alluded (p.lxxiv.)—make this Postscript as short as I can. From the first I intended to confine my letter chiefly to the Author's account of the native Africans, and to his past labours and future prospects as a benevolent Missionary—using that word in his own large sense; so as to include under it every man who is willing personally to devote himself to the improvement of the physical and moral condition of the Natives. The object of this Postscript is to give a synopsis of the physical and scientific information with which this admirable volume abounds. *It greatly wants an Index;* for it is written inartificially, and most important facts are so scattered through the journal, that when partly forgotten they are not easily referred to. Such an Index need not be long.

1. *The Vegetable Kingdom.* Under this head may be here included the forest-trees, fruit-trees, cereals, plants of economical and medicinal use, grasses, flowers, fruits, &c. There is a very great mass of popular information under these heads. The facts are stated without any affectation of scientific display, and are full of excellent suggestions—many of which will, no doubt, be laboriously followed out by future scientific travellers.

2. *Meteorology and Climate.* These subjects are very nearly allied to those included under the preceding head. Under this head are here included many facts respecting periodical winds; tropical rains; ranges of thermometrical temperature; hygrometrical conditions and malaria. Under

this head I may, for sake of brevity, include the most important discovery of wide regions in which the climate of South Africa is delightful to the senses, and is in a high degree favourable to human life. Had the author laid no other fact but this before us, his great labours would have been well bestowed.

3. *The Animal Kingdom.* I here compress together several subjects that should more properly appear under distinct heads of enumeration. (1) The description of the red, white, and black ants.—The experiments on the insects which distil water: though left imperfect they are interesting and suggestive.—The accounts of the destructive *Tsetse*, and of other noxious animals of a low order. (2) The accounts of the habits and instincts of the Reptiles on the Upper Zambesi. (3) The descriptions of Birds—Of the ostrich, the honey-guide, and of the red-beaked hornbill; of the guard-birds of the buffalo and the rhinoceros; of the songs of tropical birds, &c. (4) The graphic descriptions of the habits, instincts, and modes of attack and defence, of the larger Mammals; with the addition of some new species. All the above subjects are excellently touched on; and the chief thing the reader wants is an Index that may help him to refresh his remembrance of many instructive and delightful pages in the large volume.

4. *Hydrography of South Africa.* On this subject the Author has given very important additions to all our previous knowledge—not merely in his personal examination of the course of the Zambesi to the sea; but in his approximation to the range of its ramifications, as well as of its principal tributary rivers. Nor does his information end here. He has improved the hydrography of Angola; and has laid down the position of the extreme southern branches of the Congo or Zaire. Combining this knowledge with his account of the physical geography of South Africa, we can explain some great changes which have taken place in the hydrography of the country within a comparatively recent period: and in like manner we can explain the migrations of some of the larger mammals through the continent. If, for example, the hippo-

potamus of South Africa be of the same species with the hippopotamus of the Nile, how did that animal migrate from North Africa to South, or from South Africa to North? The old maps made such a migration almost impossible. There is now, perhaps, no difficulty in our reply. The animal might have found its way through the lakes and swamps of the great table-land north of the Zambesi; and its tracks were seen by Livingstone not far from the water-shed.

5. *Physical Geography.* Strictly speaking, this cannot be separated from the hydrography of the continent. The two are connected as cause and consequence. But discovery seldom follows the chronological order of nature: for we are compelled to ascend from consequence to cause. It has long been known to geographers that South Africa was bounded by chains of mountains. One chain runs parallel to its western coast and stretches northward far beyond the limits of our Author's travels. In like manner the southern end of the continent is bounded by mountains of considerable elevation. And chains of mountains extend, almost continuously, parallel to its eastern coast, and run to latitudes many degrees North of the Zambesi. In the centre of South Africa is a great plain—the Kalahari desert. Again, it was inferred, though upon imperfect evidence, that high land extended across the continent, somewhere to the North of the great river; and this high land appeared to connect the eastern and western chains of South Africa. But the physical nature of this high table-land was often hypothetically misrepresented in the old maps of Africa.

There were also reasons to believe that the low central portions of South Africa—bounded by the high regions above noticed—were once occupied by a great lake, which had its probable issue somewhere about the latitude of the Orange river. All the known geographical facts were admirably put together, and the probable consequences drawn from them in 1852 by Sir R. I. Murchison, in his address to the Geographical Society. Probable consequences and facts are not necessarily in accordance; but physical geographers have been delighted to find that, in this instance, the logic had been good. For

Livingstone has proved, by numerous facts, that there once was a vast lake in the central parts of South Africa; which has left its traces by deposits of calcareous tufa, some of which run far up the present river-courses, and point out the high levels at which the old central lake once stood. Nor is this all his evidence. He has told us that he has found in the earth-heaps, thrown out by the burrowing animals of the desert, certain species of shells identical with the fresh-water shells of the Lake Ngami. Hence he infers that the old central lake was of fresh water; and that the present Lake Ngami is nothing but a great pool left in one of the lower hollows of the central region, when its great body of waters, from some cause or other, drained off and disappeared[1].

But how had the central waters disappeared? Not by mere evaporation and absorption. For if so, we might have expected more traces of saliferous deposits than we meet with in the central plain of South Africa. It was almost certain—before we had been taught by Livingstone—that the brim, which held the great central lake, must, somewhere or other, have been broken through, so as to let off the waters to a lower level.

We may now affirm that Livingstone has explained this difficulty. The great break of continuity, among the rocks below the Victoria Falls, certainly let off the waters to a lower level; and a convulsion capable of causing that enormously deep and continuous chasm (above described, *supra*, p. xlvi.) may well have broken through the north-eastern barrier by which the waters of the Zambesi were dammed back into the great central lake. I believe this to be the true explanation of the geographical fact; and that, by placing the evidence before us, he has thrown a good and new light upon the physical geo-

[1] We are not without an example of this kind in England, of course on a pigmy scale; but no worse, for comparison, on that account. There was once a lake at Bovey Tracey in Devonshire, which for many ages was fed by the rivulets which descended from the neighbouring granitic hills of Dartmoor. Its waters overflowed, and found their way to the sea, but not by the channels through which they now flow down to Teignmouth. In course of time the lake was partially filled up: and at length came an earthquake and disruption of the strata; and then the rivulets began to drain off, and move along their present channels.

graphy of all the country South of the great river. Something more is, however, required on a question of such interest.

When was the great chasm formed? There seems to be no better way of gaining an approximate answer to this question than by learning the nature of the shells which inhabited the central lake when the calcareous tufa was formed; but on this point we have little information in the *Missionary Travels.*

The great chasm does not extend above the falls. What are the rocks in the river-bed above the falls? How far do the rocks extend towards the great swampy plain down which the Zambesi descends to Kalai? Are there any traces of the calcareous tufa to be seen on the swelling ground which skirts the river near Kalai? These questions will, we trust, be well examined by the gentlemen of the next expedition up the Zambesi.

6. *Geology.* On this subject I shall be very short, and I should be so though time were less pressing than it is. For no geologist will be content with second-hand opinions; and a reader who knows little of geology would not thank me for dry details on a subject in which he takes no interest. We have some valuable published details respecting the geology of the Cape and the neighbouring country. Some parts of the country are certainly palæozoic; and other parts may be of the old secondary period. As to the great eastern and western coast-chains, we believe that several parts of them are metamorphic and palæozoic; but of their structural and stratigraphical details we know at present very little.

As a mere matter of opinion, founded only on lame English analogies, I should expect that, when its fossils are explored, the coal-field near Tete will turn out to be of a true palæozoic or an old mesozoic period.

The bearings of the eastern and western chains of South Africa are so nearly North and South, that if there were any true physical foundation for the hypothesis (first advanced by the illustrious Humboldt and afterwards adopted by Sir R. I. Murchison) that such North and South bearings are an indication that the rocks are auriferous—then we ought assuredly to expect auriferous deposits in various portions of these great

chains. North of Tete there are gold washings; and the range of the strata seems there to be nearly North and South. At present I have no faith whatever in the above hypothesis; though it led to one happy anticipation. But erroneous hypotheses have sometimes done the same before. What we seem to know is—that gold is chiefly found among palæozoic rocks of a quartzose type. And if gold be found, in detached nodules, or *nuggets*, among such rocks, it must be itself of the palæozoic age. Some of the great physical agencies of the earth are meridional; and these agencies *may possibly*—and in a way we do not comprehend—have influenced the deposit of metals on certain lines of bearing. It would therefore be very foolish to reject an hypothesis absolutely, because we do not comprehend the reasons of it. So long as our hypothesis represents known facts, it cannot do much mischief; though even in such a case it may happen to be the means of too much narrowing our inquiries. Thus, I think, it would be an hypothetical misdirection to say, that a quartzose palæozoic rock cannot be auriferous, because its strike is not nearly north and south. Experience must settle this point.

The geological age of the vast overlying mass of red shale, sandstone, and red conglomerate—which forms a great broad table-land across the continent, and extends towards the North through many degrees of latitude—is of primary importance to the illustration of the old physical history of what now composes Southern Africa. A few trunks of silicified trees are mentioned as belonging to this great deposit. One of them is allied to *araucaria*. But the fossils, so far as I have heard, have settled nothing. For fossil trees allied to *araucaria* are found among primary, secondary and tertiary rocks. Judging again, on mere vague analogy, I should expect that the vast deposit would turn out to be of an old mesozoic, or of a permian age.

Should these conjectures, to which, however, I attach no value, turn out an approximation to the truth, South Africa will then, like Australia, be denuded of the greater part of those grand European and British deposits we call mesozoic. The same may be said of South America; and thus we may seem to be almost shutting out from the Southern hemisphere the noble monuments of past time which decorate the middle

period of the earth's history. Finally, Dr Livingstone alludes to some coast-deposits with shells like those now inhabiting the sea. If the shells form groups identical with those now living, we should call the deposits containing them "raised beaches." But to determine their exact age, would require long and very nice work.

All thanks and honour to the Author for what he has told us. He has done wonders when we consider his many interruptions; his periods of exhaustion; his rough untaught companions who required his constant care; his enormous labours; his daily observations with the sextant; his hourly remarks recorded in his journal; his simple love of truth that allows him not to swell his narrative with hypotheses; his exertions of medical skill in all times of need; his life of purity, and his daily lessons of love to those who were around him. They loved him and would have died for him; being strongly affected by that kind of instinctive sympathy by which even a poor untaught savage is drawn towards one who is brave, and kind, and good[1].

[1] About the time he left England a pamphlet was printed by Dr Livingstone on the languages spoken by the Natives of South Africa. I have not yet had time to read this work with care; and its matter is foreign to the more immediate objects of this letter. Since this Postscript was in type, I have learnt that the Publisher (Mr Murray) has now supplied the Missionary Travels in South Africa with a very good Index, for which every reader will be grateful.

LECTURE I.

DELIVERED before the University of Cambridge, in the Senate-House, on Friday, 4th December, 1857. Dr Philpott, Master of St Catharine's College, Vice-Chancellor, in the chair. The building was crowded to excess with all ranks of the University and their friends. The reception was so enthusiastic that literally there were volley after volley of cheers. The Vice-Chancellor introduced Dr Livingstone to the meeting, who spoke nearly as follows:—

WHEN I went to Africa about seventeen years ago I resolved to acquire an accurate knowledge of the native tongues; and as I continued, while there, to speak generally in the African languages, the result is that I am not now very fluent in my own; but if you will excuse my imperfections under that head, I will endeavour to give you as clear an idea of Africa as I can. If you look at the map of Africa you will discover the shortness of the coast-line, which is in consequence of the absence of deep indentations of the sea. This is one reason why the interior of Africa has remained so long unknown to the rest of the world. Another reason is the unhealthiness of the coast, which seems to have reacted upon the disposition of the people, for they are very unkindly, and opposed to

Europeans passing through their country. In the southern part of Africa lies the great Kalahari desert[1], not so called as being a mere sandy plain, devoid of vegetation: such a desert I never saw until I got between Suez and Cairo. Kalahari is called a desert because it contains no streams, and water is obtained only from deep wells. The reason why so little rain falls on this extensive plain, is, because the winds prevailing over the greater part of the interior country are easterly, with a little southing. The moisture taken up by the atmosphere from the Indian Ocean is deposited on the eastern hilly slope; and when the moving mass of air reaches its greatest elevation, it is then on the verge of the great valley, or, as in the case of the Kalahari, the great heated inland plains there meeting with the rarefied air of that hot, dry surface, the ascending heat gives it greater capacity for retaining all its remaining humidity, and few showers can be given to the middle and western lands in consequence of the increased hygrometric power. (See *Travels*, p. 95.) The people living there, not knowing the physical reasons why they have so little rain, are in the habit of sending to the mountains on the east for rain-makers, in whose power of making rain they have a firm belief[2]. They say the

[1] For an account of this desert, see Appendix, page 64.

[2] Rain-makers are a numerous race in Southern Africa; and rain-making is an inveterate prejudice in the minds of large numbers of people. At pages 20—25 of the book of *Travels* is given an amusing, yet pathetic, account of this quackery among the Bakwains. These people try to help themselves to rain by a variety of preparations, such as char-

people in those mountains have plenty of rain, and therefore must possess a medicine for making it. This faith in rain-making is a remarkable feature in the people in the country, and they have a good deal to say in favour of it. If you say you do not believe that these medicines have any power upon the clouds, they reply that that is just the way people talk about what they do not understand. They take a bulb, pound it, and administer an infusion of it to a sheep: in a short time the sheep dies in convulsions, and then they ask, Has not the medicine power? I do not think our friends of the homœopathic "persuasion" have much more to say than that. The common argument known to all those tribes is this—"God loves you white men better than us: He made you first, and did not make us pretty like you: He made us afterwards, and does not love us as He loves you. He gave you clothing, and horses and waggons, and guns and powder, and that Book, which you are always talking

coal made of burnt bats, jackals' livers, baboons' and lions' hearts, serpents' skins and *vertebræ*, in addition to the means mentioned above. They take a philosophical view of the question, and say that they do not pretend to make the rain themselves, but that God Himself makes it in answer to their prayers, and as a consequence of their preparations. They pray by means of their medicines, which act makes the rain theirs. A practice somewhat similar exists among the medicine men of the North-American Indians. It is somewhat striking that the Bakwains were so long afflicted with drought during Dr Livingstone's residence among them. They attributed this partly to his wizard powers, and partly to the presence of the Bible; regarding him with a suspicion corresponding with this belief. The dialogue between the medical doctor and the rain-doctor is highly entertaining, and shews great acuteness on the part of the untutored savage.

about. He gave us only two things—cattle and a knowledge of certain medicines by which we can make rain. We do not despise the things that you have; we only wish that we had them too; we do not despise that Book of yours, although we do not understand it: so you ought not to despise our knowledge of rain-making, although you do not understand it." You cannot convince them that they have no power to make rain. As it is with the homœopathist, so it is with the rain-maker—you might argue your tongue out of joint, and would convince neither.

I went into that country for the purpose of teaching the doctrines of our holy religion, and settled with the tribes on the border of the Kalahari desert. These tribes were those of the Bakwains, Bushmen and Bakalahari. Sechele[1] is the chief of the former. On

[1] This interesting man is the son of the Bakwain Chief, Mochoasele. He was uniformly kind to the Livingstones, sending them food constantly during their stay with him at Shokuane, his place of residence, and becoming our traveller's guide in 1850, when going to visit Sebituane. As a child his life was spared by Sebituane when attacking the Bakwains, who gave him his father's chieftainship. He married the daughters of three of his under-chiefs, and afterwards became Dr Livingstone's Sergius Paulus, or first influential Christian convert. He had family prayers in his house, and became a missionary to his own people, sending his children to Mr Moffat, at Kuruman, to be instructed "in all the knowledge of the white man." He learnt to read with great diligence, and succeeded well, getting quite fat through becoming a student instead of a hunter. The Bible was his constant study, he being particularly fond of Isaiah's book of prophecy. Once he said, in reference to St Paul, "He was a fine fellow, that Paul."

The Boers hate him for his resolute independence, and love of the

the occasion of the first religious service held, he asked me if he could put some questions on the subject of Christianity, since such was the custom of their country when any new subject was introduced to their notice. I said, "By all means." He then inquired "If my forefathers knew of a future judgment?" I said, "Yes;" and began to describe the scene of the great white throne, and HIM who should sit on it, from whose face the heavens shall flee away, and be no more seen; interrupting he said, "You startle me, these words make all my bones to shake, I have no more strength in me. You have been talking about a future judgment, and many terrible things, of which we know nothing," repeating, "Did your forefathers know of these things?" I again replied in the affirmative. The chief said, "All my forefathers have passed away into darkness, without knowing anything of what was to befall them; how is it that your forefathers, knowing all these things, did not send word to my forefathers sooner?" This was rather a poser; but I explained the geographical difficulties, and said it was only after we had begun to send the knowledge of Christ to Cape Colony and other parts of the country, to which we had access, that we came to them; that it was their duty to receive what Europeans had now obtained the power to offer them; and that the time would come when the whole world would receive the knowledge of Christ,

English. He values everything European, and desires to trade with white men. Some further details are found in the Lectures about him.

because Christ had promised that all the earth should be covered with a knowledge of Himself. The chief pointed to the Kalahari desert, and said, "Will you ever get beyond that with your Gospel? We, who are more accustomed to thirst than you are, cannot cross that desert; how can you?" I stated my belief in the promise of Christ; and in a few years afterwards that chief was the man who enabled me to cross that desert; and not only so, but he himself preached the Gospel to tribes beyond it. In some years, more rain than usual falls in the desert, and then there is a large crop of water-melons. When this occurred, the desert might be crossed: in 1852, a gentleman crossed it, and his oxen existed on the fluid contained in the melons for twenty-two days. In crossing the desert, different sorts of country are met with; up to 20th south latitude, there is a comparatively dry and arid country, and you might travel for four days, as I have done, without a single drop of water for the oxen. Water for the travellers themselves was always carried in the waggons, the usual mode of travelling south of the 20th degree of latitude being by ox-waggon. For four days, upon several occasions, we had not a drop of water for the oxen; but beyond 20th south latitude, going to the north, we travelled to Loanda, 1,500 miles, without carrying water for a single day. The country in the southern part of Africa is a kind of oblong basin, stretching north and south, bounded on all sides by old schist rocks. The waters of this central basin find an exit through

a fissure into the river Zambesi, flowing to the east, the basin itself being covered with a layer of calcareous tufa.

My object in going into the country south of the desert was to instruct the natives in a knowledge of Christianity, but many circumstances prevented my living amongst them more than seven years, amongst which were considerations arising out of the slave system carried on by the Dutch Boers. I resolved to go into the country beyond, and soon found that, for the purposes of commerce, it was necessary to have a path to the sea. I might have gone on instructing the natives in religion, but as civilization and Christianity must go on together, I was obliged to find a path to the sea, in order that I should not sink to the level of the natives[1]. The chief[2] was

[1] After leaving Lake Ngami, Dr Livingstone took his family back to the Cape, and then set out on his first great journey. He visited Sebituane, at whose death he recommenced his exploring labours. During the course of these, he floundered through the marshy country south of Linyanti, and came so unexpectedly upon Secheletu, that the people said "he dropped from the clouds, riding on a hippopotamus."

[2] This is Secheletu, chief of the Makololo, being the son of Sebituane. When Dr Livingstone first knew him he was eighteen years old, being of a coffee and milk colour. He became chief through the resignation and at the desire of his sister, Mamochisáne, whom Sebituane, at his death, had appointed to govern. Secheletu had a rival, 'Mpepe, who, while alive, rendered his position somewhat insecure. This 'Mpepe attempted to assassinate him as he was escorting our traveller to explore the river Chobe, and visiting his possessions. Dr Livingstone unintentionally prevented this design by stepping between them just as the murderer was about to strike the chief down.

Secheletu behaved so generously towards Dr Livingstone, at all times and in so many ways, that the civilized world and Africa are deeply indebted to him for contributing so largely towards the opening of the interior of that vast continent. He found the escort of twenty-

overjoyed at the suggestion, and furnished me with twenty-seven men, and canoes, and provisions, and presents for the tribes through whose country we had to pass. We might have taken a shorter path to the sea than that to the north, and then to the west, by which we went; but along the country by the shorter route, there is an insect called the tsetse[1], whose bite is fatal to horses, oxen, and dogs, but not to men or donkeys.—You seem to think there is a connexion between the two.—The habitat of that insect is along the shorter route to the sea. The bite of it is fatal to domestic animals; not immediately, but certainly in the course of two or three months; the animal grows leaner and leaner,

seven men, as here mentioned, for the first, and that of one hundred and fourteen men for the second, great journey; also, ten tusks of ivory to help to defray the costs of the former, and thirty for the latter.

He is a man of enlightened mind, and a peace-maker. When our traveller set out from Linyanti on his journey towards the Barotse country, he accompanied him with one hundred and sixty attendants. During this journey they ate together, dwelt in the same tent, and returned to Linyanti after a nine weeks' tour. When Dr Livingstone and his party set out for Loanda, he lent his own canoes, and sent orders for their maintenance wherever they came in his dominions, and gave them a most touching and spirit-stirring reception on their return to Linyanti. On this occasion the presents received, story told, and greetings given, were of a most satisfactory character.

To shew the eagerness of Secheletu to trade with the white man, he immediately dispatched another party to Loanda, who arrived safely there after our traveller's arrival in England. To the latter he gave all the ivory in his country, and asked him to bring from England, as well as a sugar-mill, "any beautiful thing you may see in your own country." He eagerly and confidently awaits our traveller's promised return.

[1] For an account of the *tsetse*, see Appendix, p. 81.

and gradually dies of emaciation: a horse belonging to Gordon Cumming died of a bite five or six months after it was bitten.

On account of this insect, I resolved to go to the north, and then westwards to the Portuguese settlement of Loanda. Along the course of the river which we passed, game was so abundant that there was no difficulty in supplying the wants of my whole party: antelopes were so tame that they might be shot from the canoe. But beyond 14 degrees of south latitude the natives had guns, and had themselves destroyed the game, so that I and my party had to live on charity. The people, however, in that central region were friendly and hospitable: but they had nothing but vegetable productions: the most abundant was the cassava, which, however nice when made into tapioca pudding, resembles in its more primitive condition nothing so much as a mess of laundress' starch[1]. There was a desire in the various villages through which we passed to have intercourse with us, and kindness and hospitality were shewn us; but when we got near the Portuguese settlement of Angola the case was changed, and payment was demanded for every thing[2]. But I had nothing to pay with. Now the people had been in the habit of trading with the

[1] For an account of this, see Appendix, p. 79.

[2] This was often a sort of black-mail levied for a right of way, and was generally demanded in the shape of "a man, a tusk, an ox, or a gun."

slavers, and so they said I might give one of my men in payment for what I wanted. When I shewed them that I could not do this, they looked upon me as an interloper, and I was sometimes in danger of being murdered.

As we neared the coast, the name of England was recognized, and we got on with ease. Upon one occasion, when I was passing through the parts visited by slave-traders, a chief[1] who wished to shew me some kindness offered me a slave-girl: upon explaining that I had a little girl of my own, whom I should not like my own chief to give to a black man, the chief thought I was displeased with the size of the girl, and sent me one a head taller. By this and other means I convinced my men of my opposition to the principle of slavery; and when we arrived at Loanda I took them on board a British vessel, where I took a pride in shewing them that those countrymen of mine and those guns were there for the purpose of putting down the slave-trade. They were convinced from what they saw of the honesty of Englishmen's intentions; and the hearty reception they met with

[1] This was Shinte, or Kabombo, a Balonda chief. He gave our traveller a grand reception, and treated him kindly. The kidnapping of children and others by night, to sell for slaves, was an unhappy practice of his.

Dr Livingstone mentions five other Balonda chiefs, with four of whom he had intercourse. Matiamvo, the paramount chief of all the Balonda tribes, he did not visit, as he resides too far away to the North. Those whom he saw were Manenko and Nyamoana, two female chiefs; also Masiko and Kawawa, two other chieftains. Interesting notices of these are scattered through the book, especially of Shinte and Manenko, who are related as uncle and niece.

from the sailors made them say to me, "We see they are your countrymen, for they have hearts like you." On the journey, the men had always looked forward to reaching the coast: they had seen Manchester prints and other articles imported therefrom, and they could not believe they were made by mortal hands. On reaching the sea, they thought that they had come to the end of the world. They said, "We marched along with our father, thinking the world was a large plain without limit; but all at once the land said 'I am finished, there is no more of me;'" and they called themselves the true old men—the true ancients—having gone to the end of the world. On reaching Loanda, they commenced trading in firewood, and also engaged themselves at sixpence a day in unloading coals, brought by a steamer for the supply of the cruiser lying there to watch the slave-vessels. On their return, they told their people "we worked for a whole moon, carrying away the stones that burn." By the time they were ready to go back to their own country, each had secured a large bundle of goods. On the way back, however, fever detained them, and their goods were all gone, leaving them on their return home, as poor as when they started[1].

[1] These men behaved well to our traveller, and shewed much simplicity and shrewdness both in their conduct and remarks. On one or two trying occasions they behaved with real courage. They carried home with them seeds, plants, pigeons, &c., not there to be found. We cannot but be struck with the unity of the human race, as asserted in Scripture, by seeing it from independent quarters in oneness of thought, feeling, desire, and affection, all the world over, despite other differences.

I had gone towards the coast for the purpose of finding a direct path to the sea, but on going through the country we found forests so dense that the sun had not much influence on the ground, which was covered with yellow mosses, and all the trees with white lichens. Amongst these forests were little streams, each having its source in a bog; in fact nearly all the rivers in that country commence in bogs. Finding it impossible to travel here in a wheel conveyance, I left my waggon behind, and I believe it is standing in perfect safety, where I last saw it, at the

These men were genuine Africans, chiefly Makalolo, with a mixture of several other tribes. The ships on board which our traveller took them were her Majesty's cruisers, *Pluto* and *Philomel*. Here they were delighted with their reception, and all they saw. The cannons for "putting down the slave-trade with" especially delighted them. The officers won their affections by their cordiality, and the sailors by like kindness and by sharing their bread and beef with them. Respecting the ships they said, "This is not a canoe at all; it is a town." They looked on the decks and rigging as being "a town upon town." The party left Loanda on the return journey on the 20th September, 1854. The account they gave of themselves, when arrived in their own country, was singularly amusing. "We are the true ancients, who can tell wonderful things." Pitsane, the head-man, related all they had seen, heard, and felt; and this account did not lose in the telling. At Linyanti, all had a grand reception; Secheletu himself wearing the officers' uniform sent him by the Portuguese authorities at Loanda, while the men appeared in dashing white dresses and red caps, calling themselves our traveller's "braves," and trying to walk like Portuguese soldiers. They spoke of the wonderful things they had met with, adding as a climax, "that they had finished the whole world, and had turned only when there was no more land." One glib old gentleman asked, "Then you reached Ma-Robert (Mrs Livingstone)?" They were obliged to confess "that she lived a little beyond the world." (*Travels*, p. 501.)

An account of the Doctor's other travelling companions will be found at p. 14.

present moment. The only other means of conveyance we had was ox-back, by no means a comfortable mode of travelling. I therefore came back to discover another route to the coast by means of the river Zambesi[1].

The same system of inundation that distinguishes the Nile, is also effected by this river, and the valley of the Barotse is exceedingly like the valley of the Nile between Cairo and Alexandria. The inundations of the Zambesi, however, cause no muddy sediment like those of the Nile, and, only that there are no snow-mountains, would convey the impression that the inundations were the result of the melting of snow from adjoining hills. The face of the country presents no such features, but elevated plains, so level that rain-water stands for months together upon them. The water does not flow off, but gradually soaks into the soil, and then oozes out in bogs, in which all the rivers take their rise. They have two rainy seasons in the year, and consequently two periods of inundation. The reason why the water remains so clear is this; the country is covered by such a mass of vegetation that the water flows over the grass, &c., without disturbing the soil beneath.

There is a large central district containing a large lake formed by the course of the Zambesi, to explore which would be well worthy of the attention of any individual wishing to distinguish himself.

Having got down amongst the people in the middle

[1] For an account of this river see Appendix, p. 67.

of the country, and having made known to my friend the chief my desire to have a path for civilization and commerce on the east, he again furnished me with means to pursue my researches eastward; and, to shew how disposed the natives were to aid me in my expedition, I had 114 men to accompany me to the east, whilst those who had travelled to the west with me only amounted to 27[1].

[1] There is something really affecting in the manner how this wonderful man attached these savages to himself. It must be remembered, too, that the Makololo are justly regarded with dread by their neighbours as incurable marauders. At any rate this spectacle shews what kindness, tact and firmness will do. His service is now so popular, that he gets one hundred and fourteen volunteers to accompany him in his second journey. These, like the others, belong to different tribes. On several occasions, "when before the enemy," they behaved with temper and courage. Their general conduct was good, though there were some black sheep among them. One hundred and thirteen of these are now awaiting our traveller's return at Teté. The Portuguese commandant there, Major Sicard, gave them land to till, food, clothing, and permission to hunt elephants. He writes to England to say that they killed four in two months.

The Doctor tried to bring to England one remarkable man, Sekwebu, his interpreter and chief guide, who had been of great service during the journey from Linyanti to Teté. Of him we must sorrowfully say, "One is not." His loss must be severe and painful to our traveller. He knew the Zambesi well, as also the dialects spoken on its banks. On arriving at Quillimane, and on attempting to board the *Frolic*, the sea ran mountains high. Poor Sekwebu in terror asked, "Is this the way you go? Is this the way you go?" He became a favourite on board, but was bewildered with the novelty of every thing. He said, "People are very agreeable," but "what a strange country is this, all water together!" Now comes the climax. When off Mauritius, a steamer approaches. This must be fairy land—see that monster. These white men surely are gods or demons. His senses reel—insanity seizes his brain. He tries to spear a sailor—jumps overboard—pulls himself down by the chains, and Sekwebu in this life is seen no more!

I carried with me thirty tusks of ivory; and, on leaving my waggon to set forth on my journey, two warriors of the country offered a heifer a-piece to the man who should slay any one who molested it. Having proceeded about a hundred miles, I found myself short of ammunition, and despatched an emissary back to the chief to procure more percussion caps from a box I had in my waggon. Not understanding the lock, the chief took a hatchet and split the lid open, to get what was wanted; and notwithstanding the insecure state in which it remained, I found, on returning two years after, that its contents were precisely as I left them. Such honesty is rare even in civilised Christian England, as I know from experience; for I sent a box of fossils to Dr Buckland, which, after arriving safely in England, was stolen from some railway, being probably mistaken for plate.

I could not make my friend the chief understand that I was poor: I had a quantity of sugar, and while it lasted the chief would favour me with his company to coffee; when it was gone, I told the chief how it was produced from the cane, which grew in central Africa, but as they had no means of extracting the saccharine matter, he requested me to procure a sugar-mill. When I told him I was poor, the chief then informed me that all the ivory in the country was at my disposal, and he accordingly loaded me with tusks, ten of which on arriving at the coast I spent in purchasing clothing for my followers; the rest were left at Quillimane, that the impression should

not be produced in the country that they had been stolen in case of my non-return.

Englishmen are very apt to form their opinion of Africans from the elegant figures in tobacconists' shops: I scarcely think such are fair specimens of the African. I think at the same time, that the African women would be much handsomer than they are if they would only let themselves alone: though unfortunately that is a failing by no means peculiar to African ladies; but they are, by nature, not particularly goodlooking, and seem to take all the pains they can to make themselves worse. The people of one tribe knock out all their upper front teeth, and when they laugh are perfectly hideous. Another tribe of the Londa country file all their front teeth to a point, like cats' teeth, and when they grin put one in mind of alligators: many of the women are comely, but spoil their beauty by such unnatural means. Another tribe has a custom of piercing the cartilage of the nose, and inserting a bit of reed, which spreads it out, and makes them very disagreeable looking: others tie their hair, or rather wool, into basket-work, resembling the tonsorial decorations of the ancient Egyptians; others, again, dress their hair with a hoop around it, so as to resemble the gloria round the head of the Virgin; rather a different application of the hoop to that of English ladies[1]!

[1] The Batoka tribes, on the Zambesi, knock out their upper front teeth, in order that they may, as they say, "look like oxen." They

The people of central Africa have religious ideas stronger than those of the Caffres and other southern nations, who talk much of God but pray seldom. They pray to departed relatives, by whom they imagine illnesses are sent to punish them for any neglect on their part. Evidences of the Portuguese Jesuit missionary operations are still extant, and are carefully preserved by the natives: one tribe can all read and write, which is ascribable to the teaching of the Jesuits: their only books are, however, histories of saints, and miracles effected by the parings of saintly toe-nails, and such-like nonsense: but, surely, if such an impression has once been produced, it might be hoped that the efforts of Protestant missionaries, who would leave the Bible with these poor people, would not be less abiding.

In a commercial point of view communication with this country is desirable. Angola is wonderfully fertile,

pronounce those who keep their teeth to "look like zebras." Surely this is some vestige of the animal worship of Egypt. The members of the Babímpe tribe pull out both their upper and lower front teeth, as a distinction. Sheakonda's people, and those on the Tambra, file their teeth to a point; as also do the Chiboque, a hostile tribe on the borders of Angola. This, too, is the practice of the Bashinge; these people flatten their noses by inserting bits of reed, or stick, into the septum. The Balonda gentlemen so load their legs with copper rings, that they are obliged to walk in a straggling way, the weight being a serious hindrance to walking. A man seeing our traveller smile at another with no rings, imitating his betters as though he wore them, said, "That is the way in which they shew off their lordship in these parts." It is the ladies on the Loajima who wear the hoop round the head. The women on the Zambesi and among the Maravi pierce the upper lip, and gradually enlarge the orifice until they can insert a shell. The lip is thus drawn out beyond the perpendicular of the nose. Sekwebu said of them, "These women want to make their mouths like those of ducks."

producing every kind of tropical plant in rank luxuriance. Passing on to the valley of Quango, the stalk of the grass was as thick as a quill, and towered above my head, although I was mounted on my ox; cotton is produced in great abundance, though merely woven into common cloth; bananas and pine-apples grow in great luxuriance; but the people having no maritime communication, these advantages are almost lost. The country on the other side is not quite so fertile, but in addition to indigo, cotton, and sugar-cane, produces a fibrous substance, which I am assured is stronger than flax[1].

The Zambesi has not been thought much of as a river by Europeans, not appearing very large at its mouth; but on going up it for about seventy miles, it is enormous. The first three hundred miles might be navigated without obstacle: then there is a rapid, and near it a coal-field of large extent. The elevated sides of the basin, which form the most important feature of the country, are far different in climate to the country nearer the sea, or even the centre. Here the grass is short, and the Angola goat, which could not live in the centre, had been seen on the east highland by Mr Moffat.

My desire is to open a path to this district, that civilization, commerce, and Christianity might find their way there. I consider that we made a great mistake, when we carried commerce into India, in being ashamed of our Christianity; as a matter of common sense and good

[1] See Appendix, p. 79.

policy, it is always best to appear in one's true character. In travelling through Africa, I might have imitated certain Portuguese, and have passed for a chief; but I never attempted anything of the sort, although endeavouring always to keep to the lessons of cleanliness rigidly instilled by my mother long ago; the consequence was that the natives respected me for that quality, though remaining dirty themselves.

I had a pass from the Portuguese consul, and on arriving at their settlement, I was asked what I was. I said, "A missionary, and a doctor too." They asked, "Are you a doctor of medicine?"—"Yes."—"Are you not a doctor of mathematics too?"—"No."—"And yet you can take longitudes and latitudes."—Then they asked me about my moustache; and I simply said I wore it, because men had moustaches to wear, and ladies had not. They could not understand either, why a sacerdote should have a wife and four children; and many a joke took place upon that subject. I used to say, "Is it not better to have children with than without a wife?" Englishmen of education always command respect, without any adventitious aid. A Portuguese governor left for Angola, giving out that he was going to keep a large establishment, and taking with him quantities of crockery, and about five hundred waistcoats; but when he arrived in Africa, he made a 'deal' of them. Educated Englishmen seldom descend to that sort of thing.

A prospect is now before us of opening Africa for commerce and the Gospel. Providence has been pre-

paring the way, for even before I proceeded to the Central basin it had been conquered and rendered safe by a chief named Sebituane[1], and the language of the Bechua-

[1] This man, according to Dr Livingstone, is the most remarkable African who has lived for many an age. He has been truly called the Napoleon of these parts. His interesting biography can be found at pages 84—90, *Travels*. Here we can only refer to him. Unlike other African warrior chiefs, such as Africaner, Dingaan, and Mosilikatse, his own determined opponent, he led his men to battle in person. Terrible and successful he was in battle. Lake Ngami was known to him before it was discovered by our traveller and his companions. Sebituane was forty-five years old when first known to Dr Livingstone, who describes him as being somewhat bald, of middle height, frank, cordial, wonderfully fleet of foot, very popular, and of a coffee and milk colour. He was from the South, and probably of Caffre extraction? His fortunes were various, and his narrative is somewhat like the *Commentaries of Cæsar*, or the history of the British in India. For some reference to the probable results of his conquests, see Appendix, p. 121. He, like his son Secheletu, was touchingly kind to Dr Livingstone, coming one hundred miles to meet and escort him to his capital, Seshaké. His desire for intercourse with white men was most passionate. The period and circumstances of his death were solemn and striking. As we have before seen, he died soon after that meeting had occurred which both so much desired. War was the object of his life and the cause of his death, which occurred through an old wound in the lungs turning to inflammation. On his death-bed he said to our traveller, "Come near and see if I am any longer a man; I am done." The native doctors said to Dr Livingstone, who spoke to him of another life, "Why do you speak of death? Sebituane will never die."

Our traveller proceeds: "After sitting with him some time, and commending him to the mercy of God, I rose to depart, when the dying chieftain, raising himself up a little from his prone position, called a servant, and said, 'Take Robert to Maunku (one of his wives), and tell her to give him some milk.' These were the last words of Sebituane.

"He was decidedly the best specimen of a native chief I ever met. I never felt so much grieved by the loss of a black man before; and it was impossible not to follow him in thought into the world of which he had just heard before he was called away, and to realise somewhat of the feelings of those who pray for the dead. The deep dark question of what is to become of such as he, must, however, be left where we find it, believing that, assuredly, the 'Judge of all the earth will do right.'"

nas[1] made the fashionable tongue, and that was one of the languages into which Mr Moffat had translated the Scriptures[2]. Sebituane also discovered Lake Ngami some time previous to my explorations in that part. In going back to that country my object is to open up traffic along the banks of the Zambesi, and also to preach the Gospel. The natives of Central Africa are very desirous of trading, but their only traffic is at present in slaves, of which the poorer people have an unmitigated horror: it is therefore most desirable to encourage the former principle, and thus open a way for the consumption of free productions, and the introduction of Christianity and commerce. By encouraging the native propensity for trade, the advantages that might be derived in a commercial point of view are incalculable; nor should we lose sight of the inestimable blessings it is in our power to bestow upon the unenlightened African, by giving him the light of Christianity. Those two pioneers of civilization—Christianity and commerce—should ever be inseparable; and Englishmen should be warned by the fruits of neglecting that principle as exemplified in the result of the management of Indian affairs. By trading with Africa, also, we should at length be independent of slave-labour, and thus discountenance practices so obnoxious to every Englishman.

Though the natives are not absolutely anxious to re-

[1] For an account of these people, see Appendix, pp. 86, 89.

[2] For an account of this translation, see Appendix, p. 122.

[3] For an account of this lake, see Appendix, p. 66.

ceive the Gospel, they are open to Christian influences. Among the Bechuanas the Gospel was well received. These people think it a crime to shed a tear, but I have seen some of them weep at the recollection of their sins when God had opened their hearts to Christianity and repentance. It is true that missionaries have difficulties to encounter; but what great enterprise was ever accomplished without difficulty? It is deplorable to think that one of the noblest of our missionary societies, the Church Missionary Society, is compelled to send to Germany for missionaries, whilst other societies are amply supplied[1]. Let this stain be wiped off.—The sort of men who are wanted for missionaries are such as I see before me;—men of education, standing, enterprise, zeal, and piety. It is a mistake to suppose that *any one*, as long as he is pious, will do for this office. Pioneers in every thing should be the ablest and best qualified men, not those of small ability and education. This remark especially applies to the first teachers of Christian truth in regions which may never have before been blest with the name and Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the early ages the monasteries were the schools of Europe, and the monks were not ashamed to hold the plough. The missionaries now take the place of those noble men, and we should not hesitate to give up the small luxuries of life in order to carry knowledge and truth to them that are in darkness. I hope that many of those whom I now address will embrace that honourable career. Education has been

[1] See Appendix, p. 156.

given us from above for the purpose of bringing to the benighted the knowledge of a Saviour. If you knew the satisfaction of performing such a duty, as well as the gratitude to God which the missionary must always feel, in being chosen for so noble, so sacred a calling, you would have no hesitation in embracing it.

For my own part, I have never ceased to rejoice that God has appointed me to such an office. People talk of the sacrifice I have made in spending so much of my life in Africa. Can that be called a sacrifice which is simply paid back as a small part of a great debt owing to our God, which we can never repay?—Is that a sacrifice which brings its own blest reward in healthful activity, the consciousness of doing good, peace of mind, and a bright hope of a glorious destiny hereafter?—Away with the word in such a view, and with such a thought! It is emphatically no sacrifice. Say rather it is a privilege. Anxiety, sickness, suffering, or danger, now and then, with a foregoing of the common conveniences and charities of this life, may make us pause, and cause the spirit to waver, and the soul to sink, but let this only be for a moment. All these are nothing when compared with the glory which shall hereafter be revealed in, and for, us. I never made a sacrifice. Of this we ought not to talk, when we remember the great sacrifice which He made who left His Father's throne on high to give Himself for us;—"Who being the brightness of that Father's glory, and the express image of His person, and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Him-

self purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high."

English people are treated with respect; and the missionary can earn his living by his gun,—a course not open to a country curate. I would rather be a poor missionary than a poor curate.

Then there is the pleasant prospect of returning home and seeing the agreeable faces of his countrywomen again. I suppose I present a pretty contrast to you. At Cairo we met a party of young English people, whose faces were quite a contrast to the skinny, withered ones of those who had spent the latter years of their life in a tropical clime: they were the first rosy cheeks I had seen for sixteen years; you can hardly tell how pleasant it is to see the blooming cheeks of young ladies before me, after an absence of sixteen years from such delightful objects of contemplation. There is also the pleasure of the welcome home, and I heartily thank you for the welcome you have given me on the present occasion; but there is also the hope of the welcome words of our Lord, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

I beg to direct your attention to Africa;—I know that in a few years I shall be cut off in that country, which is now open; do not let it be shut again! I go back to Africa to try to make an open path for commerce and Christianity; do you carry out the work which I have begun. I LEAVE IT WITH YOU!

LECTURE II.

THE following Lecture was delivered in the Town-Hall, on the day after the delivery of the other. Although the notice was so short, crowds of persons came to hear, who could not gain admittance. Swann Hurrell, Esq., the Mayor, took the chair, and some members of the Town Council were present. The anxiety of all classes to see and hear Dr Livingstone is pleasing, since it shews the state of public opinion on several vital topics, especially the civilization and evangelization of Africa. After being introduced to the assembly, the Doctor, without any prefatory remarks, took his wand, and began to point towards some maps of Africa just above his head, in his usual manner speaking as follows:—

IN turning to the map of South Africa, I want to draw your attention to three imaginary zones, on the southern part, all different in population and climate. You will see that this part of Africa forms a kind of cone. This cone can be divided into three longitudinal bands or zones, just spoken of: the eastern band comprises what is generally known as Kafirland, which has been rather a difficult nut to crack for the English nation. However, the Kafir war has at length ended, both parties owning

themselves tired; only we had to pay two millions of money, and lost a great many valuable lives as well. That part of the country is mountainous and well watered. The central zone, or Bechuana country, is comparatively dry, being seldom visited by rain; and its inhabitants, the Bechuanas, Bushmen, and Bakalahari, &c., are not nearly so warlike as the Caffres. Passing towards the West, we come to a level plain called the Kalahari desert, not consisting of barren sands, like the generally received notions of deserts, but covered with grass, bushes and trees, and containing a population of Bushmen and other people called the Bakalahari. I lived sixteen years on the borders of the Kalahari desert; and having gone to the country in 1841, I was naturally anxious to ascertain the effect the teaching of the missionaries had produced.

I must own that I was disappointed in what I saw, having formed rather sanguine expectations. I forwarded the result of my inquiries to the London Missionary Society, by whom I was sent out, and after a little time went to the country beyond, where I found the people in just the same state as the missionaries found those I had left; and when I compared those I had just come amongst with the people with whom I had recently lived, the benefit of the missionary teaching then appeared great indeed. True, the African when Christianised is not so elevated as we who have had the advantages of civilization and Christianity for ages; but still, when rescued from the degradation and superstitions of heathenism, he evinces improvement

in an eminent degree. We should compare new converts who are still surrounded with all their old associations of heathenism, rather with the churches first planted by the Apostles, than with ourselves. Public opinion, law, custom, and general manners, with us who have enjoyed the inestimable blessings of the Gospel so long, are so essentially different from those which governed the converts of the first Christian age, and which still influence those new disciples of the better way among whom our modern Missionaries labour. If these latter soldiers of the cross have sometimes to mourn over the inconsistencies of their converts, it must be remembered that such was also the case with the Apostles, as their writings prove; especially those of St Paul, the great Apostle of the Gentiles.

I was not at all anxious to enter on the labours of other men; for I consider that the young missionary should devote himself as much as possible to his own field of duty, and not interfere with any other man's labour, but go to the real heathen, who may not as yet have heard Christ's name, or received his Gospel. Through the instrumentality of Mr Moffat[1], the Bechuanas have the Bible in their own language. To shew the value put on the sacred volume, in the first editions there were two sorts, one rather cheaper than the other and the binding less costly. The natives, who are rather inclined to be niggardly, purchased the cheap edition, thinking the binding stronger;

[1] For an account of this Bechuana Bible of Mr Moffat's, see Appendix, p. 122.

but finding it was not so, they soon bought all the more costly Bibles with avidity.

Mr Moffat's labours, for the first ten years of his ministration, were not attended with any apparent success; and a large body of the tribe left the district in which he preached; and went a hundred miles away, in order to get out of the reach of his preaching, thinking to live in their own way without any stings of conscience; but in the latter respect they were mistaken, for the seed of the Gospel had taken root in their hearts, and they were obliged to send to the missionaries for assistance, and their chiefs used to go backwards and forwards for teaching: there was a constant relay going to the missionaries and coming back to teach those whom they left at home. When first visited by the missionary, one hundred were considered proper subjects for baptism, and the Church there now numbers upwards of three hundred in that one village. Many native missionary stations are dispersed around. It is an indisputable fact that when a man feels the value of the Gospel himself, in his own heart, he is ever anxious to impart its blessing to others. Travelling still in the south, I determined to visit a tribe called the Bakwains, resolving to go to the country beyond Kuruman, and when I commenced preaching the Gospel to them, I seemed as one who came with a lie or with some political object in view; hence they received me with suspicion, saying, "It is too good to be true," adding, "this man has some other de-

sign, which we shall soon see;" for they thought it strange that a man should leave his own tribe to preach to others: this caution was rather a good trait in their character, for it prevented them making sudden professions like the South Sea Islanders.

Their chief[1] is a remarkable man, not an average specimen of his people. He resolved at once to learn to read; and on the very first day of my visit acquired the alphabet. Sechele one day said to me, after I had been preaching to the tribe, "Do you imagine you will get these people to believe by just talking to them? I can do nothing without thrashing them. If you want them to believe, I, and my under-chiefs, will get our whips of Rhinoceros' hide, and soon make them all believe." That was before he understood the Gospel; he soon after began to feel its influence, but, as he expressed himself, could not disentangle himself from his country's custom of having more wives than one. This was a source of disquietude to him. Feeling the Gospel at heart, he talked no longer of thrashing his people, but suggested frequent prayer-meetings. Accordingly, when he consulted me on the subject pressing so much on his mind, and especially about baptism, for which he applied about two years after he professed Christianity, I simply asked him if he thought he was doing right? What he thought he ought to do? I never *preached* against

[1] The chief here mentioned is Sechele. For an account of him, see note, p. 4.

polygamy, but left the matter to take its course[1]. Sechele went away, and sent home four of his wives, giving each a new dress, &c., saying he had no fault to find with them, but the sole reason for parting with them was conviction in the truth of the Gospel, and therefore the separation was a relief to his mind; hence I was saved from many anxious thoughts on this matter. These women and their friends henceforth became the determined enemies both of myself and Sechele. Now, among the Africans, if a chief is fond of hunting, dancing, or drinking, his people are ever anxious to follow in the same pursuits; but with Christianity this was not the case. Sechele was both astonished and disappointed at finding the people stand aloof from his meetings, and his under-chiefs oppose both him and me. I and my cause were now unpopular. Unfortunately at this time there was a four years' drought; and the people believed implicitly that their chief had the power of making rain, and since none had come for so long a time, they suspected me of having thrown a charm over him, and would not allow him to make the rain. He was the rain-maker of the tribe; and this fact was easily connected with my instruments and movements, to them so unfathomable. If Sechele was thus the accredited rain-maker of the tribe, I was now the self-appointed necromancer, and he had become my unconscious victim.

[1] The reason stated for so doing, in answer to a question put at the conversazione at my house, is very striking, "I never preached against polygamy, since I was sure that when the Gospel took effect, it would operate on the mind just as it did with Sechele."

Many of these people waited on me, begging me to allow them to make only a few showers, really thinking that I was purposely preventing the rain from descending. One old man used to come to me, and say, "The corn is yellow for want of rain; the cattle want grass; the children require milk; the people lack water, therefore only let our chief make the showers to come, and then he may sing and pray as long as he likes." Looking at my peculiar circumstances, this drought was remarkable. I watched the clouds as anxiously as they; and many a cloudy morning, promising refreshing showers, turned into a cloudless day as parching as ever. They declared that the people would starve, or all leave the district, and I should have no one to preach to. It was quite heart-rending to hear them, seeing their distress; and especially keeping in mind their mental, moral, and spiritual degradation.

I endeavoured to persuade them that no mortal could control the rain, and their argument was, "We know very well that God makes the rain; we pray to him by means of medicines. You use medicines to give to a sick man, and sometimes he dies: you don't give up your medicine, because one man dies; and when any one is cured by it, you take the credit. So, the only thing we can do is to offer our medicines, which, by continued application, may be successful." The only way to eradicate such absurdities from the minds of these poor people is to give them the Gospel. They entertain a horror of Christianity, because they imagine that every

one who becomes a Christian does not want rain, regarding me as the leader of the anti-rain faction. Those who became converted, therefore, cannot be regarded as hypocrites; for hypocrites do not generally take the line that ensures an empty stomach. I have no doubt the Gospel is entering into their hearts; for when I have been passing their houses, I have frequently heard them engaged in prayer, in a loud tone of voice. It is considered very disgraceful for men to cry in Africa; a stoical indifference to all sorrow or suffering is their educated practice. Yet have I seen stern men in public assemblies, crying out, like the jailor at Philippi, and weeping in the most piteous manner about the concerns of their souls. I doubt not, though I may not live to see it, but that God will bring my ministry in that region to a good result.

The difficulty of the chief Sechele, as I said before, was with regard to his five wives. The father of this man had been murdered, and four of the principal men had assisted in restoring the son to the chieftainship of the tribe: to shew his gratitude for which service, he had married a daughter of each of his benefactors; now, he could not very well put them away without appearing ungrateful. I found great difficulty in this matter: the wives were my aptest scholars, and I wished to save them as well as the Chief. In consequence of being sent away, these women and their friends became bitter enemies of Christianity. Furthermore, the African has a passion for an alliance with great men; on being introduced, he is sure

to tell you that he is the remote cousin, relation or descendant, of some noted man; or some friend or hanger-on will tell you for him. Such alliances too have a political importance for the chief himself; since they attach powerful men to his interests and service. Hence my difficulties were increased by these facts. But the most difcult opponents I had to contend against were the Dutch Boers[1].

[1] Dr Livingstone often discusses these people, and has little reason to remember them favourably. He is too liberal-minded and straightforward for them, and hence they threatened his life. They now reside chiefly near the Kalahari desert, being also numerous about the Kuruman station, where they are characterized for industry and successful irrigation. The more distant or transversal Boers reside behind the Cashan mountains. These were particularly furious against the Doctor. These people increase rapidly, and are sheep-farmers; being somewhat deservedly held in low estimation by the Cape community. In manners they are kind one towards another, but cruel to the natives. The word "Boer" simply means "farmer." Frequent fights occur between them and the Hottentots, Griquas, and Bechuanas, with varied results. Our traveller considers the British policy of allowing them and the Kafirs to have arms and ammunition, while the Bechuanas and Griquas are debarred therefrom, to be suicidal. The metal-pot story is amusingly told in the book, pp. 36—39.

The most disaffected are those who have fled from English law. They have set up a republic, in order to carry out what they call "the proper treatment of the blacks," which is making them render compulsory unpaid labour, in return for what they call protection! These tender-hearted *Christians* have introduced a new species of slavery. The Bechuanas will not sell their people: hence the Boers seize children for domestic slaves. The reason why they do this is a shrewd one. As we have seen, there can be no fugitive slave-law in Africa; hence if a slave runs away, it is not very probable that he will be recovered. If a child is taken away, he does not know his tribe, forgets his mother-tongue, and possibly his very parents; hence he has less inducement to run away. On the occasion of the attack on Sechele (see *Introduction*, pp. v—viii), they carried away the two hundred children above-named, with the motives and for the purposes stated. In truth they are inveterate slave-hunters

Two hundred years ago, a number of Dutch and French people, the descendants of pious families, fled from the persecutions in Holland and France, and settled at and around the Cape. But their descendants fled from the British dominion in Cape Colony, on account of the emancipation by the government of their Hottentot slaves. They said, they did not like a government that made no difference between a black man and a white one: they therefore made forays and slavery incursions, and established themselves where they could pursue their slave-holding propensities with impunity. No fugitive slave-law being in operation, hundreds of Africans fled from the Boers to Sechele, and the Dutch consequently desired to get rid of that chief. They attacked the Bakwains while I was staying among them; and had frequent battles with the people, killing many of them in these unequal conflicts. As an illustration as to how far exaggeration can be carried, on one occasion, I lent the chief a cooking-pot, which the Boers afterwards magnified into a cannon! and 5 guns into 500; writing

and dealers, the more distant revelling in slothful idleness on the industry of the natives. Themselves they call "Christians;" the natives, "black property," or "creatures;" saying, that God has given them "the heathen for an inheritance."

This accursed system has made them fraudulent and mean-spirited; English missionaries, traders and travellers are their abomination, fearing that they will enlighten the natives, and especially give them fire-arms. Hear our traveller's decision about the matter, as far as he is concerned: "The Boers resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who have been most successful in resolution, they or I."—*Travels*, p. 39.

to the English authorities, to inform them that I was protecting the Bakwains with cannon; and even some Boers were killed with guns. The reputation of this cannon kept the Boers away for seven years; but when their independence was declared by the Colonial government, they again made war upon the Bakwains, and being mounted and possessing guns, had the advantage, but it so happened that the Bakwains killed some of the Boers in one foray, and the latter gave me all the credit for it: asserting as a reason, "These people knew nothing of shooting till this Englishman came among them, and he has taught it them." The Boers, however, ultimately were victorious, and carried off 200 children of the Bakwains into slavery, killing 60 adults.

Sechele, knowing that such a proceeding was contrary to their engagements, and all law, set off to go to the Queen of England, to tell her of their conduct. I met him on his way to the Cape, and endeavoured to persuade him from going any further; on explaining the difficulties of the way, and endeavouring to dissuade him from the attempt, he put the pointed question:—"Will the Queen not listen to me, supposing I should reach her?" I replied, "I believe she would listen, but the difficulty is to get to her." He had many conversations with me on the subject, but he was determined, however, in his course, and proceeded to Cape Town.

Now, it so happened, that the Governor of Cape Colony had just sent home a flaming account of the

peace and happiness that would prevail under his plan, and had he taken any notice of Sechele it would have been a virtual confession, that he had made a mull: consequently the chief and myself met with little encouragement. He had an interview with the Governor, to whom he delivered a letter from me, offering to point out the whole of the children, but all to no purpose: it is convenient sometimes for governors to be deaf, and shrug their shoulders, and to put political expediency before individual right. The British officers at the Cape, however—for English officers, wherever they are, are always fond of fair play—advised Sechele to go on, and subscribed £113 for him; but not knowing the value of money, he soon spent it all, giving a sovereign where sixpence would do, and so on; so that he found himself, at length, a thousand miles from home, and as poor as when he started. Instead of feeling angry at the ill-success of his mission, he began to preach to the natives around, and many anti-slavery tribes enlisted under him: consequently he has now many more people than he had before, and finds it hard work to be both priest and king. He opened a prayer-meeting, and, in fact, became his own missionary among his own people. He built himself a house and a school, and was the means of converting his wife. The people clustered around him, and there is every reason to believe that he is a sincere Christian.

What we greatly need is more missionaries to sow

the seed of spiritual truth. The fields are white to the harvest. Glorious is the prospect of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on all the ends of the earth. Labourers are wanted in the heathen vineyard of the Lord. As yet the missionary has only put in the thin end of the wedge towards the advancement of the kingdom of heaven in those dark places of the earth, which are still full of the habitations of cruelty—Africa, especially. Where, as yet, are the mission stations of North or South central Africa? Yet there are numbers of tribes,

> "In those romantic regions men grow wild,
> There dwells the negro, Nature's outcast child."

As an encouragement to those who think of being missionaries, I need not say more than call to remembrance those Reformers who founded our Colleges here. The missionary's work is one of the most honourable a man can desire. Think of those Reformers; who would not like to be one of them? The missionaries now are just in their position. Those who now go forth as missionaries, and endeavour to advance the knowledge of Christ and His Gospel, are pre-eminently their representatives. Like the morning star before the dawn, they entered into the thick darkness, and began the glorious work of making known the promises of Christ, for which posterity will bless their name. Indeed to be a missionary is a great privilege and honour. The work is so great and glorious, that it has this promise of Him who "is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever:"—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,"—encouraging both itself and its promoters.

Finding that I could not successfully carry on the work of a missionary among the Bakwains, I conceived the idea of becoming a traveller. The question came across my mind, Whither will you go, to the North or to the South? I resolved to go to the North, to endeavour to open the country to the coast. Having got into the country beyond the Kalahari desert, bounded to the south by Lake Ngami, I came into quite a different country, where there are a great many rivers which flow from the sides into the centre. They form a very large river. The Zambesi is very much broader than the Thames at London Bridge. This large river flows out at the east end until it gets into the central basin by means of a fissure, which is 600 feet above the level of the sea. It was highly necessary for that fissure to be made. If it had not, a lake would have had to be formed for the purpose of getting away the very large amount of water which flows into the central basin. The rivers there are not like those in our country, since their sides are perpendicular. The region beyond the Kalahari desert is in the form of a basin, covered with a layer of calcareous tufa, intersected by the course of the Zambesi, which flows Southward until it reaches near Linyanti, and then branches off to the East. In the Kalahari desert there is not a single flowing stream, and the only water there is found in deep wells; but at certain periods of the year water-melons are found in abundance, upon the fluid of which oxen and men have subsisted for days, obviating thereby the necessity for carrying water.

Animals are also plentiful; and though they took care to keep out of bow-shot, I found that with my gun I could kill as many as were wanted. In my journey beyond the desert, I met with many antelopes of a kind before unknown to naturalists, besides elephants, buffaloes, zebras, &c.

The chief of the central basin I have described, is named Sekeletu. I proposed to teach him to read, but he said he was afraid it would change his heart, and make him content with only one wife, like Sechele. I told him if he were content with one, what did it matter? But he said, "No, no; I always want to have five. I intend to keep them." Seeing I was anxious that he should learn to read, he subjected his father-in-law to learn first, as some men like to see the effect of medicines on other people, before they imbibe them themselves; and finding that it did him no harm, Sekeletu was taught long enough to gain the ability to read.

I entered this central basin, in order to find out a path to the sea: I might have gone to the west from Linyanti, but the country in that direction is infested with an insect called Tsetse, whose bite is fatal to most tame animals. To escape the insect plague, I resolved to go northwards and westwards to Loanda, the capital of Angola, a large city containing 12,000 inhabitants, a cathedral, and a Jesuit college. Having got down to the West coast, I found I had not accomplished my object of finding a path to the sea, the

way being beset with difficulties and almost impassable. In fact, the only conveyance was ox-back, and dense forests had to be passed through by tortuous paths. I resolved, therefore, to go back, and try if the Zambesi did not furnish a good pathway to the eastern coast.

I did not find the people in that direction quite so well disposed towards me as the western tribes: the former were accustomed to the slave-trade, and asked payment for every thing: they prayed to the departed spirits of dead men, and believed that the deceased had power to influence the living. When I was at Cassange, the farthest inland station of the Portuguese, the governor, with whom I was stopping, had a sick child, and the nurse sent for a diviner to tell the cause of its illness. This man worked himself into frenzy, foamed at the mouth, and, pretending to be speaking under the influence of the fit, said, the child was being killed by the soul of a trader, whose goods its father had stolen, and he said he should make an offering to appease the vengeance of the departed spirit. Now, it so happened that a native of Cassange had recently died, leaving an assignment, under which the governor had taken his goods; and the natives, not understanding the circumstances, said he had robbed him. This was the diviner's cue. The governor quietly sent to a friend of his, and they each took a stick, and applied them with such force to the back of the diviner, that he fled in the most undignified manner. I have never read of clairvoyance or spirit-rapping being tested

similarly, but probably the trial would be equally successful.

My journey to Loanda was productive of delight among the natives whom I had left, and on returning to Linyanti the chief sent several tusks to Loanda for sale; the men also got goods, but by the time they got back to Linyanti, had been so afflicted with fever, that they were all expended. Only 27 accompanied me to Loanda, but when the people found I was going to find a path to the east, 114 volunteered to join me.

The people of that central part were anxious to have intercourse with white men, and their productions of cotton, indigo, &c. cannot fail to render commerce with them advantageous. Without the central basin, also, besides cotton, there are extensive coal-fields, with nine seams upon the surface, as well as an abundance of iron ore of the best quality. There is also produced a fibrous plant worth £50 or £60 a ton; and I have the authority of an English merchant to state, that a fabric finer and stronger than flax might be woven from it. The wild vine grows here in great luxuriance, and might be brought, by cultivation, to bear the most delicious grapes.

On each side of the southern portion of Africa is an elevated ridge, in the centre of which flows the Zambesi, forming an oblong inclosure. The climate on the sides of each elevation is different to that of the centre; Mr Moffat having found a species of the Angola goat, which flourishes in the Northern part of Asia, on the high-land;

wheat also grows there well. This climate is, therefore, not open to the usual objection that Europeans could not live there. Some of the elevations in this part are about 5000 feet above the level of the sea. The country hereabout is one of gradual elevation; still there are different climates, ridges, and elevations, and the heat at times very great; the high-lands generally are cool and salubrious, and fit for European residence. The Zambesi was full when I passed it, but even at low water it was as deep as the Thames in London, and therefore, might be traversed by a tolerably sized steamer. At the junction of other rivers with the Zambesi there is a rapid, and the coal-field to which I have alluded is near it; but the river is otherwise free from obstruction, and I trust will be the means of conveying the productions of that country to this, and thus opening the way for commerce and civilization to the benighted Africans upon its banks.

The people of the interior are very desirous to hold intercourse with white men. Having been cradled in wars' alarms, they ask, "When will you bring us sleep?" "We want sleep!" meaning peace. One reason of my being well received in the country was, because it had got noised abroad that I had come for that purpose. One report told to the Portuguese governor at Tetè was, "That the Son of God was coming, with the moon under his arm," alluding to me and my sextant. Several deputations from towns and villages in the interior, in waiting

on me, asked for "sleep." Such was also the topic of the songs, and talk of the women.

All this evidences a certain preparedness for receiving the Gospel, and it is for Christian England to answer the inquiry with the pure Gospel of the Prince of Peace. Already Providence is clearing the way for that Gospel; the hand of God has been at work in a striking manner. When I first went to that country, I found Providence paving the way before me: a chieftain had invaded the central basin, before I went there; had conquered the country, discovered Lake Ngami; and the language of the Bechuanas, into which Mr Moffat had translated the Scriptures, had become diffused in the district.

The natives formerly used to cut off the heads of strangers, and stick them on poles; but the chief[1] who conquered them had made the country safe, otherwise my cranium might have adorned one of their villages. I am convinced that the Portuguese have never gone into this district, because their maps gave a different course to the Zambesi; and I am strengthened in that opinion from the quantity of ivory tusks I saw adorning the graves of chieftains, and put to other uses, thereby proving that there was no market for them. Another reason is, that they sent all the way to Mozambique for

[1] The chief here referred to is Sebituane; for an account of him, see p. 20. The natives here referred to are the Batoka, with several of whom our traveller had some difficulties.

lime, when there were large marble quarries within a comparatively short distance. I therefore believe that I am the first European who has entered that region. But now they have the Bible in their own language, it is the fashionable language, and the missionary has no difficulty in communicating with them; thus shewing that the hand of Providence has been at work.

When I was at Loanda, I was laid up with the fevers of the country, and being very weak, Captain Bedingfield, with whom I was upon intimate terms, strongly persuaded me to go home, offering a free passage; however, I having brought the twenty-seven men from Sekeletu, had no desire to leave them; and committing certain papers and maps to the care of that officer, bade him farewell. Soon after, I received intelligence that the ship had gone down off Madeira, and my papers with it. Several lives were lost, but my friend was saved; but probably had I gone with the ship, I should have been drowned; and had I, on the other hand, first travelled eastward, I should have gone in the midst of the skirmishes that were then going on between the Portuguese and the Kafirs, and might have been cut off among them. Even when I travelled in that direction, I was in some danger; but when I said I was an Englishman, I was allowed to pass. I was told that if I went to the East, the people who were for the support of the Portuguese government would perhaps kill me; I said that I loved a black man as well as a white man. I

often found that I rose in the estimation of the people among whom I passed, when it was told I was an Englishman, one of that country which is engaged in putting down slavery: they called me "the right sort of white man."

In the middle of the country they passed me off in a way that I scarcely liked. The people imagine that all white people, and the manufactures they import, come out of the sea, and suppose that the whites live under the water; also, that if they leave slaves, fruits, &c. on the sea-shore, that then the white men come up and take them away. My men were asked, Whether I came out of the sea? "Yes," said they, "don't you see how straight the water has made his hair?" Not relishing the idea of being passed off as a merman, I endeavoured to dissipate the idea, but the story was too good to be easily got rid of. The Africans, whose hair is all wool, could not understand my head, and some of them declared that I wore a wig made of a lion's mane[1].

[1] This idea of the white man actually living in the sea is largely prevalent in Africa. One cause of the terror of the natives at the European is, a report maliciously spread about that the white man takes the slaves into the sea, and actually eats them. Major Laing's experience was somewhat like Dr Livingstone's. He penetrated into Africa, in 1822, from Sierra Leone, as far as Soolimana, and relates the following piece of African droll simplicity concerning himself. Among the Kooranko people he was hailed with delighted astonishment, as being the first white man they had ever seen. All classes vied in doing him honour. The men and women sung in alternate choruses as follows: the men sung, "Of the white man who came out of the water to live among the

My object in labouring as I have in Africa, is to open up the country to commerce and Christianity. This is my object in returning thither. I contend that we ought not to be ashamed of our religion, and had we not kept this so much out of sight in India, we should not be now in such straits in that country. Let us appear just what we are. For my own part, I intend to go out as a missionary, and hope boldly, but with civility, to state the truth of Christianity and my belief that those who do not possess it are in error. My object in Africa is not only the elevation of man, but that the country might be so opened, that man might see the need of his soul's salvation.

I propose in my next expedition to visit the Zambesi, and to propitiate the different chiefs along its banks,

Kooranko people; the white man ate nothing but fish when he lived in the water, and that is the cause of his being so thin. If he came among black men he would get fat, for they would give him cows, goats, and sheep to eat, and his thirst should be quenched with draughts of milk."

The women were less complimentary, and shewed a spirit not quite so kindly as those did to Mungo Park. The burden of the ladies' song, after the dance, was, "Of the white man who had come to their town; of the houseful of money which he had, such cloth, such beads, such fine things as had never been seen in Kooranko before. If their husbands were men, and wished to see their wives well dressed, they ought to take some of the money from the white man!" This counsel had a bad effect, and was mainly set aside by the major's native attendant, Tamba, shrewdly slipping in and singing, "Of Sierra Leone, of houses a mile in length filled with money; that the white man who was here had nothing compared with those at Sierra Leone; if therefore they wished to see some of these rich men come into Kooranko, they must not trouble this one; whoever wanted to see a snake's tail must not strike it on the head."—*Lond. Encyclop.* Vol. I. p. 259.

endeavouring to induce them to cultivate cotton, and to abolish the slave-trade: already they trade in ivory and gold-dust, and are anxious to extend their commercial operations. There is thus a probability of their interests being linked with ours, and thus the elevation of the African would be the result.

I believe England is alive to her duty of civilizing and Christianizing the heathen. We cannot all go out as missionaries, it is true; but we may all do something towards providing a substitute: moreover, all may especially do that which every missionary highly prizes, viz. COMMEND THE WORK IN THEIR PRAYERS. I HOPE THAT THOSE WHOM I NOW ADDRESS, WILL BOTH PRAY FOR, AND HELP THOSE WHO ARE THEIR SUBSTITUTES.

APPENDIX

BY THE

REV. WILLIAM MONK.

APPENDIX.

THIS Appendix is intended to convey valuable information illustrative of the Lectures, drawn mainly from Dr Livingstone's own sources. Hence this part of the book is in reality essentially his own.

The explorations and discoveries made by him are herein discussed on two grounds—as to their *extent*, and as to their *results*.

Some of the subjects are treated at greater length, because they are of so much importance, and yet are only glanced at in the Lectures: the main object of this Appendix being to give new information to the general reader, and not to discuss topics well known, or of trifling consequence.

The missionary question is kept in view, since the Lectures are so substantially missionary; and because his design in coming to Cambridge referred chiefly to such matters.

These labours, explorations and discoveries will be briefly considered as to their extent and results under four aspects, viz.:

1. The Historical.
2. The Scientific.
3. The Ethnological.
4. The Moral and Religious.

SECTION I.—*Dr Livingstone's Explorations and Discoveries considered as to their* extent *and* results *in their* HISTORICAL ASPECT.

"One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." 2 Pet. iii. 8.

"Whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away." 1 Cor. xiii. 8.

It is well known that "*What is central Africa?*" is a question which has been asked in despair for many an age past. The unsatisfactory replies which have been given to

this inquiry in the shape of expeditions lost, hopes defeated, projects abandoned, and theories proved false, make our traveller's successful solution of it to become the more completely triumphant. It has taken a long series of years to help us to know as much of the geography of Africa as we do.

EARLIEST attempts at the exploration of central Africa, as well as of its coasts.

The earliest voyages to the eastern coast were those to Tarshish and to Ophir, mentioned in Scripture. The Phœnicians under Pharaoh Necho are said to have circumnavigated this continent in three years. Likewise it is reported that Sataspes, a Persian nobleman, was commanded by Xerxes to attempt such a voyage, as a penal sentence commuted from death, but he did not succeed.

According to Strabo, Eudoxus, a native of Cyzicus, made a like attempt. The Carthaginians actively tried both to explore the interior, and to survey the coasts. The *Periplus* of Hanno contains a journal of his voyage with the latter view.

Antiquity is almost silent about any explorations of the interior. Whatever references to these have been transmitted to us by the ancients, they differ from those of Dr Livingstone in the significant respect, that they were *all* attempted from the north of the continent, while his were accomplished from the south. In fact, most of the ancient and modern expeditions not only set out from a point differing from his, but also refer more to *central north* than to *central south* Africa. Until his labours threw new light on the latter, the former has hitherto been far the best known.

Herodotus says that five young Nasamonians penetrated across the Great Desert from the north, possibly as far as the Niger. It is thought that this great historian knew the true sources of the Nile. Cambyses sent two divisions of his army to explore towards the south and south-west; but with disastrous results. Alexander visited the temple of Jupiter Ammon, which stood in the oasis to the west of Alexandria. Under the Ptolemies attempts at exploration were made; also

by the Romans, but with no results at all commensurate with the enterprising spirit of the two nations, and with their great national resources. Ptolemy was extensively acquainted with central North Africa, especially with its river system. In truth, after ample allowance has been made for the loss of ancient literature, especially for that of the great libraries at Alexandria,—we can fairly conclude that the ancients possessed little accurate knowledge of central Africa. Farther we may say, that they knew far less of central South Africa than we do now through the publication of Dr Livingstone's single *Book of Travels.*

A notice of the modern attempts to explore the African continent, up to the time of Dr Livingstone.

The Arabians at various times have made themselves far better acquainted with interior Africa than we give them credit for. These restless spirits not alone overran parts of Asia and Europe during the middle ages, but also large portions of Africa. Since the time that the power both of their arms and science waned in the 14th century, European enterprise has almost exclusively carried on these explorations.

About the time of the discovery of America by Columbus, Portuguese navigators by degrees ploughed their way down the African coast, round the Cape of Good Hope and up two-thirds of the eastern side; still the great enigma of the interior was unsolved by them. The chief of these were Tristan Vaz, Gileanez, Diege Cam, Covillan, Payna, Bartholomew Diaz, and Vasco de Gama, sent out by Portuguese monarchs during the 15th century.

The first European navigator who doubled the Cape, was a Portuguese, Bartholomew Diaz, in 1492, who called it *Cabo Tormentoso,* a name which was afterwards converted by his master, King John of Portugal, into the Cape of Good Hope. In 1496, Vasco de Gama doubled this Cape, and in 1510, Francis Almeida was defeated and killed in an engagement with the Hottentots, not far from the site of the present

Cape Town. In 1620, two English vessels took formal possession of Saldanha Bay, and in 1620, a Dutch surgeon, Van Riebeck, settled a colony there. In 1795, a British Squadron possessed itself of the colony, which was however restored to Holland at the treaty of Amiens in 1802. In 1806, it was again wrested from the Dutch, and at the peace of Paris in 1814, it was finally ceded to Great Britain.

The slave-trade was the first incentive for exploring the interior among Europeans. Claude Jannequin, a Frenchman, in 1637, went up the river Senegal, a distance of 70 leagues.

In 1788, the "African Association" was formed for the express purpose of opening up central Africa. Messrs Ledyard and Lucas were sent out by this useful society; in connexion with which the celebrated Mungo Park sailed on two expeditions. Under the same auspices Messrs Browne, Blumenbach, Hornemann, Nicholls, and Burckhardt, successively went out with like objects of exploration. Timbuktú was about this time described by Adams, Jackson, and Riley.

Early in the next century Captain Tuckey and Major Peddie, as well as an expedition sent out by the African Company, made attempts at further exploration. Next followed Captain Lyon and Major Laing, who published interesting volumes of travels. In 1821 Dr Oudney, Major Denham and Lieut. Clapperton were dispatched with like objects by government. The efforts of Mr Bruce and of the two Landers are not to be forgotten; as well as the several Niger expeditions.

Attempts made to explore South Africa.

With reference to the efforts especially made to open up central South Africa, I quote with great pleasure from a valuable account kindly contributed for this work by Dr Norton Shaw:

"Zeal for discovery in Africa has sent a succession of travellers to explore also the southern portion. The first who penetrated any considerable distance into the interior was Captain Hop, who in 1761 made his way into the country of the Namaquas.

"In the years 1775 and 1785, Sparrman and Le Vaillant travelled in the territories of the Bushmen about 400 miles to the north of Cape Town. Mr Barrow in 1797 traversed from the Kafir region on the east to the Namaquas on the west, including the desert of the Great Karee, as far north as the Snow Mountains. In 1801, this barrier range was crossed for the first time by Messrs Trotter and Somerville, who, passing the Orange River, penetrated Lataku.

"Another party under the command of Dr Cowan and Lieutenant Donovan, proceeding from Cape Town towards Mosambique, had reached some distance beyond Lataku, when they were murdered by the natives. A few years afterwards Dr Lichtenstein, from 1803 to 1806, penetrated to Lataku, and furnished on his return valuable information respecting the tribes in that direction; and Dr Burchell in 1812, again penetrated into the same regions, and published a work with a map, giving the results of his travels from 1811 to 1815. Latrobe's Journal of his visit to South Africa in 1815 appeared in 1818; but in 1813, a missionary, Mr John Campbell, reached Lataku, and in 1820 proceeded from thence towards the north and east to the borders of a desert which he was told extended far to the west. In 1823, Mr George Thompson visited Lataku, and afterwards published his travels in Southern Africa, with a good map of the interior.

"In addition to the above, several other volumes have been published, including the two voyages of Thunberg, Patterson's Narrative of his journey into the country of the Hottentots and Kaffraria; and Reenen's journey from the Cape of Good Hope; White's Voyage to Delagoa Bay; Semples' Journey from Cape Town; Kay's Researches in Kaffraria; Moodie's Ten Years in South Africa; Gleedman's Wanderings and Phillips's Researches in South Africa: Stavorinus, Percival, Pringle, Bunbury, and Gardiner, have also given the result of their experiences.

"In 1835, Dr Andrew Smith left Cape Town to visit the

sources of the Caledon and Muprita rivers, ascended the Caffrarian Mountains and advanced as far as lat. 23° south, having made large botanical and other collections, and laid down his route with great accuracy. Mecham and Jones were the first to penetrate with waggons overland to Delagoa Bay, and Captain Gardiner arrived within a short distance of the sources of the Orange River. In 1836, Captain Sir J. Alexander, in the employ of the Royal Geographical Society of London, during a route of about 1500 miles, crossed the Orange River, 100 miles from its mouth, proceeded north as far as Nabis, thence north-west, and crossed the Hoop or Great Fish River in lat. 27°. He then turned north to the Kei Kaap or Great Flat, through the Bull mouth Pass to the Great Desert, finally reaching the Kuisip and Walfish Bay, on the west coast. He next ascended the Kuisip 200 miles in the interior, and finally returned to the Cape.

"The *Wild Sports of Southern Africa*, being the narrative of an expedition from the Cape of Good Hope through the territories of the chief Moselekatse to the tropic of Capricorn, by Captain William Cornwallis Harris, was published in 1839. In 1842, appeared the interesting work by Robert Moffat, the veteran missionary and father-in-law of Dr Livingstone, descriptive of his labours and scenes in Southern Africa. In 1845, the late Lieutenant Ruxton, since better known for his bold explorations in North America, visited Walfish Bay; and in 1849, Mr Francis Galton proceeded to the same spot in company with Mr C. J. Andersson. From thence he continued eastwards as far as long. 21°, without having succeeded in reaching Lake Ngami, which was subsequently more successfully performed by Mr Andersson, who not only reached the Lake, but ascended the Teoghe River to the north of it. Mr Galton travelled also as far as Odonga, in about lat. 18°, south, not far from the Nourse River, which remains still unexplored[1]. The *Five Years of a Hunter's Life in*

[1] Messrs Stahn, Rath and Green have since penetrated to the north of Damara Land, where they were attacked by the Ovampo and com-

South Africa, by P. Gordon Cumming, and the work by the Rev. J. Fleming on Southern Africa, have since been published, as well as the explorations of the unfortunate Swedish naturalist, Wahlberg."

The services of missionaries in adding to the stock of geographical knowledge in reference to South Africa are not to be overlooked. The early Portuguese missionaries were pioneers both on the western and eastern coasts. Dr Shaw has already mentioned some of the Protestant missionaries. To these we may add the names of Schmidt, Vanderkemp, Kitcherer, the two Albrechts, &c. It is to be presumed that the Boers have in some cases been like pioneers, although sometimes connected with very questionable motives and proceedings.

Dr Livingstone's labours and successes greater than those of any other single traveller in Africa.

Dr Livingstone stands out prominently from all these in several respects. A large portion of the blank on the map of South Africa is now filled up by him, and greater results even may come from this present expedition. He has used his talents and energies with reference both to the wants of the civilized world, and of uncivilized Africa. No one can say but that he is right in trying to link Commerce, Science and Christianity into one common bond for the achievement of these sublime objects.

Furthermore, he has steadily kept in view the great importance of calling in the aid of exact science, and extending and defining its bounds; especially in those branches of natural philosophy which are the most readily applied to the practical purposes of life. Men of science do thank and honour him for remembering them and their work. The president and Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society of London have been foremost both in acknowledging their obligations, and in awarding their just encomiums and rewards. The Council presented him with a chronometer watch for his discovery

pelled to retreat. The adventurous Andersson has, however, informed Dr Shaw, that he intends at once to start, unaided and alone, northwards from Walwich Bay in search of the Nourse or Cunane River.

of Lake Ngâmi. Dr Shaw, in the MSS. before referred to, thus relates the manner in which this noble Society recognised his subsequent labours:

"In awarding the Victoria gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society to him, during his absence, the Earl of Ellesmere, then President, eloquently dwelt upon 'the scientific precision with which the unarmed and unassisted English missionary had left his mark on so many important stations of regions, hitherto blank, and for which our associate, Mr Arrowsmith, has sighed in vain.' In presenting this medal to Dr Livingstone at the special meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, upon his arrival from Quillimane, the President, Sir Roderick Murchison, in referring to the former achievements of the traveller, forcibly remarked, 'If for that wonderful journey, Dr Livingstone was justly recompensed with the highest distinction the Society could bestow, what must be our own estimate of his prowess, now that he has re-traversed the vast regions, which he first opened out to our knowledge? Nay, more; that, after reaching his old starting-point at Linyanti in the interior, he has followed the Zambesi, or continuation of the Leeambye, to its mouths on the shores of the Indian Ocean, passing through the eastern Portuguese settlements to Quillimane,—thus completing the entire journey across South Africa.' May his future explorations be as successful!"

Other missionaries may well keep Dr Livingstone's example in mind, and act likewise in cultivating science; of course putting it in its place in reference to their own paramount engagements to strive for the salvation of souls.

Both African missionaries and explorers fall far short of Dr Livingstone's investigations as to the EXTENT of their discoveries and explorations. Here and there one has penetrated the interior, in some cases to die there; in others to take a transient glance and return. Their labours have been confined to researches fringing the coast. No one has before boldly crossed the whole continent from ocean to ocean, and given

the results of such investigations to the world. Even supposing any one had done this, we may almost say that no one else would return to encounter new fatigues and dangers, and possibly certain death. Dr Livingstone himself settles this interesting question in the following quotation from the letter, addressed to Sir R. I. Murchison, dated 4th March, 1856, from Teté.

"It may be proper to refer to what has been done in former times in the way of crossing the continent, though my inquiries lead to the belief that the honour belongs to our country. The Portuguese invariably applaud any little ebullition of patriotic feeling they observe in me, and I cannot but participate in their feelings, when in the history of Angola proud mention is made of the brave attempt of Captain José da Roza, in 1678, to penetrate from Benguela to the Rio da Senna (Zambesi). He was forced to retire after exploring a large tract of new country. In 1800 the project was again revived by the energetic Dr Lacerda, who recommended the erection of a chain of forts along the banks of the Coanza, whereby to effect a line of communication between the west and east coasts. This shewed a mistaken idea of the source of the Coanza, as it arises near Bihé, west of the western ridge. But a communication having been made a few years afterwards by some native traders with the Moluas (Balonda), the government of Angola was gratified in 1815 by the arrival of two persons (feirantes pretos), named Pedro Jaoâ Baptista and Antonio José, with letters from the governor of Mosambique, 'proving thereby,' as stated in the government document of the day, 'the possibility of so important a communication.' Certain Arabs too, a few years before my visit to Loanda, came from the opposite coast to Benguela, and with a view to improve the event the government of Angola offered one million of reis (about 142*l.*), and an honorary captaincy in the Portuguese army, to any one who would accompany them back, but no one went. The journey will now be performed by Ben Habib. Pereira, and others, visited Cazembe, and

Senhor Graça visited Matiamvo. If I knew that any one else had done more, or that any *European* had ever before crossed the continent, I would certainly mention it[1]. I cannot find a trace of a road from Caconda either."

The historical results of these labours and triumphs are necessarily future. Already some pages are added to authentic history by what he has done. Half a century hence will probably revolutionize the records of the African continent, and of the race of Ham, as a direct consequence of these labours. It were idle to speculate as to what these results may be. We have every reason to conclude that, sooner or later, AFRICA WILL BE IMMEASURABLY RAISED IN THE SCALE OF THE HUMAN FAMILY; GENERAL SCIENCE AND COMMERCE THEREIN EXTENDED; THE SLAVE-TRADE DESTROYED; AND THE GLORIOUS STANDARD OF THE GOSPEL OF PEACE PLANTED WHERE HEATHENISM NOW REIGNS.

SECTION II.—*Dr Livingstone's Labours, Explorations and Discoveries considered as to their* extent *and* results *in their* SCIENTIFIC ASPECT.

"And I gave my heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven: this sore travail hath God given to the sons of man to be exercised therewith." Eccles. i. 13.

THE subjects embraced in this section are so vast, that we have to be mindful of suggesting principles rather than of giving detail. It is thought well to arrange these materials under those heads which occur the most obviously in connexion with this scientific aspect.

It must be remembered that the information here given refers in particular to the new regions traversed by Dr Livingstone, and not to Africa in general.

[1] See Mr Macqueen's Papers, *Royal Geographical Society's Journal*, Vol. XXVI.

GEOGRAPHY.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." Psalm xxiv. 1.

In this science henceforth the map of Africa is greatly altered; the immense sandy plains of some philosophers speculating at home, in which rivers were asserted to be lost, and no life, animate or inanimate, was declared to flourish, are proved by our traveller to exist only in the fertile brains of those worthies; while facts replace these plains with peopled and productive regions.

The following *theories* propounded by celebrated men, will, when compared with Dr Livingstone's revelations, prove the undoubted superiority of fact over theory.

Buffon imagined that central Africa consists of great longitudinal chains of mountains.

Lacépède so far refined on this idea, as to lay down these chains; and gravely to belt them with fiery girdles of sand.

Malte-Brun doubted these assertions.

Professor Ritter advanced a theory singularly in accordance with the facts evolved by Sir R. I. Murchison, from geological data, and proved by Dr Livingstone from actual observation. We will now discuss these facts.

South Africa an oblong basin, with depressed centre and raised sides.

This is one of the most interesting features of Dr Livingstone's discoveries. Sir R. I. Murchison's great inductive feat in connexion with this fact puts one in mind as an inductive effort, of Mr Adams' celebrated *à priori* demonstration of the position of the planet Neptune. The former gentleman, in a presidential address to the members of the Royal Geographical Society, in 1852, stated his conviction that central South Africa is a depressed plateau, having elevated ridges running down the eastern and western coasts[1].

[1] The following is the passage occurring in this address:—"Such as South Africa is now, such have been her main features during countless past ages, anterior to the creation of the human race. For the old rocks

A geological map of Mr Bain, and some former discoveries of Dr Livingstone and Mr Oswell, were probably the germ of this idea. Dr Livingstone at this time was in central Africa, far away from all communication with Europeans. He by observation arrived independently at the same conclusion, and on reaching Linyanti, on his return from Loanda, received Sir R. I. Murchison's demonstration in the box sent him by Mr Moffat. The notice of the following facts first led him to arrive at the same conclusion. In passing northwards to Angola, the presence of large Cape heaths, rhododendrons, Alpine roses, and especially the sudden descent into the valley of the Quango, near Cassangé, led him to believe that they had been travelling on an elevated plateau. This conviction was confirmed by observations made with a thermometer and boiling water, whereby he took altitudes at various points[1]. Moreover, he found that several rivers which

which form her outer fringe, unquestionably circled round an interior marshy or lacustrine country, in which the Dicynodon flourished, at a time when not a single animal was similar to any living thing which now inhabits the surface of our globe. The present central and meridian zone of waters, whether lakes or marshes, extending from Lake Chád to Lake Ngami, with hippopotami on their banks, are therefore but the great modern residual geographical phenomena of those of a mesozoic age. The differences, however, between the geological past of Africa and her present state, are enormous. Since that primeval time, the lands have been much elevated above the sea-level—eruptive rocks piercing in parts through them; deep rents and defiles have been suddenly formed in the subtending ridges through which some rivers escape outwards.

"Travellers will eventually ascertain whether the basin-shaped structure, which is here announced as having been the great feature of the most ancient, as it is of the actual geography of South Africa (*i. e.* from primeval times to the present day), does, or does not, extend into Northern Africa. Looking at that much broader portion of the continent, we have some reason to surmise that the higher mountains also form, in a general sense, its flanks only."—p. cxxiii. *President's Address, Royal Geographical Society*, 1852.

[1] Letter, dated Linyanti.

rise in this western ridge, run towards the centre of the continent. With reference to the opposite eastern ridge, in the letter dated Hill Chanyuné, 25 Jan. 1856, he says, "That the same formation exists on the eastern side of the country appears from the statements of Arabs, or Moors, from Zanzibar. They assert that a large branch of the Leeambye flows from the country of the Banyassa (Wun'yassa) to the south-west, and passes near the town of Cagembé; it is called Loapola."

From the longitudes he estimates the distance from top to top of these ridges to be about 600 geographical miles.

In the letter last quoted he further says, "The eastern ridge seems to bend in to the west at the part I crossed, and then travels away to the north-east, thereby approaching the east coast. If the space between the ridges is generally not broader than 600 miles, instead of calling the continent basin-shaped, it may be proper to say that it has a furrow in the middle, with an elevated ridge on each side, each about 150 or 200 miles broad, the land sloping on both sides thence to the sea." This watery central plateau is elevated above the level of the sea, at the same time that it is below the subtending eastern and western ridges.

These facts at once account for the apparent impossibility of rivers running in opposite directions. A stream which has its origin in one of the ridges may run down inland; while another main artery may be carrying off the water-shed of the central plateau in a zigzag, and find an outlet through some gorge into the ocean. For instance, the branch of the Leeambye here mentioned runs south-west, while the Leeambye itself flows due east, or south-east. The Coanzo and Quango flow from west to east towards the centre of the continent; while the northern Lotembwa runs N.N.W. The one set runs from the ridge to the plateau; the other from the plateau to the ocean.

Henceforth travellers in South Africa may at once probably know where to look for the source of a river, by observing the general direction of its current.

The country about Lake Dilolo seems to form a partition

in the basin; hence the contrary direction of its drainage to the east and west. It appears to be a correct conclusion that the rivers rising in both ridges become collected into two great drains in the central trough, the one flowing to the north, and the other to the south; the northern drain finding its way out by the Congo to the west, and the southern by the Zambesi to the east.

The KALAHARI DESERT.

This desert has been partly described in the Lectures. See p. 2. It extends from Lake Ngami to lat. 29° south; and from 24° east long. to the west coast. It contains no running water, and but few wells. Great quantities of grass and tuberous roots grow on it. It is not by any means useless as a tract of country, supporting much animal life; but it is dangerous from its great want of water. Dr Livingstone, with Mrs Livingstone and family, crossed it to Lake Ngami, in 1849, accompanied by Messrs Oswell and Murray. Several large salt-pans are found in it; and the mirage sometimes appears on its horizon with great perfection. It is covered with large quantities of grass, and a great variety of creeping plants, together with bushes and trees. The soil is soft light-coloured sand, nearly pure silica, with alluvial mould in the ancient river-beds. The animals found in this desert are elephants, lions, leopards, panthers, hyenas, goats, jackals, dogs, cats, antelopes, and the rhinoceros.

This desert has been for ages a refuge for oppressed and fugitive tribes. It is remarkable for little rain, and yet abundant vegetation.

LAKES and RIVERS.

According to Sir R. I. Murchison's geological demonstrations, and to Dr Livingstone's observations, central South Africa was, ages ago, almost one vast lake. The lakes now remaining are residua of this; while the great rivers, such as the Zambesi, are the natural drains of the great central plateau, the bed of the former lake system. Our traveller considers that the drain was commenced when the fissures were made at the Victoria Falls,

and at those of Gonye: the immense salt-pans here and there occurring being like residua. He says that when the Zambesi flowed along its ancient bed, the whole country between the lower portion of the Lekone, "and the ridge beyond Libebe westwards; Lake Ngami and the Zouga southwards; and eastwards beyond Nchokotsa, was one large fresh-water lake. There is abundant evidence of the existence and extent of this vast lake in the longitudes indicated, and stretching from 17° to 21° south latitude. The whole of this space is paved with a bed of tufa, more or less soft, according as it is covered with soil, or left exposed to atmospheric influences. Wherever ant-eaters make deep holes in this ancient bottom, fresh-water shells are thrown out, identical with those now existing, in the Lake Ngami and the Zambesi. The Barotse valley was another lake of a similar nature, and one existed beyond Masiko, and a fourth near the Orange River. The whole of these lakes were let out by means of cracks or fissures made in the subtending sides, by the upheaval of the country. The fissure made at the Victoria Falls let out the water of this great valley, and left a small patch in what was probably its deepest portion, and is now called Lake Ngami. The Falls of Gonye furnished an outlet to the lake of the Barotse valley, and so of the other great lakes of remote times. The Congo also finds its way to the sea through a narrow fissure, and so does the Orange River in the west; while other rents made in the eastern ridge, as the Victoria Falls and those to the east of Tanganyenka, allowed the central waters to drain eastward. All the African lakes hitherto discovered are shallow, in consequence of being the mere *residua* of very much larger ancient bodies of water."

The form which the rivers have taken in the great valley imparts the idea of a lake slowly drained out; their beds and sides helping to the same conclusion.

The lakes laid down on the maps are as follows: Taganyika, in the north; Maravi, in the east; Ruena, Lukutu, and Shuia, in the centre; Dilolo towards the west, and Ngami in the south-west. These latter two only have been visited by Europeans.

LAKE NGAMI.

This lake was discovered by Livingstone, Oswell and Murray, in August, 1849. Its direction, by compass, is N.N.E. by S.S.W. It is from 75 to 100 miles round, and, like the other African lakes, shallow. Its waters are stagnant; fresh when full, but brackish when low, and are the southern end of the great lake and river system which we have just been considering. Our traveller's object in looking for this lake was to visit Sebituane; Sechele suggested the journey; its existence has been known to the natives for half a century. The Bayeige dwell on its banks, which are annually inundated; the whole lake is elevated 2000 feet above the level of the sea. For the pronunciation of its name, see Appendix, Sect. III. p. 121.

LAKE DILOLO.

This small lake, 7 or 8 miles long, and 4 broad, is situated in the country of Katema, and was visited by Dr Livingstone in his journeys to and from Loanda. Its chief point of attraction is that of its being a water-shed, dividing its waters between the Atlantic and Indian oceans. A portion flows down the Kasai, Zaire, or Congo, to the west, and another down the Leeba, into the Zambesi, to the east. The Lotembwa, a river a mile wide, which our traveller crossed near to this lake, also flows in two opposite directions[1].

THE RIVERS OF CENTRAL SOUTH AFRICA.

Respecting the rivers, these demand far more discussion than can possibly be given here. From hearing reports among the natives at Ngami, Dr Livingstone truly concluded that there must be an immense river system to the north of his then position. The higher he got north, the more he became convinced of this, both by observation and report. Many of these rivers rise both in the eastern and western ridges. This latter he says gives rise to a remarkable number of rivers; "Thus, the Quango on the north; the Coanza on the west; the Langebongo, which the latest information identifies with the Loeti, and the numerous streams which unite and form the Chobé, on its south-

[1] The letter dated Linyanti.

east; all the feeders of the Kasai and that river itself on the east; and probably also the Embara or river of Libébé on the south."

We have before seen with what difficulty he got to Linyanti, and the immense river and marsh system which he found there; looking hence north—and an enormous tract of country between Linyanti and the equator is unexplored—he says, "Viewing the basin from this (Linyanti) northward, we behold an immense flat, intersected by rivers in almost every direction, and these are not the South-African mud, sand, or stone rivers either, but deep never-failing streams, fit to form invaluable bulwarks against enemies who can neither swim nor manage canoes. They have also numerous departing and re-entering branches, with lagoons and marshes adjacent, so that it is scarcely possible to travel along their banks without the assistance of canoes[1]."

These valley-rivers have generally two beds, one of low water, and another of inundation. Some of the great southern rivers have their origin in the great flooded plains of the central country.

We can here only record the names of the chief rivers referred to by Dr Livingstone, confining all attempt at description to one—the Zambesi. Beginning in the west, these rivers are, the Coanza, the Congo, the Kasai, the Lotembwa, the Chobe, the Kafué, the Longwa, and the Shire.

THE RIVER ZAMBESI and its TRIBUTARIES.

This may be called a river-system. The main stream is a noble river flowing—no one knows whence—through central South Africa. One of the canoe-songs common among the natives on the river is—

"The Leeambye,—nobody knows
Whence it comes or whither it goes."

In the far interior it is called the Leeambye. This name and that of Zambesi, or Zambesa, mean "THE RIVER." An examination

[1] Letter dated Linyanti.

of the map will shew that it has many tributaries. Our traveller justly places his hopes on this river becoming the great highway for the civilization and evangelization of central Africa, because it is the only known continuous watercourse. The natives say that there is water communication from Matiamvo down to Linyanti.

This river is remarkable for the amount of animal life in and upon its waters; which rise 20 feet high in inundations, and flood 20 miles of adjacent land. In some places it is 3 miles wide, having many islands. A large number of tribes reside on its banks. The chief of these are, the Batoka, Matebele, Makololo, Barotse, and Balonda[1]. Its general flow is $3\frac{3}{4}$ miles an hour; running from north to south in the centre of the continent, and then turning to the east. Its banks abound with beautiful verdure, large forests, elephants, antelopes, and buffaloes: and its waters with reptiles, water-fowl, fishes, &c.

VICTORIA FALLS. These are the only serious impediment to navigation. There is a spirited account, and view, given of them in the book of *Travels*. Suffice it here to say, that they are about 1000 miles inland, and about 1000 yards across. They are formed by the river rushing into an immense fissure in its bed, about 80 feet wide, the waters falling down 100 feet, and then being compressed into a space of 15 or 20 yards: the opposite banks being of equal height. Our traveller is the first European who has ever seen them, and pronounces them to be the sublimest sight which he has seen in Africa. One main object of the present expedition is to survey this noble river.

SOUTH AFRICA gradually losing its water. We have seen that the surplus waters are carried off in the partial emptying of the central basin, which is advantageous. But in the south, especially about the Kalahari desert, such desiccation has become so serious as to make deserts of lands

[1] For an account of these tribes, see Sect. III. pp. 92, 96, 97, 99.

formerly fertile. In the Bechuana country all the rivers which have a westerly course are dry, or drying up.

He found the empty bed of a large river which anciently flowed from north to south: it was in this that he discovered the fossils spoken of at p. 15, Lecture I. The farther south you go, the more this drying up seems to take place.

The parched Kuruman district appears formerly to have been as well watered as the neighbourhood of Lake Ngami is now, and the latter as well as that of Linyanti. The Mokoko, now dry, was a running stream in the memory of living witnesses. Notwithstanding, Dr Livingstone says that we may hope more for the greatness of central South Africa than for that of central Australia.

GENERAL ASPECT of the NEWLY-DISCOVERED COUNTRIES.

We have already alluded to the geological, or geographical fact, that ridges of from 150 to 200 miles in width, run down on each side, with a great flat in the middle. These ridges are fringed with forests of various kinds. The banks of the Zambesi are occasionally loaded with enormous timber-trees, and have sometimes a park-like appearance. These are the chief variations of the Makololo country. Then there exist great valleys, such as the Barotse. Farther west occur some flooded plains of from 15 to 20 miles in extent. The Balonda country is a flat gloomy forest prairie, unhealthy, and difficult to cross. There are large ant-hills in various parts: also artificial mounds raised by the natives for refuge in times of inundation.

What with "wait-a-bit" thorns, grass 6 to 8 feet high, jungle and marsh in some districts, our traveller had enough to do to make any onward progress at all. Yet in the midst of this toilsome pilgrimage, so expressive of the journey of human life, with its pains, penalties, vicissitudes and joys, some of the scenes witnessed—especially on the banks of the Zambesi—were of such surpassing beauty, and so perfect in repose, that he was entranced with the glorious vision; such an one as would

delight angels, and make mortals for the moment forget the sin, sorrow, and shame of the first Adam's fall, everywhere so visible in this lower world a magnificent wreck of former grandeur!

Geology and Mineralogy.

"The earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep."—Gen. i. 2.

The references to these sciences in the Book of *Travels*, are numerous and valuable. At page 569, is "an ideal section across south central Africa, intended to shew the elevated valley form of the continent." An examination of this section will much help to explain what is said about the ridges and river-system in the foregoing paragraphs.

It appears that both coasts consist of calcareous tufa; and the western ridge of mica schist and sandstone. The great central plateau is formed of tufa, trap, and radiated zeolite. White basaltic rocks, mica schist, graffite and trap make up the eastern ridge; coal in sandstone, and igneous rocks intervening between them and the calcareous tufa bordering on the sea.

The general direction of the ranges of hills on the eastern and western ridges appear to be parallel to the major axis of the continent: the dip of the strata down towards the centre of the country shewing that Africa in its formation was pressed up more energetically at the sides than at the centre[1].

Our traveller suggests that the fissures which have drained the great central plateau are possibly *geologically recent*, because the one at the Victoria Falls has only about 3 feet worn off the edge subjected to the wear of the water; and that they may be *progressive* in case the gradual desiccation of the Bechuana country shews the slow elevation of the ridges[2].

He found, near the Chiponga, a forest of silicified trees; some 22 inches in diameter; also near the Zambesi, towards

[1] Letter dated Linyanti. [2] Letter dated Hill Chanyuné.

Teté, other fossil trees: one of these being 4 feet 8 inches in diameter. The former were lying towards the river, the latter in various directions. Silicified palms also exist on both sides of the continent.

COAL. Our traveller says that coal possibly exists near the rocks of Pungo Andongo, in Angola, since there are geological indications of its presence.

He could find no traces of it throughout the centre of the country; which he much regretted.

On the eastern coast he positively found it, as is shewn by the following quotation from the letter, dated Quilimane, East Africa, 23rd May, 1856, addressed to Sir R. I. Murchison: "The disturbances effected by the eruptive rocks in the grey sandstone have brought many seams of coal to the surface. There are no fewer than nine of these in the country adjacent to Teté, and I came upon two before reaching that point. One seam in the rivulet Muatize is 58 inches in diameter; another is exposed in the Morongoze, which, as well as the Muatize, falls into the Revubue, and that joins the Zambesi from the north about two miles below Teté. The Revubue is navigable for canoes during the whole year, and but for a small rapid in it, near the points of junction with these rivulets, canoes might be loaded at the seams themselves."

IRON. This invaluable mineral is found and extensively worked in Angola, both by the natives and Portuguese. The Banyeti, a people dwelling on the Islands of the Leeambye, make it into rude implements. This is also the case with the people of Shinte. Such an important gift of nature, occurring in circumstances so advantageous, argues much for the success, with God's blessing, of the means used for the utilizing and evangelizing of central Africa. Near to the river Moamba he found a solution of it running from several bogs; and near the Funze Hills he saw some strongly magnetic rounded pieces of iron ore. The iron of eastern Africa is particularly excellent, and in great abundance. "In

some places it is obtained from what is called the specular iron ore, and also from black oxide. The latter has been well roasted in the operations of nature, and contains a large proportion of the metal. It occurs generally in tears or rounded lumps, and is but slightly magnetic. When found in the beds of rivers, the natives know of its existence by the quantity of oxide on the surface, and they find no difficulty in digging it with pointed sticks. They consider English iron as 'rotten;' and I have seen, when a javelin of their own iron lighted on the cranium of a hippopotamus, it curled up like the proboscis of a butterfly, and the owner would prepare it for future use by straightening it *cold* with two stones. I brought home some of the hoes which Sekeletu gave me to purchase a canoe, also some others obtained in Kilimane, and they have been found of such good quality that a friend of mine in Birmingham has made an Enfield rifle of them[1]."

GOLD. This precious metal is found certainly on the eastern side of the continent, and possibly on the western side, but not in the centre. It is unknown to the interior natives. The following quotation from the letter last mentioned gives a complete account of the matter: "If we consider Teté as occupying a somewhat central position in the coal-field, and extend the leg of the compasses about $3\frac{1}{2}°$, the semicircle which may then be described from north-east round by west to south-east nearly touches or includes all the district as yet known to yield the precious metal. We have five well-known gold-washings from north-east to north-west. There is Abutua, not now known, but it must have been in the west or south-west, probably on the flank of the eastern ridge. Then the country of the Bazizula, or Mashona, on the south, and Manica on the south-east. The rivers Mazoe, Luia and Luenya in the south, and several rivulets in the north, bring gold into the coal-field with their sands; but from much trituration it is generally in such minute scales as would render amalgamation with mercury necessary

[1] *Travels*, pp. 650, 651.

to give it weight in the sand, and render the washing profitable. The metal in some parts in the north is found in red clay-shale, which is soft enough to allow the women to pound it in wooden mortars previous to washing. At Mashinga it occurs in white quartz. Some of the specimens of gold which I have seen from Manica and the country of Bazizula (Mosusurus!) were as large as grains of wheat, and those from rivers nearer Teté were extremely minute dust only. I was thus led to conclude that the latter was affected by transport, and the former shewed the true gold-field as indicated by the semicircle. Was the eastern ridge the source of the gold, seeing it is now found not far from its eastern flank?

"We have then at present a coal-field surrounded by gold, with abundance of wood, water and provisions—a combination of advantages met with neither in Australia nor California. In former times the Portuguese traders went to the washings accompanied by great numbers of slaves, and continued there until their goods were expended in purchasing food for the washers. The chief in whose lands they laboured expected a small present—one pound's worth of cloth perhaps—for the privilege. But the goods spent in purchasing food from the tribe was also considered advantageous for the general good, and all were eager for these visits. It is so now in some quarters, but the witchery of slave-trading led to the withdrawal of industry from gold-washing and every other source of wealth; and from 130 or 140 lbs. weight annually, the produce has dwindled down to 8 or 10 lbs. only. This comes from independent natives, who wash at their own convenience, and for their own profit.

"A curious superstition tends to diminish the quantity which might be realised. No native will dig deeper than his chin, from a dread of the earth falling in and killing him; and on finding a piece of gold it is buried again, from an idea that without this 'seed' the washing would ever afterwards prove unproductive. I could not for some time credit this in people who know right well the value of the metal; but it is univer-

sally asserted by the Portuguese, who are intimately acquainted with their language and modes of thought. It may have been the sly invention of some rogue among them, who wished to baulk the chiefs of their perquisites, for in more remote times these pieces were all claimed by them."

Silver is said formerly to have been found on the Zambesi, but not so now. Copper is unknown. Malachite is worked by the people of Casembe.

METEOROLOGY.

"While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease."—Gen. viii. 22.

Most persons have accurate general ideas about African seasons and atmospheric phenomena, while but few know anything of the minuter details of this science when applied to this continent.

CLIMATE. The climate from Cape Colony up to 24° north latitude and as far as 24° east longitude is similar. This is a region which has been losing its water; and hence its climate accords with this fact.

When a strong south wind blows in the south, and during winter, farther north, the sky has a murky aspect as though huge forests or prairies were being burnt, and their smoke were ascending high into the air. Some travellers account for this appearance by supposing it to be caused by the actual burning of grass, or by the sand of the Kalahari desert, and others, by upper strata of cold air.

The climate of the country about the Kalahari desert is favourable to the cure of pulmonary diseases; also that of the ridges is peculiarly fitted for restoring debilitated Europeans suffering from African fever or heat.

The air of Londa is generally moist, and depressing; hence it is disliked by the Makalolo and Barotse, who sometimes are decimated by fever.

The atmosphere of Angola is so moist, that even Dr Livingstone's native attendants were seriously affected thereby. He himself was obliged to crawl along in misery, suffering from vertigo, and arriving at Loanda a living skeleton. He has recorded twenty-seven cases of fever in his book; but, in answer to a question put, said that he has had double or treble that number of attacks; yet believing that his constitution is now as good as ever.

WINDS. These much influence the climate. In spring, the north wind prevails during the day; the wind rarely blows from the east. A hot electric current sweeps over the Kalahari desert, from north to south, at the end of winter. In connexion with this wind, our traveller found that the Bechuanas knew of the electric spark ages before it was produced by Dr Franklin. The wind seldom blows from north to south; that from the north is hot, and from the south cold. In Angola the west wind almost invariably brings fever, while that from the east is very healthy; the north wind in Londa has a blighting effect on vegetation; that from the north-east and east brings continuous rain in the south; this is also the effect of that from the north in Londa and Angola.

DROUGHT. It is well known that extensive tracts of country lying between Cape Colony and the Zambesi are visited by this terrible scourge; such as the Bechuana country, and Namaqua land. We have already seen that immense territories farther north are rather an unpleasant reverse. The Bakwains and Bushmen suffer sometimes terribly for want of water.

RAIN. Most of the districts watered by the Zambesi are subject to more or less continuous and drenching rain. There is so much in Londa, that our traveller's tent, instruments, and we may say person, were almost constantly wet. The cloudy state of the sky prevented him from taking many observations. The rains are so heavy near Lake Dilolo as to destroy the very foot-paths. There are

dews also, night and morning, such as are not seen in the south. The rains are warm on the Zambesi, farther east. Showers have been seen, and thunder heard, in South Africa, without clouds.

The following extract gives an interesting account of the theory of African rains: "The characteristics of the rainy season in this wonderfully humid region (Londa), may account in some measure for the periodical floods of the Zambesi, and perhaps the Nile. The rains seem to follow the course of the sun, for they fall in October and November, when the sun passes over this zone on his way south. On reaching the tropic of Capricorn in December, it is dry; and December and January are the months in which injurious droughts are most dreaded near that tropic (from Kolobeng to Linyanti). As he returns again to the north, in February, March, and April, we have the great rains of the year; and the plains, which in October and November were well moistened, and imbibed rain like sponges, now become supersaturated, and pour forth those floods of clear water which inundate the banks of the Zambesi. Somewhat the same phenomenon probably causes the periodical inundations of the Nile. The two rivers rise in the same region; but there is a difference in the period of flood, possibly from their being on opposite sides of the equator. The waters of the Nile are said to become turbid in June; and the flood attains its greatest height in August, or the period when we may suppose the supersaturation to occur. The subject is worthy the investigation of those who may examine the region between the equator and 10° south; for the Nile does not shew much increase when the sun is at its furthest point north, or tropic of Cancer, but at the time of its returning to the equator, exactly as in the other case when he is on Capricorn, and the Zambesi is affected. .....The above is from my own observations, together with information derived from the Portuguese in the interior of Angola; and I may add that the result of many years' observation by Messrs Gabriel

and Brand at Loanda, on the west coast, is in accordance therewith: It rains there between the 1st and 30th of November, but January and December are usually both warm and dry. The heavier rains commence about the 1st of February, and last until the 15th of May. Then no rain falls between the 20th of May and the 1st of November. The rain averages from 12 to 15 inches per annum[1]." Our traveller concludes that far more rain per annum falls in Londa than on the coast.

SEASONS.

The winter ends in Londa in August. It is very cold morning and night, and hot during the day. The following statement made by our traveller relative to the varying severity of South African winters may surprise many: "All the interior of South Africa has a distinct winter of cold, varying in intensity with the latitudes. In the central parts of the Cape colony, the cold in the winter is often severe, and the ground is covered with snow. At Kuruman snow seldom falls, but the frost is keen. There is frost even as far as the Chobe, and a partial winter in the Barotse valley; but beyond the Orange River we never have cold and damp combined. Indeed a shower of rain seldom or never falls during winter, and hence the healthiness of the Bechuana climate. From the Barotse valley northwards, it is questionable if it ever freezes; but during the prevalence of the south wind, the thermometer sinks as low as 42°, and conveys the impression of bitter cold[2]."

It need scarcely be said that the summer in many parts is intensely hot, especially in the Bechuana country. In the Makololo and Balonda regions it is close and steamy; but less oppressive on account of clouds. The thunder and lightning are sometimes awful. Meteors and aerolites are occasionally seen. The natives shelter themselves in some parts with parasols, made of black ostrich feathers; this the Matebele do with their shields.

[1] *Travels*, p. 463.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 463.

Botany.

"Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, whose seed is in itself, upon the earth: and it was so." Gen. i. 11.

In connexion with this science we can only mention the new, or greatly-important species of plants brought to light by Dr Livingstone in Africa. For the botanist, and the naturalist in general, there is a rich harvest in the newly-explored regions.

Sugar-cane. This is indigenous in Africa. It has been raised in the Portuguese colonies for many years for the purpose of yielding sugar. In the interior regions just opened by our traveller it is growing both wild and under cultivation. The only use at present made of it by the natives of these parts is for chewing. Both the Makololo and Balonda use it largely in this way. The whole district watered by the Zambesi is suited to its growth.

Cotton. Cotton and sugar are the two mainstays of American slavery, yet both flourish around the native homes of those very slaves transported across the Atlantic to feed that wicked traffic. Cotton not alone grows in the Portuguese possessions on both sides of the continent, but also all along the course of the Zambesi. Two species of it are found on the banks of the Zouga and of Lake Ngami. The Barotse valley, and other immense flats of alluvial soil, are adapted for its cultivation. The cotton-tree is perennial in Angola. The people generally spin cotton-yarn with a spindle and distaff, after the manner of the ancient Egyptians.

Coffee. This is much prized by the Makololo. Immense tracts of central South-Africa are suited for its culture. It is not indigenous to Africa, but grows on both coasts, having been originally planted by the Jesuit missionaries.

Buáze. Dr Livingstone believes this to be a fibrous plant of great value, and that it was before entirely unknown to botanists. It grows about Teté, and in large quantities in the country of the Maravi. He submitted some specimens of it to Messrs Pye, Brothers, of London, who pronounce it to be suitable as a substitute for flax, in comparison with which it is stronger and of finer fibre. There is a drawing of this plant at p. 646, *Travels*. The natives make a thread of it, which is as strong as catgut. Possibly our manufacturers will find it adapted for sail-cloth, &c.

Congé. This is another new plant, being a species of aloe of fibrous tissue, found by our traveller in the same districts as the Buáze. It was suggested to him by the Portuguese as being fitted for the manufacture of paper.

Medicinal plants. He has met with several of great value. The Nux Vomica, producing strychnia, flourishes abundantly on the Leeambye. The Cinchona bark grows in large quantities on the eastern coast. Senna is there growing in whole forests, and possibly, like that of Egypt. Another new plant, the Kumbanzo, a valuable remedy in cases of fever, is found on the same coast. At page 648, *Travels*, is a drawing of this latter plant. Also at page 649 there is a long list of useful African medicinal and other plants, worthy of attention from those who are interested in such studies.

Manioc, or cassava, is the staple food of some central African tribes, just as rice is among Asiatics, and wheat among Europeans. Wild indigo abounds over vast tracts of Africa. Potatoes are cultivated both by the Bushmen and by the Maravi. Fruits, flowers, and forest-trees still remain to be classified and described.

These new districts, like all other parts of the creation of God, shew forth His glory, forethought and goodness in providing so bountifully for all his creatures.

Zoology.

"For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills."—Psalm l. 10.

In connexion with this science we can only speak of the new species or varieties of animals discovered by Dr Livingstone.

The Leché, Nakong, Poku, and Thianyané.

The leché was found by Dr Livingstone and his companions at Lake Ngami. It is a water-antelope, of a light-brownish tallow colour[1].

In the letter, dated Teté, he thus describes the others: "In the animal kingdom there are three antelopes which, I believe, have been hitherto unknown, all of which abound in the great valley, but nowhere else. One is specially adapted for treading on mud and marshy spots, by great length from point of toe to the little hoofs above the fetlock. It has a heavy gait, looks paunchy, and hides itself all but the nose in water." The native name of the first being Nakong or Setutunka.

"Another little antelope abounds in great numbers near Seshéke; its cry of alarm is like that of the domestic fowl. It is called Thianyané. The third is named Poku, and it abounds in prodigious numbers above the Barotse. It is exactly like the Leché which was discovered when we went first to Lake Ngami, but considerably smaller in every way, and of a redder colour."

It is scarcely necessary to mention elephants, lions, buffaloes, zebras, &c. as being constantly met with by him. These are described in most books on Zoology. We may notice a few interesting points brought out by our traveller in connexion with this subject, which may not be so generally known.

[1] For a description and drawing of this animal, see *Travels*, pp. 70, 71.

The immense quantities of game in some parts almost baffle description; especially on the banks of the Zambesi, between Linyanti and Teté.

Our traveller observed that the farther he went north, the smaller the large game, such as elephants, become. Males in the south being 12 feet high at the withers, and those above 20° north latitude being 9 feet[1].

He was much struck with the instinct shewn by different wild animals in adapting themselves to new circumstances of security or danger, evincing an intelligence almost amounting to the cool calculations of reason. For instance, they soon found out the difference between the shorter range of bow-shot and the longer range of gun-shot, after guns had been a little while introduced.

Some other Natural Sciences.

"For every creature of God is good."—1 Tim. iv. 4.

Topics are here enlarged on according to their bearing on Dr Livingstone's discoveries, and not with respect to their own intrinsic merits.

ASTRONOMY. In connexion with this sublime science our traveller has rendered invaluable services by determining the latitudes and longitudes of ninety places. These are all given in the Table at pp. 684—687, *Travels*. He determines the altitudes of fifteen places in the same Table.

This is a hint which may well be taken by missionaries and others opening up little known or unexplored regions.

ENTOMOLOGY. The TSETSE. This science is particularized simply to introduce this curious insect, of which a brief account must be given.

There are drawings of it on the title-page, and at p. 571, as well as a description at pp. 81, 82, *Travels*. Its existence is

[1] Ibid. pp. 564, 5.

to us a novelty, and to Africa a scourge. This fly is so serious a pest, that a waggon or a company of horsemen is liable to be brought to a standstill by its ravages. It is not much larger than the common house-fly, yet its bite is certain death to the horse, ox, or dog.

Our traveller lost forty-three oxen during one journey from its ravages; on another occasion, this little tyrant turned him back; and he was frequently obliged to travel by night in order to escape its annoyance. The reason why he travelled so far north from Linyanti before he turned to the west was as much to avoid the tsetse as the slave-dealer's path.

It does not hurt man, game of most kinds, sucking calves, or the mule and ass. An animal wastes away after its bite, and perishes from extreme exhaustion. Horses are especially liable to injury. A person eating the flesh of cattle affected by it, is subject to carbuncle; even boiling does not destroy the virus in the flesh.

This insect-plague spreads over nearly seven degrees of latitude. Linyanti and its neighbourhood are in the very centre of its habitat. Dr Livingstone concludes that large game, especially elephants, take it into a district. The following facts make him think so. It now exists on the Zambesi, in some parts to such an extent, that the people can keep no domestic animals except goats; whereas the same districts teemed with cattle in the palmy days of the Batoka tribes. Again, Londa is free both from large game and tsetse; yet the people have no cattle. Hence he concludes that this insect migrates with the larger game.

Several other natural sciences are enriched by our traveller's labours; but in these, as in most others, he is as yet only the acknowledged pioneer.

He saw birds in immense numbers and varieties, finding several new kinds on the Chobe and Leeambye.

The quantities of fishes, reptiles, insects, &c. noticed, and partially described, are bewildering. Yet all are made

for use, enjoyment, and for setting forth of the power, goodness, and mercy of God.

SECTION III.—*Dr Livingstone's labours, explorations, and discoveries considered as to their* extent *and* results *in their* ETHNOLOGICAL ASPECT.

"All the ends of the world shall remember and turn unto the Lord: and all the kindreds of the nations shall worship before thee. For the kingdom is the Lord's: and he is the governor among the nations."—Psalm xxii. 27, 28.

The unity of the Human Race further proved by Dr Livingstone's researches in South Africa.

"We all are one man's sons."—Gen. xlii. 11.

The physical history of our race is both an interesting and profitable study. In reference to the great controversies about the common origin of mankind we cannot do better than implicitly believe the Mosaic account of it, deriving us all from Adam and Eve. Differences in colour, speech, national characteristics, religious belief, moral, social and intellectual condition, may stagger some about the unity of the race; but be it remembered that these diversities are mostly referable to *external circumstances*. There remains one fact propounded in Scripture, and observable in human experience, which incontrovertibly proves this unity. *Outward* differences undoubtedly exist, for which climate, mode of life, geographical situation, social status, and national bias amply account; but notwithstanding there is an *inward unity* of thought, passion, prejudice, sympathy and desire. The same pleasures, anxieties, crimes, virtues, vices, noble or mean actions and influences, affect alike in many instances the soul of the most cultivated philosopher and of the most uncivilized savage. Different species would not

An inward or spiritual unity of mankind demonstrable.

have the same attributes. Physiology argues for such unity; more eloquently still do moral, psychological and theological science. Human nature, the human heart, the human soul, are in every place and at all times in unison. The marks of the fall, like springs of action, love, hate, and a common conviction and hope of immortality hereafter,—held with more or less clear assurance,—everywhere animate mankind. Read history, hear tradition, ponder revelation, compare man with man, woman with woman, child with child; and travel the world over in order to arrive at conclusions from an induction of facts, and you must perceive this *inward unity*. Establish this, and the outward must follow, for the body is only the earth-made dwelling-place of the heaven-born soul. Dr Livingstone's books add to the weight of these conclusions; especially since he confirms them, not by direct argument, but by undesigned coincidence. Similar motives sway the untutored African in connexion with public and private virtues and vices as among ourselves. Many of their foibles are a mere reflex of ours; while some individuals among them display a grandeur of character difficult for *us* to surpass. Considering Sekeletu's opportunities and circumstances, where can be found a nobler man?

The outward or corporeal unity of mankind.

Respecting the question of this unity as seen *outwardly or materially*, Dr Pritchard satisfactorily states: "I have endeavoured to shew, that no remarkable instance of variety in organization exists among human races to which a parallel may not be found in many of the inferior tribes; and, in the second place, that all human races coincide in regard to many particulars, in which tribes of animals, when specifically distinct, are always found to differ[1]."

He further shews this truth by the fact that the physical characters of the human species in Africa are not unchange-

[1] *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind;* Vol. II. p. 1.

able, but variable. The negro races are not separated from others by one uniform line of demarcation. They have characteristics in common with all others; multitudes of negroes are like Europeans, or Asiatics, in all respects except hair, colour, form, or some other difference. Hence the negroes do not stand alone as a distinct species, for one so distinct cannot pass into another equally so by insensible degrees. Varieties are more of the individual than of the race.

Dr Pritchard shews that physical deviations have already taken place

1. Among the Arabs who emigrated into Africa twelve centuries ago.

2. In the colour especially, of the Lybian or Atlantic race.

3. In the fact that other varieties of mankind have been transmuted into negroes: such as the Barabra of the Nile: some black Jews in Congo, and the Albinoes, or white negroes.

4. In the Kafirs and negroes differing much in many respects[1].

The affinities in language everywhere observable, afford another strong argument for this unity of the human race.

Having seen that the Africans are really "bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh;" the way is hence cleared for the argument that we are bound, as brothers, to act for their temporal and spiritual good.

The African people divided into four great divisions.

The equator seems to be the chief boundary-line of this continent in many respects. Two of these divisions of mankind are to the north of this line, and two to the south. Those to the north are commonly spoken of as *Mahommedans* and *Negroes;* and those to the south as *Kafirs* and *Negroes*. We confine our attention to the last two.

Dr Pritchard says that the distinguishing peculiarities of the African nations may be summed up under four heads, viz.

[1] *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*, Vol. II. p. 342—343.

the characters of complexion, of hair, features and figure[1]. The truest characteristics of the negro, are blackness of colour, woolly hair, and, according to Dr Livingstone, features like the pictures and monuments of the ancient Egyptians, or the features of the modern Copts. It will presently be seen that some of the races brought to our notice by him, are, according to this standard, true negroes.

The tribes south of the Equator; and especially those recently brought to light by Dr Livingstone.

"Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?"—Prov. xx. 24.

We have just seen that the native inhabitants of Southern Africa are usually ranged under the two great divisions of *Kafirs* and *Negroes*. The former of these terms in reality embraces the great Bechuana family of tribes; to which family the name of its most energetic and distinguished branch —the Kafir—is thus commonly applied. The latter comprises the other races, who approach, perhaps, more nearly in several respects to the true negro type. We will now discuss the members of these two great branches in order.

The Bechuana family of Tribes.

These are the people with whom our traveller has chiefly had intercourse. The Kafir tribe is a branch of it. These tribes under various names are scattered from the eastern to the western coasts; and from Cape Colony in the south, even as far as the limits of the Makololo dominions in the north.

The Makololo generalize this great family of African races into three divisions, viz.:

1st, The Matebele, or Makonkobi—the Caffre family living on the eastern side of the country; 2nd, The Bakoni, or Basuto; and 3rd, The Bakalahari, or Bechuanas, living in the central parts, which includes all those tribes living in or adjacent to the great Kalahari Desert[2]."

[1] *Ibid.* Vol. II. pp. 341. [2] *Travels*, pp. 200—201.

The Kafir divisions of this family are enumerated under the head "Kafir;" the other two are stated by Dr Livingstone as follows:

"2nd. The Bakoni and Basuto division contains in the south all those tribes which acknowledge Moshesh as their paramount chief; among them we find the Batau, the Baputi, Makolokue, &c., and some mountaineers on the range Maluti, who are believed, by those who have carefully sifted the evidence, to have been at one time guilty of cannibalism. This has been doubted, but their songs admit the fact to this day, and they ascribe their having left off the odious practice of entrapping human prey, to Moshesh having given them cattle. They are called Marimo and Mayabathu, men-eaters, by the rest of the Basuto, who have various subdivisions, as Makatla, Bamakakana, Matlapatlapa, &c.

"The Bakoni farther north than the Basuto are the Batlou, Baperi, Bapo, and another tribe of Bakuena, Bamosetla, Bamapela or Balaka, Babiriri, Bapiri, Bahukeng, Batlokua, Baakhahela, &c. &c.; the whole of which tribes are favoured with abundance of rain, and, being much attached to agriculture, raise very large quantities of grain. It is on their industry that the more distant Boers revel in slothful abundance, and follow their slave-hunting and cattle-stealing propensities quite beyond the range of English influence and law. The Basuto under Moshesh are equally fond of cultivating the soil: the chief labour of hoeing, driving away birds, reaping, and winnowing, falls to the willing arms of the hard-working women; but, as the men, as well as their wives, as already stated, always work, many have followed the advice of the missionaries, and now use ploughs and oxen, instead of the hoe.

"3rd. The Bakalahari, or western branch of the Bechuana family, consists of Barolong, Bahurutse, Bakuena, Bangwaketse, Bakaa, Bamangwato, Bakurutse, Batauana, Bamatlaro, and Batlapi. Among the last the success of missionaries has

been greatest. They were an insignificant and filthy people when first discovered; but, being nearest to the colony, they have had opportunities of trading; and the long-continued peace they have enjoyed, through the influence of religious teaching, has enabled them to amass great numbers of cattle."

The language spoken by some of these tribes, such as the Bakwains and the Makololo, is called Sichuana. It is more or less understood by all the Bechuana tribes[1].

They were first visited by Europeans towards the end of the last century; but, unfortunately, by marauders who made a bad impression.

The Bakalahari.

These people, who reside by compulsion in the Kalahari desert, are traditionally reported to be the oldest of the Bechuana tribes. Although dwelling in a desert they are fond of agriculture, and of rearing domestic animals. They possessed enormous herds of large-horned cattle before they were driven into the desert by the pressure of other tribes. They are a timid race, and live far from water, in order that they may keep as secluded as possible. Some of their little villages extend down the Limpopo.

Dr Livingstone, in the letter dated Teté, thus speaks of them: "They generally attach themselves to influential men in the Bechuana towns, who furnish them with dogs, spears and tobacco, and in return receive the skins of such animals as they may kill either with the dogs or by means of pitfalls. They are all fond of agriculture, and some possess a few goats; but the generally hard fare which they endure makes them the most miserable objects to be met with in Africa. From the descriptions given in books, I imagine the thin legs and arms, large abdomens, and the lustreless eyes of their children, make the Bakalahari the counterparts of Australians[2]."

[1] For an account of this language, see Appendix, p. 106.

[2] Letter, dated Teté.

The Backwains or Bechuanas.

These names are indiscriminately used with reference to the particular branch of the great Bechuana race, which alone retains the original name of the whole. To prevent confusion it is well to keep this distinction in view.

Those called Bechuanas live towards the centre of the continent; their territory extending from the Orange river to 18° south latitude. They principally inhabit plains.

"Compared with the Caffre family, they are all effeminate and cowardly; yet even here we see courage manifested by those who inhabit a hill-country. Witness, for example, Sebituane, who fought his way from the Basuto country to the Barotse and to the Bashukulompo. Moshesh shewed the same spirit lately in his encounter with English troops. These stand highest in the scale, and certain poor Bechuanas, named Bakalahari, are the lowest[1]."

Sechele is their chief; their government is patriarchal; the under-chiefs being heads of families, or houses. Hence the larger their families, the greater the importance of its patriarchal head. The Bechuanas cling to their fathers, and despise their mothers; and are remarkably fond of children. These people, especially the women, pride themselves in bearing pain without wincing. Men scorn to shed tears. They practise circumcision, but with concealed rites; and are inveterate rain-makers. Their dress consists chiefly of a sort of skin cloak; this awkwardly made, and badly fitting a body shining with grease and red-ochre, and with a head glittering with blue mica schist and fat, does not form a very attractive object for contemplation.

The Backwains are good friends of the English; yet they are rendered defenceless by Sir George Cathcart's "gunpowder ordinance," whereby they are denied arms and ammunition; hence the Boers oppress them.

Their singing is a sing-song ŏ ĕ ŏ, ae, ae, ae. They make

[1] Letter dated Tetĕ.

everything round, except their game-pits, which are square or parallelograms; but shew inaptitude for handicraft employments. The slave-trade is cordially hated by them; Europeans inspire them with fear. They have a great objection to praying and preaching, but dance and hunt with much zeal.

The Kafirs, or Caffres.

It is much disputed as to whether these "magnificent savages" are negroes, or not. The following is Dr Pritchard's statement of the case, as well as his own conclusion about it: "The difference of physical characters between the Kafirs, meaning the Amakosah, and the Negroes known to us in Western Africa, are so great as to have appeared to many travellers to be distinctive of separate races, and of varieties of the human species, very remote from each other. The Kafirs have been thought by intelligent and accurate observers, to resemble the Arabs more than the natives of intertropical Africa. The conclusion to which we are led by the most careful researches into their history is, that nothing in their physical or moral qualities confirms the hypothesis of an Asiatic origin. They are a genuine African race, and, as it appears highly probable, only a branch of one widely-extended race, to which all the Negro nations of the empire of Kongo belong, as well as many tribes both on the western and eastern side of Southern Africa[1]."

The Kafirs form one tribe of the great Bechuana family; their national characteristics are well-known to our cost, being warlike and enterprising. Dr Vanderkemp commenced the first mission among them in 1799. A new mission was commenced by Mr Williams in 1816.

These people have spread themselves widely over the eastern coast, various branches receiving different names, such as Caffre and Zoolus; they are called Landeens on the banks of the Zambesi.

Dr Livingstone, at page 201, *Travels*, says:

"The Caffres are divided by themselves into various sub-

[1] *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*, Vol. II. p. 344.

divisions, as Amakosa, Amapanda, and other well-known titles. They consider the name Caffre as an insulting epithet.

"The Zulus of Natal belong to the same family, and they are as famed for their honesty, as their brethren who live adjacent to our colonial frontier are renowned for cattle-lifting. The Recorder of Natal declared of them, that history does not present another instance in which so much security for life and property has been enjoyed, as has been experienced during the whole period of English occupation by ten thousand colonists in the midst of one hundred thousand Zulus.

"The Matebele of Mosilikatse, living a short distance south of the Zambesi, and other tribes living a little south of Tere and Senna, are members of this same family. They are not known beyond the Zambesi river. This was the limit of the Bechuana progress too, until Sebituane pushed his conquests farther."

He gives the following character of them, as a race: "The Caffres or Zulus, are tall, muscular, and well made; they are shrewd, energetic and brave; altogether they merit the character given them by military authorities, of being "magnificent savages." Their splendid physical development and form of skull show that, but for the black skin and woolly hair, they would take rank among the foremost Europeans[1]."

Our traveller says that the "Kafir wars are known and felt more in England than in Africa." In the letter dated Teté, he speaks of the confusion introduced by the indiscriminate use of the word "Caffre." "I never can repress a smile when Boers or Englishmen speak of the more abject of the Bechuanas as 'Caffres.' The real Caffres or Zulu race are those who have banged about the English soldier so unceremoniously, and are as remarkable as New Zealanders for suffering no nonsense from either white or brown. This difference in national character explains at a glance why the tide

[1] *Travels*, p. 95.

of emigration spreads away from Caffreland towards the more central parts—in the Sovereignty and Cashan mountains."

Sir Harry Smith, says that to fight with Caffres is like contending with Circassians or Algerine Arabs. Their late fatal delusion in destroying their cattle will be remembered by many.

The Makololo.

These people are the most interesting to us, since they figure principally in connexion with our traveller's great discoveries. Moreover he is the only white man who has yet visited them. The present Zambesi expedition is bound for their territories, by way of that river.

They belong to the great Bechuana family; being one of its most powerful representatives. They are more of the Caffre than of the true negro type: being somewhat of a coffee and milk colour, high-spirited, independent, and having some European characteristics. Under Sebituane, and accompanied by some Basutos, they found their way from the south, in a small number, and spread themselves over a large tract from the northern bank of the Zambesi, as far as 14° south latitude. Sekeletu is their present chief.

These people are honest among themselves, but still incurable warlike marauders. Hence they are hated and feared by their neighbours. They dwell among the swamps of the Barotse valley, Linyanti being their capital. From their place of residence they are subject to febrile diseases. They despise agriculture and lead a careless life; but are very anxious to trade with Europeans.

Their mode of government is genuine feudalism; having a paramount chieftain, who governs a number of under chiefs, who render him suit and service, and pay their tribute in kind. The Picho is their parliamentary assembly, at which the senators speak with boldness and freedom. This is held in an enclosure called the Kotla. They inflict capital

punishment. At p. 183, *Travels*, is a graphic account of their courts of law, in which both defendant and plaintiff speak; the chief giving the final decision.

The Makololo are the lords of the soil, being in a position with reference to the Makalala, Barotse, and other conquered tribes, analogous to that of the Normans in England, and the British in India.

In manners they are disgusting; and very vindictive and bloodthirsty. They make round huts; and being gregarious, eat together; in so doing they pass a joint of meat hot from the fire from one to the other, each one biting a piece out. Since they possess a great abundance of cattle and a fertile country, they lead easy lives. The men eat, drink, sleep, hunt, and go on expeditions; while the women and subject-tribes labour at home. Notwithstanding, the Makololo ladies do little except adorn their persons and court-yards, and live an animal life. They are good humoured and kind; having short woolly hair, anointing their bodies with butter, and wearing an ox-hide kilt from the waist to the knee.

The men are cowardly towards animals, but brave towards men; their arms being chiefly shields and spears. To prove that these people are hospitable we need only mention their kindness to Dr Livingstone, than which what can be more touching, spontaneous, and real?

The MATEBELE. This is the only other branch of the Bechuana family which can here be described. They are a Zoolu or Caffre tribe, residing on the southern bank of the Zambesi, and are almost constantly at war with the Makololo. Their territory stretches hence nearly to the eastern coast, in a south-east direction. Under their warlike chief, Moselekatse, they conquered the Bakone tribes, slaughtering or making them captive, and destroying their towns.

In Chap. XXIX. of Mr Moffat's *Missionary Labours and Scenes in South Africa* is a most interesting and instructive account of his visit to this chief. Those who desire to

know what heathen savagism in South Africa really is, should read that chapter.

They waged a doubtful warfare with Sebituane, who defeated and crippled them, driving them from the Zambesi.

We now confine our attention to those tribes visited by Dr Livingstone, during his two great journeys, who do not belong to the Bechuana variety. In doing this we go back to Lake Ngami:

The Bushmen. Accounts of these can be read in many books, since they spread over regions which have been visited by other travellers. These people are the only real Nomads of South Africa, residing in the desert from choice. They are aborigines of this portion of the continent, subsist on game, and have an intense love of liberty; but are miserably degraded.

The Bakoba, or Bayeige; the South African Quakers. These curious people reside on the banks of the Zouga. Their language shews their affinity to the tribes in the North. They call themselves "Bayeige," i. e. "men." The Bechuanas call them "Bakoba," i. e. "slaves." They make fishing-nets knotted just like ours! In digging pairs of wedge-like pitfalls wherein to entrap game they evince much ingenuity: as also dexterity in spearing fish.

Hear our traveller's account of them as men of peace, given in the letter dated Teté: "They live on the reedy islets of the Zouga, cultivate gardens, rear goats, fish and hunt alternately, and are generally possessed of considerable muscular development. Wherever you meet them they are always the same. They are the Quakers of the body politic in Africa. They never fought with any one, but invariably submitted to whoever conquered the lands adjacent to their rivers. They say their progenitors made bows of the castor-oil plant, and they broke; '*therefore* (!) they resolved never to fight any more.' They never acquire much property, for every one turns aside into their villages to eat what he can

find. I have been in their canoes, and found the pots boiling briskly until we came near to the villages. Having dined, we then entered with the pots empty, and looking quite innocently on any strangers who happened to drop in to dinner."

An attempt at making them soldiers failed, as will be seen by the following statement:

"A long time after the period of our visit, the Chief of the Lake, thinking to make soldiers of them, took the trouble to furnish them with shields. 'Ah! we never had these before; that is the reason we have always succumbed. Now we will fight.' But a marauding party came from the Makololo, and our 'Friends' at once paddled quickly, night and day, down the Zouga, never daring to look behind them till they reached the end of the river, at the point where we first saw it[1]."

The MAKALALA.

Under this general term the natives themselves embrace the whole negro family of tribes, as distinguished from the Bechuana variety; and especially from the Makololo: the Makalala form the great bulk of the inhabitants in the Makololo country. They had never seen a white man before Dr Livingstone. These people reside chiefly between 22° and 23° south latitude; and are in subjection to others, being somewhat in the condition of the ancient Saxon villeins. Their service is genuine serfdom, since it was originally dictated, and is still kept up, by force of arms.

As is often the case with the wronged and weak, the Makalala are great thieves; and are the pirates of the Leeambye. The Makololo treat them like children rather than as slaves, since they can so easily run away to other tribes, the chiefs of which are always eager to receive them.

In manners they are mild and submissive; they cultivate dura, maize, beans, ground nuts, pumpkins, water-melons, sugar-cane, cucumbers, sweet potatoes, and manioc. The

[1] *Travels*, p. 64.

hoe is the rude instrument of cultivation over the whole region. These people are smiths: and are very expert in the management of canoes. They fear the Makololo on land, and the latter fear them on the water. Devoted love for their mothers is a beautiful trait in the Makalala character.

The BAROTSE. These are a stranger-people introduced to us by Dr Livingstone. They dwell in the great Barotse valley; and are now subjects of the Makololo. On account of the periodical inundations of the Leeambye, they build their villages on mounds; Naliele is their capital.

They never saw an European before Dr Livingstone and Mr Oswell, who visited them in 1851. This visit is become a chronological æra among them, which is signalised as "the year in which the white man came."

Their simplicity is shewn by the absurd practice adopted of giving their children such names as "gun," "man," "waggon," &c. They shew great energy and activity in crossing their flooded country; exercise a graceful hospitality; believe in the power of the eye; and have great intricacies in their social polity.

The BALONDA. These are perhaps the most important people revealed to us by Dr Livingstone. The immense country which they inhabit is called "Londa," or "Lunda." The feudal principle prevails among them. Matiamvo is their paramount chief, who resides somewhere about lat 8°. 20′. S., long. 22°. 32′. E. Probably no European has yet visited him; yet by report he is anxious for such a visitor. Our traveller visited Shinte, and Masiko, who were kind to him; also Manenko, and Nyamoana, female chieftains, who likewise treated him well; as well as Katema. These, with the hero Kewawa, mentioned in note, p. 10, are all Balonda chiefs. Generally speaking our traveller was treated with consideration, hospitality, kindness and confidence by those several tribes.

In these people the negro type is strongly developed, their heads are more woolly than the Bechuana tribes. They file their teeth to a point; tattoo; treat their women with great consideration, wear arms, and are very hospitable. The life they lead is that of dreamy indolence. They have a great dislike for the Makololo, not without reason; and hate the slave-trade.

In manners they are inoffensive and very polite. They have a singular mode of salutation by rubbing the face, arms, and chest with ashes. When travellers appear among them, they lend them the roofs of their houses for shelter, which are moveable at pleasure. Their towns have straight streets, plantations and square houses. Manioc is their staff of life; but they cultivate many valuable vegetable productions. They have little dress, but no idea of immodesty. With them the time is spent in marriage and funeral ceremonies, and everlasting talk. In ability they are gifted, very teachable, but lamentably ignorant.

The MAMBARI.

These are emphatically the black sheep of Africa. Dr Livingstone did not visit their country, but met with, and heard of them too often in the prosecution of their accursed trade. What the jackal is to the lion, so are these men to those fiends in the white man's form—the European slave-dealers. In fact, the slave-trade is almost entirely fed by them. They wander over the interior and steal, purchase, or decoy away the natives, taking them to the coast for sale. Evangelize these Mambari, and get the Portuguese to prohibit their subjects from carrying on this interior traffic, and, humanly speaking, you have stopped the slave-trade, as far as central South Africa is concerned, for these are the sole agents of its prosecution on land.

These people reside near Bihe, inhabiting the country south-east of Angola. They are of the Ambonda family, of Makalala origin, as dark as the Barotse, and speak the Bunda

dialect, the native language current in Angola. An Ambonda chieftain named Kangombe rules over them.

Not only are they *slave-purchasers,* but *first teachers of the traffic* in some instances among the interior natives. Professor Sedgwick has already told us of the traffic being commenced with Sebituane in 1851. This was their doing, bartering clothing and old Portuguese guns for boys. In this case, as in many others, the guilt was on their side. They took advantage of the urgent necessities of the native purchaser by refusing to trade *except for slaves.* Ivory and other valuables were offered, but refused. In 1850 they took home a favourable account of the opportunities for trade among the Makololo; in 1851 they went themselves as we have seen; and in 1853 a Portuguese came to deal in slaves, kidnapping a whole village. Since he was carried in a hammock, he is remembered by the people as "father of the bag."

In settling the conditions for a foray on one occasion, with the Makololo, they bargained as a price for using their guns, that they should make slaves of the captives, and that their partners should take the cattle as prizes.

Santura, a Barotse chief, predecessor of Sebituane, not only refused their offers to trade in slaves, but sent them summarily about their business. Not so with Masiko, another Barotse chief, who restricted himself to selling them orphans. They profess to use the slaves for domestic purposes.

These people use an activity worthy of a better cause. They are very avaricious, and bring Manchester and other British goods into the heart of Africa. Get them to pursue a lawful traffic, and they would become as active for good as they are now for evil. Being by all means desirous of preventing the natives from trading directly with Europeans, they invented and spread the report of the white man's living in the sea, eating negroes, &c. They trade very extensively, taking slave-gangs about in chains, and have frequently crossed the country to the western side.

The BATOKA.

These are probably the most complete savages with whom our traveller has held intercourse in Africa. They reside on the islands of the Zambesi, and amid the fastnesses of its banks. He found them a large-bodied race, fierce, blood-thirsty, and the men entirely naked. They seemed to be more astonished at his disproving of their nude condition, than ashamed of it.

These people were numerous, and possessed immense herds of cattle until Sebituane utterly routed and subdued them, capturing their cattle. "Secure in their own island fortresses, they often inveigled wandering or fugitive tribes on to others which are uninhabited, and left them there to perish. The river is so broad, that, when being ferried across, you often cannot see whether you are going to the main land or not. To remove temptation out of the way of our friends, we drew the borrowed canoes last night into our midst on the island where we slept, and some of the men made their beds in them. I counted between fifty and sixty human skulls mounted on poles in a village near Kalai, being those of men slain when famishing with hunger; and I felt thankful that Sebituane had rooted out the bloody imperious 'Lords of the Isles[1].'"

A Batoka chief whom Dr Livingstone visited had his village adorned with fifty-four human skulls, on pointed poles. They boasted that few strangers ever returned from a visit to that quarter. The way to propitiate a chief is to cut off a stranger's head, and bring it to him.

In manners they are most brutal. Their mode of salutation is to lie down on the back and slap the thighs. Their language is a dialect of the others spoken in the great valley.

Their tribe is now a mere shadow of what it was, having been almost rooted out by the successive onslaughts of Sebituane, Pingola, a chieftain from the north-west, and the Matebele of Moselekatse. Dr Livingstone almost came to blows with them on two occasions.

[1] Letter, dated Hill Chanyuné.

There are many other South African tribes whom we cannot now even name, the object here being either to generalize with respect to race, or to particularize only in reference to such tribes as our traveller brings under our notice in connexion with his travels.

Traces of the ancient Egyptians in many respects among the modern South Africans.

The general question of manners and customs is an interesting one, but cannot be entered into now. Still some remains of the ancient Egyptians appear among the people in various parts of South Africa in this as well as in other particulars.

In the deep recesses of the dark forests of Londa, the people have cut human faces on the bark of the trees, the outlines of which, with the beards, closely resemble those seen on Egyptian monuments[1].

"The different Bechuana tribes are named after certain animals, shewing probably that in former times they were addicted to animal-worship like the ancient Egyptians. The term Bakatla means 'they of the monkey;' Bakuena 'they of the alligator;' Batlapi, 'they of the fish;' each tribe having a superstitious dread of the animal after which it is called[2]."

After the manner of the same people, one tribe never eats the animal which is its namesake, using the term "ila," hate, or dread, with reference to killing it. Traces of extinct ancient tribes exist, as the Batau, "they of the lion;" the Banoga, "they of the serpent." The Bechuanas hate the alligator. If a man be bitten, or even splashed by one, he is expelled his tribe. When a Backwain goes near one of these monsters, he spits on the ground, saying "there is sin." A student of Egyptian history will easily see the connexion between this modern African practice and the feuds of the olden times

[1] *Travels*, p. 304. [2] *Ibid.* p. 13.

arising from the animal-worship on the banks of the Nile. For a like reason the Bechuanas will not eat fish.

The Makololo pound maize in large wooden mortars; the exact counterpart of which may be seen on the Egyptian monuments[1].

The mode of weaving cotton in Angola, and throughout central Africa, is so like that of the same people, that our traveller has introduced a wood-cut from Sir Gardener Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, illustrative both of this and the above practice[2].

With reference to the peculiarities of race, our traveller says; "The monuments of the ancient Egyptians seem to me to embody the ideal of the inhabitants of Londa, better than the figures of any work of ethnology I have met with[3]."

As regards the mode of dressing the hair among the Banyai, he says: "As they draw out their hair into small cords a foot in length, and entwine the inner bark of a certain tree round each separate cord, and dye this substance of a reddish colour, many of them put me in mind of the ancient Egyptians[4]."

Other traces of that wonderful people may be seen; such as the rite of circumcision, the doctrine of the metempsychosis, and some other arts and customs.

These indications are interesting and important, since they help the question of the unity of our race, and shew how influential and permanent the teaching of one people becomes on the minds and practice of another; hence bidding us to hope the more for the lasting influence of true civilization and Christianity on untaught heathen and idolaters.

Do climate and geographical situation influence race?

This question is merely mooted here. Dr Pritchard says such is *largely* the case; Dr Livingstone says *but little*. The former reasons *à posteriori;* the latter *à priori*. Dr Pritchard

[1] *Travels*, p. 196.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 624.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 400.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 379.

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says that climate and geographical situation make men in time brave, cowardly, bright, or stupid; Dr Livingstone says that men choose, when they can, a mountainous or a flat country, in accordance with their native energy and national predilections.

The outline of Dr Pritchard's argument is as follows: the same races evidence marked differences of physical character and particularity of complexion, which are successive, or by gradations in accordance with climate and geographical situation. This he illustrates by numerous examples[1].

Dr Livingstone consents to all this as far as *colour* is concerned, but not so much in other respects. He also supports his argument by a reference to facts. Admitting that such variations are observable as Dr Pritchard indicates, he attributes these, as above stated, to *race*, not to *outward circumstances*. Hear his argument: "But though it is all very well, in speaking in a loose way, to ascribe the development of national character to the physical features of the country, I suspect that those who are accustomed to curb the imagination in the severe way employed to test for truth in the physical sciences would attribute more to race or breed than to mere scenery. Look at the Bushmen—living on the same plains, eating the same food, but often in scantier measure, and subjected to the same climatorial and physical influences as the Bakalahari, yet how enormously different the results! The Bushman has a wiry, compact frame; is brave and independent; scorns to till the ground or keep domestic animals. The Bakalahari is spiritless and abject in demeanour and thought, delights in cultivating a little corn or pumpkins, or in rearing a few goats. Both races have been looking at the same scenes for centuries[2]."

"The cause of the difference observed in tribes inhabiting the same localities, though it spoils the poetry of the

[1] See *Work*, Vol. II. Chap. xv. § 1. [2] Letter dated Teté.

thing, consists in certain spots being the choice of the race or family. So when we see certain characters assembled on particular spots, it may be more precise to say that we see the antecedent disposition manifested in the selection, rather than that the part chosen produced a subsequent disposition. This may be evident when I say that, in the case of the Bakalahari and Bushmen, we have instances of compulsion and choice. The Bakalahari were the first body of Bechuana emigrants who came into the country. They possessed large herds of very long-horned cattle, the remains of which are now at Ngami. A second migration of Bechuanas deprived them of their cattle and drove them into the desert. They still cleave most tenaciously to the tastes of their race. While, for the Bushman, the desert is his choice, and ever has been from near the Coanza to the Cape. When we see a choice fallen on mountains, it means only that the race meant to defend itself. Their progenitors recognised the principle, acknowledged universally, except when Caffre police or Hottentots rebel, viz. that none deserve liberty except those who fight for it. This principle gathers strength from locality, tradition develops it more and more, yet still I think the principle was first, foremost, and alone vital[1]."

With reference to colour, our traveller makes some remarkable statements. He says that heat alone does not produce blackness of skin, but heat and moisture combined.

He suspects that five longitudinal bands of colour run across the South African Continent: "Apart from the influences of elevation, heat, humidity, and degradation, I have imagined that the lighter and darker colours observed in the native population, run in five longitudinal bands along the southern portion of the continent. Those on the seaboard of both the east and west are very dark; then two bands of

[1] Letter dated Tetè.

lighter colour lie about three hundred miles from each coast, of which the westerly one, bending round, embraces the Kalahari Desert and Bechuana countries; and then the central basin is very dark again[1]."

African diseases and native medical practice.

This is an important subject even in a missionary point of view. We have before seen the importance to African missionaries and travellers of possessing medical and surgical knowledge[2]. It is well here to give an idea of the direction and extent of the availability of such knowledge, in order that the departments the most useful and likely to be wanted may be known.

Of African diseases, it is generally acknowledged that fever is the most prevalent and fatal. There are also pneumonia and other inflammations; rheumatism, disease of the heart, and indigestion. Hooping cough is frequent, but ophthalmia very prevalent.

Many of our own diseases are happily unknown in Africa. The doctor heard possibly of one case of hydrophobia among the Bakwains. But he met with no consumption, no scrofula, no confirmed insanity or hydrocephalus, cancer or cholera; neither some internal complaints, nor cutaneous diseases, and but little idiocy. Small-pox and measles twenty years ago ravaged the interior, being caught from the coast, but have not appeared since.

He makes a curious statement about a certain loathsome disease, viz. that it dies out of itself in the pure African race; and is virulent and permanent or not, just in accordance with the proportion of European blood in the veins of the patient.

A comparison of these tables of diseases shews that civilization, like all other *earthly goods*, is not an unmixed blessing.

[1] *Travels*, p. 339.

[2] See note, p. xvii.

The native medical practice, as might be expected, is very defective. They have some good remedies, especially for fever. Inoculation and cupping are known to them. Medicines are regarded as charms. Surgery is at a low ebb among them. In midwifery they are particularly unskilful. Women are the sole practitioners in such cases. Dr Livingstone conferred great benefits both in medicine and surgery on multitudes during his residence in Africa.

The genius and love of the native South Africans for commerce; as well as the fitness of their soil and its productions for commercial purposes.

To establish these points is of great consequence to Africa, and the world, but especially to our own country. The truth is, the interior Africans are shrewdly alive to the importance of trade. This is especially shewn in the case of the Makololo. The Bechuanas and Basutos love agriculture; while the Batonga are well-skilled in it. Other tribes give evidences of being good handicraftsmen. Moreover, they have not only the desire and ability to become traders in a lawful traffic, but also they are in the position of the best of customers, viz. almost unlimited wants as to arts and manufactures, &c. as well as boundless resources in raw material to give in exchange.

Various parts of this little book give ample evidence of the fitness of their soil and of its productions for commercial purposes. All the staple food for man and beast can be produced in lavish profusion; while valuable minerals, such as coal, iron and gold, are likewise procurable.

What they want is direct intercourse and trade with Europeans, in order to destroy the unlawful traffic of the Mambari and native Portuguese. This being one great object of the present expedition, our manufacturers and traders are as much interested in its successful issue, as men of science, philanthropists, and Christian Churches.

THE SICHUANA LANGUAGE.

"And the whole earth was of one language, and of one speech."—Gen. xi. 1.

"Go to, let us go down, and there confound their language, that they may not understand one another's speech."—Gen. v. 7.

THE question of Language is one of the most important in connexion with Dr Livingstone's African discoveries past or future. It will here be shewn that such is especially the case with the Sichuana, spoken by the Bechuana tribes.

Being the means of communication between man and man, Language is concerned with all the great topics embraced in the central African question.

For the following condensed account of this language I am indebted to the kindness of Professor Sedgwick, who allows me to make a few notes from a copy of an unpublished work of Dr Livingstone's sent to him as a parting memorial of friendship by our traveller two days before the expedition set sail. This book "*An Analysis of the Language of the Bechuanas* by David Livingstone" was written by him in 1852, at Kuruman. 25 copies only were printed in February last, for the use of the Members of the Zambesi expedition, with a view of imparting to them a general idea of the structure of South African languages. Hence this information to the general reader is entirely new. Our limits will not admit of more than a brief view of this subject.

We may here remark that the word Sichuana is an adjective applied to anything belonging to the nation. The national name Bechuana is simply the plural of Mochuana, a single individual.

In reference to the general question of affinities in language, it is very striking to observe the likeness in several respects between this and the ancient Egyptian. Chevalier Bunsen, in his "*Egypt's Place in Universal*

History;" and Dr Pritchard, in the volume before quoted, both discuss the influence of the ancient Egyptian language on African dialects in general. Dr Livingstone says of this influence with reference to Sichuana:

"In believing that there exists a resemblance between the African languages and the ancient Egyptian, we are guided by affinity in structure. There has been nothing done until now to *fix* the former, while the latter appears before us unchanged in its state of primitive development, though thousands of years old. The system, however, of affixes, prefixes, formation of the verb, &c., which may be said to form the scaffolding of the two languages, continues essentially the same. A remark of Dr Lepsius, quoted in vol i. p. 276 of the Chevalier Bunsen's work, "that the vowel forming the termination of certain polysyllabic Egyptian words, in Coptic always forms part of the sound of the first syllable," seems to contain the germ of the system of signs now so largely developed in Sichuana. Reduplication, in order to impart intensity, is also perpetually employed, thus: *ma*, mother; *mamaisa*, to nurse, to comfort; *tlola*, to remain; *tlolatlola*, remain some time; *tlogo*, the head; *tlogotlogo*, the heads of the people = the elders; or in the following ditty spoken to the fire in kindling it:—

fire	catch-catch	wood	brothers	mine	they	tremble-tremble
molelo	cuara-cuara	logoñ	bo	nake	bo	roroma-roroma

= fire, do catch the wood; my brothers are trembling much. Adjectives, too, are used as verbs; thus: *molemo*, good or goodness; *lemohala*, become good; *molatu*, guilt or guilty; *latuhala*, become guilty; *latuhatsa*, cause to become guilty = accuse; *iñtle*, beautiful; *iñtlahatsa*, make beautiful; *lele*, long; *lelehatsa*, make long. Then nouns are formed from these again, thus: *temohalo*, a becoming good; *tatuhalo*, a becoming guilty = *latuhaco*, accusation; *telehaco*, a making long; *tsépha*, cleanse or purify; *tsépho*, purity; *itsépha*,

cleanse oneself; *itséphisa*, make oneself pure; *boitsépho*, holiness. It is also worthy of observation that the insertion of the letter *s* into the verb converts being into action (Bunsen, p. 275). It forms the causative, the stimulus to the activity of the predicate. The letter *l*, too, engrafted on to the root, plays an important part in the expression of relationship[1]."

In another place he remarks; "The Sichuana absolute verb, like that of the ancient Egyptian is often expressed by the same words which express the absolute noun: a peculiarity which, according to Bunsen, may be explained in a philosophical point of view by the inseparable union, and therefore apparent identity, of the two ideas of personality and existence. I have often been struck by the similarity the structure of this language bears to Sichuana[2]."

Community of customs, physical conformation, and speech, shew a remarkable link between the inhabitants of the two extremes of the Continent.

At page 103, we quoted Dr Livingstone's opinion that the lighter and darker colors of the native populations run in five longitudinal bands across the Continent. He says that language can be traced in like manner.

"It is singular that the dialects spoken by the different tribes, have arranged themselves in a fashion which seems to indicate migration along the lines of colour. The dialects spoken in the extreme south, whether Hottentot or Caffre, bear a close affinity to those of the tribes living immediately on their northern borders: one glides into the other, and their affinities are so easily detected, that they are at once recognised to be cognate. If the dialects of extreme points are compared, as that of the Caffres and the tribes near the Equator, it is more difficult to recognise the fact, which is really the case, that all the dialects belong to but two

[1] *Analysis, &c.*, pp. 38, 39. [2] *Ibid.* p. 2.

families of languages. Examination of the roots of the words of the dialects, arranged in geographical order, shows that they merge into each other, and there is not nearly so much difference between the extremes of east and west as between those of north and south; the dialect spoken at Teté resembling closely that in Angola[1]."

THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE SICHUANA LANGUAGE.

"A bird's-eye view of the structure of the language is easily obtained by classifying the particles or signs of nouns, and by separating the roots or radicals from all their flexions and combinations with prefixes, suffixes, and other signs, whereby relation, determination, demonstration, reversion, causation, distribution, &c. &c., are expressed. Radical nouns and verbs are then seen to constitute the hard skeleton of the language, and these, in learning to speak it, are to be mastered by the exercise of the memory alone[2]."

Signs.

The elementary forms and flexions of the verbs and roots, and the numerous particles and signs, form a remarkable feature in this and all cognate dialects. These are the chief peculiarities in the structure of the language.

"Each of the signs has a determinate definite meaning, and admits of being classed with others into a few orders, and, when applied to the radicals, they impart thereto their distinctive meaning, and eliminate an almost infinite variety of shades of thought extremely interesting to the mind which can fairly grasp the wonderful peculiarity[3]."

These particles are simple, have few exceptions, and are correctly and invariably employed by all classes. The great feature in them is, that they make up for what would

[1] *Travels*, p. 339.

[2] *Analysis, &c.* p. 4.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 4.

be the confusion confounded of nouns, verbs, pronouns, and adverbs being used convertibly the one for the other.

The repetition of the signs of nouns gives precision to the sentence. These signs impart force and clearness to each member of a proposition, and prevent any mistake about the antecedent. By a single letter or syllable a recurrent allusion to a subject spoken of can be made, without such circumlocution as "The said defendant" "Said subject matter" used by our lawyers. The sign in Sichuana is employed in the same manner as the Greek article; *but always comes after the noun.* It certainly is strange to us to say "dog a" or "moon the" but so speak the Bechuanas; *enca e* for the one; and *ñueri e* for the other[1].

These signs are arranged by Dr Livingstone into three classes which embrace all the nouns in the language[2]; the following is a conspectus of these classes.

1st CLASS.

SINGULAR. Particle *e.*	PLURAL. Particle *li,* or *tse.*
All nouns beginning with the letters p, e, c, k, t, i, n, i, ñ, take *e* as their particle or sign in the singular number. (*Pecklining.*)	All nouns beginning with the letters p, e; c, k, t, i, n, i, ñ, form their plural by prefixing *li,* which *li* repeated after the noun is the pl. sign; *tse* is interchangeable with *li* for the sake of euphony.

2nd CLASS.

Particles *bo, le, lo, se, yo, ye.*	Particles *a, li, tse.*
All nouns beginning with the syllables *bo, le, lo, se,* take *bo, le, lo, se,* as their signs; *bo* and *le* having *yo* and *ye* supplemental. (*Bolelose.*)	All nouns beginning with the syllables *bo, le, lo, se,* form their plural thus: *bo, le* are changed into *ma,* and the pl. sign is *a. Lo, se* follow 1st class, forming the plural by becoming *li: li, tse* are the pl. signs.

[1] *Analysis,* p. 9.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 11.

3rd CLASS.

Particles *o, eo, o.*	Particles *e, ba.*
All nouns beginning with *a, mo, b, mo, a,* take *o* as the sign. Personal nouns on *b, mo,* take *eo,* and *o* supplemental.	All nouns in *a, mo* form the plural by changing *mo* into *me,* and have *e* as their plural sign; *b, mo,* or personal nouns in *mo,* form the plural by changing *mo* into *ba;* foreign words do the same.

These particles or signs have no less than sixteen uses; in fact they perform the functions of numerous parts of speech, indeclinable in this language, but declinable in most others.

These uses are:—

I. Sichuana nouns being indeclinable, these particles alone undergo the changes which express the *oblique cases.* Ex: *tiho ea mothu,* work of man; *mothu oa tiho,* man of work, &c[1].

II. The first thing which strikes an European on opening a Sichuana book is the reduplication of the particles. The sign repeated twice is used exactly as ὅ τι in Greek, *that which.*; ὅτι πλεῖστον = ὅ τι τὸ πλεῖστον, "that which the most." So in Sichuana *tiho e e klolu,* "work that which is great," &c[2].

III. When connected with the substantive verb, *go le,* or *go na,* to be, reduplication of the particle shews time past. Thus: *sêlêmo se le monate* summer is pleasant; *selemo se le se le monate,* summer was pleasant, &c[3].

IV. The signs become pronouns to their respective classes of nouns by affixing the syllable *na* or *ona.*

V. They become demonstrative pronouns when furnished with the affix *uo.*

VI. Totality or universality is expressed in reference to any of the nouns of which these particles are the signs

[1] *Analysis,* p. 11. [2] *Ibid,* p. 11. [3] *Ibid,* p. 13.

when the affix *otle* is applied to them, as *Nama eotle,* all flesh, &c[1].

VII. The opposite of totality is expressed by the affix *pe.* The meaning approaches to "any" or "none," thus:—*ga gona epe,* there is not any, &c.

VIII. Distance from the individual speaking is indicated by the affix *le* or *la* applied to the signs; as,—*litlare tsēle,* trees yonder, &c.

IX. Present locality of the speaker is expressed by the affix *nu,* applied to the signs *enu, tsenu, gonu, yenu, lonu, senu, anu, onu, banu.* These, however, seem mixed with those which take the affix *cu,* and express property of the person present.

X. General interrogation respecting nouns is expressed by beginning the sentence with *a,* and affixing *añ* (*ang*) to the Signs:—*eañ?* = what? &c. With verbs the ringing *ñ* is added: *o rihileñ?* he has done what? &c.[2]

XI. Distributive interrogation is expressed by affixing the particle *he* to the sign:—*e, ehe, bo bohe,* all signify *which* when a question is put respecting any noun, or class of nouns;—*nama ehe,* which flesh, &c.

XII. The signs become distributive pronouns by affixing the termination *ñue* (ingwe);—e, eñue, &c. and answer to the English *each*; if reduplicated, *every*, and *every other*:—*Khomu eñue,* each ox, or one ox:

Khomu eñue le eñue, ox each and each, or every ox.

XIII. Unity or integrity, or the idea of being alone, μόνος, solus, is expressed by the affix *osi*:—as *e, eosi,* &c. Ex. *Mari aosi,* blood alone, &c.

XIV. Intensity or ugliness with respect to any noun is expressed by the affix *be* to the Sign as *bobe,* &c. Ex. *boshula bobe,* wicked very; *mothu eo mabe,* man the ugly,

[1] *Analysis,* p. 14. [2] *Ibid.* p. 15.

&c. Beauty is also expressed by *iñtle*, affixed to any sign. Ex. *mothu o moiñtle*, a beautiful person, &c.[1]

XV. Entity, or existence, is expressed by the affix *oñ* (*ong*), as eoñ, lioñ, &c. Ex. *lilo cotle tse ri eoñ*, things all that which exist, or all things in existence. Non-existence is expressed by the *ga*, not, and *eo*. Ex. *gaeo*, no one. *Khomu gaeo*, there is no ox.

XVI. Time when is expressed by the affix *re*, and *rà*, as *ere*, *lire*, &c. Ex. *lore lo riha*, when ye make, &c.

This account of the Signs, gives, to a great extent, a view of the structure of the language; hence remaining remarks can be brief.

NOUNS. "Many of these have their origin in the conjugations; the changes necessary to give them the substantive form being effected in the initial and terminal portions of the word, while the radical remains entire[2]."

Personal nouns are formed by prefixing *mo*, and changing the termination into *i*, thus *riha*, work; *morihi*, worker. *Rera*, to preach; *moreri*, a preacher, &c.[3]

All verbs having vocal initials, as *a*, *i*, *o*, *u*, *e*, *é* become nouns by changing the initial letter into *k*, and the terminal letter into *o*.

Ex. *a*, *aka*, to lie = *kako*, falsehood.
i, *ila*, to hate = *kilo*, hatred, &c.

Other nouns are formed from initial changes too numerous to mention here[4]. Nouns and personal pronouns are formed from any part of the verb.

A neuter noun is formed by the prefix *se*, thus; *rera*, to preach; *thero*, a preaching; or *serero*, a sermon; &c.

Nouns derived from the causative conjunction form their terminations by *sho*. Ex. *ya*, eat; *yela*, eat for; *yesa*, cause to eat; *seyo*, food; *seyelo*, *seyeso*, something which one has been caused to eat, = poison[5].

[1] *Analysis*, p. 16. [2] *Ibid.* p. 31. [3] *Ibid.* p. 32.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 31. [5] *Ibid.* p. 32.

Gender. There is no gender expressed either in nouns, pronouns, adjectives, or verbs. "The same particles are applied to the masculine, feminine, and neuter; the same relative pronouns to both sexes. Hence the children of Missionaries, in speaking English, apply *He* and *Him* to both men and women[1]."

The genders are known by the addition of certain words:—*mothu* means a person or individual (homo), and may be applied to a country, as *mothu eo thamaga*, the individual (country).

Monona (vir) distinguishes sex, and implies ability.

All male animals are distinguished by the word *tona*, which when used towards things inanimate invariably means large; Ex. *cukuru e tona*, a he, or large rhinoceros. A man after circumcision is called *monona*.

The feminine is expressed by the addition of the word *ari*, or *gari*. A woman after puberty is called *mosari* = "one who brings forth."

The genders of animals are known by the terms *gari*, and *namagari*. Ex. *khomu ea pholu*, an ox; *khomu e nomagari*, a cow, &c.

Gender is expressed in inanimate things, as in French: Ex. *leincue ge lo tona*, a large or he rock; *leincue ge le namagari*, a smaller rock in the vicinity.

The idea in the native mind is evidently that of *large*, for males, and *small*, for females; these latter are invariably put in diminutives[2].

Verbs. In the verb neither person nor number is distinguishable, except by personal nouns or pronouns, and the particles[3].

The Sichuana has an absolute, or substantive verb, which, like that of the ancient Egyptian, is often expressed by the same words which express the absolute noun[4].

[1] *Analysis*, p. 17.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 18.
[3] *Ibid*, p. 19.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 21.

"The absolute verb, or copula, or, in other words, the verb which shows simple connection between action and agent, is *ki* = the personal pronoun *I*, used demonstratively; or *le*, otherwise the connective conjunction *and*; and *na*, otherwise the pronoun *mè*; *na*, present time; *la*, *na*, past: *'ntse*, perfect. The tenses of the others which are used for the verb "to be" show their tenses too, either by reduplication or in their endings. They are preceded by the same words as nominatives. A pronoun is thus capable of being both a nominative and a verb. Moreover, any one of the simple signs of nouns may be used as the verb "to be:" *Morimo ò molemo*, God he or the good, viz. God is good; *Morimo ki molemo*, God's good, meaning God is good; *ki khomu*, it is an ox; *kia ratoa ki Morimo*, I am loved by God; *'ki Morimo o, o, 'nthatañ*, 'tis God he, who, me loves = it is God who loves me.'[1]

The past tenses are expressed by reduplication. Ex. *ki le motlañka*, I am a servant; *ki le ki motlanka*, I was a servant. Time still farther back would be expressed by an additional *le*. Still more distant time is signified by greater reduplication. An aorist tense seems to exist.

Future time is expressed by prefixing *tla*, which means *come: ki tla tla*, I come come, or I shall come.

Procession in time is understood by the phrase *go tla go tsamaea*, to come to go = until.

The potential, optative, infinitive, and imperative moods all exist in the language.

The negative copula, or verb, contains the idea of aversion, and is used to shew non-connexion between subject and predicate.

The infinitive is the pure root in Sichuana verbs, for it is simply predicative, expressing the meaning of the word without reference to persons or time: *go riha*, to do, make, or work = *ago*, *ēgi*, *actum*, &c.[2]

[1] *Analysis, &c.* p. 21.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 25.

The passive voice is formed by inserting *o* before the terminal *a* or *e* of the active. Ex. riha, *rihoa* am made, &c.

The absolute form is given to any part of the verb by adding the word *hela* = only; *ki na hela*, I am only, &c.

The term conjugation is used in Sichuana in the same sense as in the Hebrew, viz: to express different forms of the same verb; and not, as in Greek and Latin, to distinguish different classes of verbs from each other by peculiarities of form and inflexion.

Dr Livingstone enumerates twelve simple primary conjugations, of which nine are in constant use: also twenty-four complex secondary, and four complex ternary conjugations[1].

With reference to the flexibility of these verbs, he says; "If any one should perpetrate the feat of writing out a Sichuana verb, with all the tenses, persons, moods, voices, and probable or possible combinations, it would cover a sheet equal to a pretty large table-cloth[2].

The independent Personal pronouns preceding noun or verb are;

Singular	Plural
ki = I	*re* = We
u = Thou	*lo* = You
o = He.	*ba* = They.

Personal pronouns are also expressed as suffixes or affixes added to nouns or verbs.

The primitive mode of expressing the personal pronoun by means of suffixes is largely employed in this language.

The possessive pronoun is never put *before* the noun.

The only approach to declension in Sichuana nouns and pronouns besides the suffix *ñ*, occurs in the suffixes *ka*, and *ke*. Ex. If a child is addressed, he is spoken to as *ñuanaka*; if spoken of, *nuanake*; both meaning my child[3].

[1] *Analysis*, pp. 28—31. [2] *Ibid.* p. 30. [3] *Ibid.* p. 21.

This language expresses the comparison of adjectives in a very quaint way.

"An attempt at comparison is made by adding the word great, great-great, or great, from *golu*, from *gola*, to grow: *selo se se golu*, a thing which is great; *selo se se golu hogolu*, a thing which is greater (great-great); or it is made by *mo*, *go*, out, from = than: *mothu eo, o mogolu go eole*, this man is great to the other yonder.

The superlative is indefinitely represented by reduplication, and the addition of such words as *thata*, strong; *mahura*, fat; *bobe*, very; *phola*, &c.; *mothu eo, o mogolu bogolu thata*, this man is great-great strongly.

The word *kholu*, which is nearly the same as *golu*, great, imparts the idea of old age: *mothu eo kholugolu*, an ancient man; *babogolugolu*, the ancients[1]."

The question of Numerals being so interesting to all readers, as well as methods of counting, I feel constrained to quote the following passage from *pp.* 36, 37, of the Analysis;

"NUMERALS.—Each numeral takes the sign of the noun counted, thus: *mothu monue hela*, one man; *khomu eñue hela* (*hela* meaning only). Then all the other plurals, *ba*, *li*, *me*, *ma*, &c. Hence, when specimens of the numerals have been furnished, philologists have been misled by the signs and radicals being mixed together. When men are counted the signs *mo* and *ba* are used. When the fingers are counted the signs *mo* and *me* are used—from *monuana*, finger; *menuana*, fingers. The people always begin with the little finger of the left hand: the under finger of the right hand is named *shupa*, the verb to show or point out, and indicates number 7. In counting 8 the little and ring fingers of the right hand are folded down; hence 8 is called *hera menuana meberi*, or fold down two fingers; and 9 fold down one finger: 11 is 10 and one

[1] *Analysis*, p. 18.

over. We given a specimen of the fingers counted but not expressed.

1. *mo*ñue hela.
2. *me*beri.
3. *me*raru.
4. *me*nne.
5. *me*tlanu.
6. *me*rataru.
7. *me*shupa.
8. hera*me*beri.
9. hera *mo*nue hela.
10. *me* shume.
11. shume le a coa ka eñue hela. hela.
11. shume le a coa ka meberi.
12. shume le a coa ka meraru, &c.
10. leshume leñue hela, one ten.
20. mashume maberi, two tens.
30. mashume mararu, &c.
100. shume ye le golu, the great ten, viz. 100.
200. mashume magolu maberi, two great tens, 200.

Oxen khomu.

1. eñue hela.
2. *li*peri.
3. *li*taru.
4. *li*nne.
5. *li*tlanu.
6. *li*tataru.
7. *li*shupa.
8. *li*hera *me*beri.
9. *li*hera *mo*ñue hela.
10. *li*shume.
11. shume le a coa ka eñue hela.
12. shume le a coa ka *li*peri.

goñue hela, once.
gaberi, twice.
gararu, thrice, &c.
loa bonne, fourth time.
loa botlanu, fifth time.
loa borataru, sixth time.

"Large numbers are indicated by the repetition of *intsi*, *bontsi*, many; *bontsintsi*, crowds, swarms. *Lintsi* means flies; the idea may have arisen from swarms of these. They have no very definite idea of thousands, but one thousand is easily counted as ten great tens: many figures are used to denote multitudes, *Kana ka boyañ*, like the grass; *kana ka linaleri*, like the stars; *kana ka tsie*, like to the locusts. They have also a plural in *ma*, which denotes many; thus: *nari*, a buffalo; *linari*, buffaloes; *manari*, many buffaloes. The native way of counting is so prolix that missionaries have resolved to introduce the English numerals, and they are readily adopted. The prolixity of Sechuana may be understood when it is known that the number 88 requires the whole of the following words:

mashume a hera menuana meberi le a coa ka go hera menuana meberi. The people who live on the Zambesi make counting still more complicated by counting in fives, viz. five of left hand, five of right hand, five of left foot, five of right foot; so that it soon becomes so long in the description there is no following it."

Those who speak this language have a curious custom of putting *Ma* and *Ra* before the name of the eldest son, and of calling his parents by these newly compounded names respectively. Thus they call Mrs Livingstone *Ma-Robert*, i. e. the mother of Robert. They would call the father of Sekeletu, if he were alive, "*Ra-Sekeletu.*"

A little attention to the following rules will enable the reader to pronounce accurately any of the difficult words occurring in the book of Travels.

The best way is to compare the language with our own; calling in the aid of any others with which we may be acquainted whereby to supply rules on points wherein the English may fail.

All the vowels are sounded in Sichuana, for example the final e, which is a point of difference from our own. Probably the best rule to follow for pronunciation is that of the Italian, even including *c*, giving to ñ the ringing sound of the Spanish n; or putting an *i* before it, as *ing*.

In the following table, compiled from that of Dr Livingstone[1], combined with some remarks of Mr Moffat's[2], for the sake of brevity, those letters or diphthongs are only noticed which *differ* in sound from our own: those which are not here particularized can be read as the English.

C, sounded as *ch*, in Church. Ex. *caka* (chaka) a battle axe. Cisa (cheesa) to cause to dry up or burn.

[1] *Analysis*, pp. 6—8.

[2] *Missionary Scenes and Labours*, &c. p. 226, note.

é, with acute accent, as in clerical, friend, lemon. Ex. Seka to judge; reka, to buy.

f, softer than the English *f*; like *v* in vat.

g, guttural, as *ch* in loch (Scotticé) dag (Dutch) = Greek X. Ex. gana, to refuse; gapa, to "lift" cattle; goga, to draw. There is no hard *g* in Sichuana.

h, is always a Spiritus Asper, never forms *f* with *p* as in English; when joined to another consonant, the latter is enunciated with a hard breathing only. Ex. *phare*, a cucumber = πάρε; *thogo*, a curse.

i, as in diminish, or as English *e* in peep, or German sieben. Ex. *pitse*, a zebra; *kika*, a mortar; *pino*, a dance; *pico*, an assembly.

k, as in English, κ in Greek. Ex. *kapa*, to catch with the hands (Scotticè kep). *Kh* is the *k* strongly aspirated, as in *khakala*, far; *kopa*, to beg; *khopa*, to stumble.

ñ, with circumflex over it, = Spanish *ñ*, sounds as ing in king, ring; only in Sichuana it sometimes forms the initial sound of words: *mañ eo?* (*mang eo*), what is this? (comp. *man hoo* in Hebrew); *ñoñola*, to deride; *ñapa*, to pinch; *ñoñorega*, to grumble.

t, soft, and *th* aspirated; soft as in tool, tin; when written with *h*, as *th*, the breath is forcibly expelled from the mouth, while the teeth are held in the position for saying *t*. It is never sounded as θ in Sichuana. Attention to the aspirates is of vital importance in the correct enunciation of Sichuana. Ex. *ruta*, to teach; *rutha*, to beat or thrash.

ae, as English *i*, in high, lie. Ex. *tsamaea* (*tsama*, a staff; *ea* go), go or travel; *bolaea*, to kill; *apaea* (*apia*), to cook.

oe, and *ue*, as *wa* in wait. Ex. *œla* (*ueyla*), to fall towards; *uetsa*, to finish; *œ* and *ue*, as terminals, as *que* in English, Ex. *leshue*, filthy; *senkhue*, bread (*singque*).

ts, as Hebrew tsaddai, צ. Ex. *tsela*, live, pour, or ford a

river, also a path; *tsaro*, a date-tree; *tsaea*, take; *tsasa*, smear.

tl, the *t* in this combination is aspirated, and the *l* pronounced at the same time. Insert *t* instead of *k* in klick, and the *tl* sound is easily pronounced. Ex. *tla*, come and shall; *ki tla tla*, I shall come.

To apply these rules to some of the proper names occurring in the book of Travels.

'Ngami = ingahmee.
'Chiboque = Cheebokwa.
Shinte = Sheenta.
Sekeletu = Sekelatu.
Sebituane = Sebetuahna.

Sichuana, Bechuana, and Sechele, would, according to the above rules, be Setchuahna, Betchuahnah, and Setchala; but in pronouncing them himself our traveller rather gave *ch* a k sound. These may be exceptions.

All words in this language end in a vowel, except a few in *ñ*. The emphasis is always put on the *penultimate*, except in words ending in ñ; in these the *ultimate* receives the emphasis. In sentences the last word generally has the emphasis[1].

IMPORTANCE OF THE SICHUANA LANGUAGE.

It would be difficult to overrate this. Sebituane's conquests have made it both the common vernacular and court language among the tribes of a large part of central South Africa.

In addition to this it is understood more or less by the members of the whole of the great Bechuana family of tribes. Dr Livingstone shews this at page 1 of the Analysis as follows;

"There exists the closest relationship between this

[1] *Analysis*, p. 9.

primitive and almost perfect South African language and the dialects spoken by the Caffres, Zulu, Matebele, Malokuane, and Basuto. Indeed, the structure of all these is essentially the same. The Bakhoba or Bayeiye of Lake Ngami; the Bashubea, Barotse, and Batoka of the Leeambye or Zambesi; the Bashukulompo, who live far to the north-east of that river; and the Balojazi, who inhabit countries far to the north-west of S. lat. 14°; with the Bamoenye, Ambònda, Banyenko, Balonda, &c. &c., all speak dialects which contain nearly as many Sechuana roots as the English does of Latin. The list of words furnished by Captain Tuckey in his 'Voyage up the Zaire or Congo River,' and the communications of the missionaries in the country adjacent to Mombas, with vocabularies furnished by the Baptist and Church missionaries at Fernando Po and the West Coast, render it almost certain that the groundwork of all south equatorial African tongues, except the Bush or Hottentot, is of the same family as that under consideration."

In a commercial, scientific, and philological point of view, this statement is of vast importance, but transcendentally so when considered with reference to morals, philanthropy, and religion. It affords a key to active intercourse with the inhabitants of the Southern half of the Continent.

We must connect the facts of this language being cognate with so many South African dialects, and of its present wide diffusion, with another great fact providentially furnishing a link in the complete chain wanted for successful permanent missionary work.

Independently of Sebituane's conquests, and of Dr Livingstone's explorations, Mr Moffat has translated the whole Scriptures into this language. This translation has secured a large number of words which would otherwise have been lost.

Both he and Dr Livingstone speak admiringly of the extraordinary copiousness of this language. The latter says on this point, "Some idea may be formed of the comparative capacities of expression of Greek, Sechuana, and English, from the fact that the Septuagint version of the Pentateuch contains about 140,000 words, the Sechuana 156,000, and the English about 182,000 words. One word in Sechuana often expresses seven or eight in English[1]."

Although possessing great ductility, and a prodigious number of flexions and combinations, this language has a great redundancy of words for expressing ideas on many topics—at least twenty for designating different ways of walking—many for various stages of eating, as also for a fool. In reference to the affections, as centered in the heart, there is literally a cloud of expressions—from these the following are selected:

pelu e cueu, a white heart = satisfied, well-pleased,
pelu e encu, a black heart = dark, designing.
pelu e segoe, a noosed heart = ensnaring, swindling.
pelu peri, two hearts = double-hearted, two-faced.
pelu tsari, a she heart = tender-hearted, kind.
go.na le pelu, to be with heart, to have a heart = to be generous[2], &c.

With all this flexibility and copiousness, this language was found by missionaries to have a deficiency which painfully smites the soul of the true child of God. Let our traveller himself make the startling statement: "The ideas of holiness, salvation &c., were not in the language till introduced by missionaries. In droughts everything looks shrivelled and wretched; but after a fine fall of rain the earth is refreshed, the cattle are clean, the sun glances gloriously on the young green leaves, and everything looks gladsome. This change is indicated by the term *tsepho*, and

[1] *Analysis*, p. 6, note. [2] *Ibid.* p. 5.

has been adopted as a ready means of explaining the healing change from sin to holiness[1]."

Are not missionaries wanted among such a people?

The African *not naturally* inferior in intellectual and spiritual endowments to any other portion of the human family.

Many who assert the former, do not declare the latter. Perhaps the slave-holder and dealer alone say that he is a mere animal without a soul. It is almost unnecessary to contend for the possession of the immortal spark, and for a partaking of the covenant of grace by our brother; but for the other position it is necessary to strive.

In answer to objectors, we would say, Were not the ancient Egyptians true negroes? They were the masters of the civilization of the world. When Greece was just emerging from the shades of barbarism, and before the *name* of Rome was known, this *negro-land* of Mizraim was proficient in science and art, and Thebes the wonder-city of the world. Solon, Plato, and a host of *our* Greek and Roman intellectual masters, confess their obligations to that stupendous "learning of the Egyptians" in which Moses was so apt and able a scholar; notwithstanding, too often does the *white man* of the present day undervalue the humble descendant of that giant who helped to make him what *he* is!

Were there *no native* African Bishops of the early Church, who shewed such intellect, piety, zeal, and activity for the cause of good, as even to influence the creeds and formularies of the West? Who was Cyprian, and who was Augustine? Some of these Bishops shewed mighty intellect for *evil*, as well as good. Who was Tertullian?

Some of the opponents and allies of redoubtable Rome Pagan were no mean warriors: Who was Masinissa, who Jugurtha, and who was Syphax?

Toussainte L'Ouverture, a pure African, was a troublesome opponent of the elder Napoleon in St Domingo.

[1] *Analysis*, p. 39, note.

The native orators of the present day shew good speaking talent: as well as no small amount of common sense, and intellectual ability.

What the African wants is education—elevation—fair treatment, and, emphatically, Christianity: with these, he will soon outshine many who now look down proudly on him.

SECTION IV.—*Dr Livingstone's labours, explorations, and discoveries considered as to their* extent *and* results *in their* MORAL *and* RELIGIOUS ASPECT.

"For the day of the Lord is near upon all the heathen."—Obad. 15.

"And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—Rev. xxii. 2.

IN this concluding portion of our little volume it will be well to review the Missionary bearing of the solution of the great central South African problem. Man is the most important object of our solicitude, whenever we want one whereon to exercise our talents and benevolence. He possesses an immortal soul to be saved or lost. In this point of view our traveller's labours and discoveries assume proportions at once solemn, gigantic, and unspeakably important. Science, philosophy, literature and art all pale their splendours and lose their worth when weighed in the balances with the human soul. Other branches of our race are now introduced to us. We are, and ought to be, anxious about their moral and spiritual state; these being topics of eternal interest.

In this Section the best course to adopt appears to be, that of trying to produce a *conviction of the need of Christian training and instruction among these Africans*; and then to shew *what has been already done—what is being effected—and what remains to be accomplished in these regions, with reference to such training and instruction.*

The present MORAL CONDITION *of the Natives of South Africa.*

"For the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."—Ps. lxxiv. 20.

"They became vain in their imaginations, and their foolish heart was darkened."—Rom. i. 21.

Real heathenism is the same in principle and practice in every age and country of the world. We have had an appalling spectacle and realization of these in the late Sepoy atrocities in India; and in some revolting episodes of the Chinese war.

The picture of heathen faith and practice given by St Paul, in Rom. i.; and iii. 10—18, applies with equally forcible truth to the heathen in the present day, as it did to the Greeks and Romans of his own. With reference to South Africa, there might be this difference, that its native inhabitants are uncivilized, while those to whom the Apostle refers were highly cultivated as to intellect and the arts of life. But whatever differences exist as to outward condition, yet spiritually speaking, all heathen are dark, and utterly alienated from God.

Missionaries and others returning from India tell us of the painfully exciting and yet deadening influence of heathenism on the soul. Dr Livingstone, after his nine weeks tour with Sekeletu, although he was treated by all with great kindness and consideration, thus speaks of such intercourse: "Yet to endure the dancing, roaring and singing, the jesting, anecdotes, grumbling, quarrelling and murdering of these children of nature, seemed more like a severe penance than anything I had before met with in the course of my missionary duties. I took thence a more intense disgust at heathenism than I had before, and formed a greatly elevated opinion of the latent effects of missions

in the south, among tribes which are reported to have been as savage as the Makololo[1]."

In another place he says: "But amidst all the beauty and loveliness with which we are surrounded, there is still a feeling of want in the soul in viewing one's poor companions, and hearing bitter impure words jarring on the ear in the perfection of the scenes of nature, and a longing that both their hearts and ours might be brought into harmony with the Great Father of Spirits[2]."

Such portraits are painful to contemplate.

The life of God in the soul, purity of thought and manners, together with the bringing forth of the fruits of the Spirit, are never exhibited in any except Christian countries, whatever the dark side of these countries may be.

Their blunted moral perceptions, and degraded manners and customs.

The question of the moral sense is not to be discussed here; nevertheless much can be gathered both for and against it from Dr Livingstone's narrative.

We find even public morality in some cases at a very low ebb; Dr Livingstone tells us that there is not even a *public opinion* of purity and decency. He states that among the Makololo all the women, married and single, are *expected to be, and are*, at the call of the chief; likewise that a female chieftain regards each man of her clan as her quasi-husband; and that such is the case with most other tribes, as well as the practice of polygamy. Some of the Balonda and Barotse tribes are an honourable exception in the treatment of their women.

The Makololo use most awful language; swearing, cursing and obscene expressions being their delight. They are not only foul-mouthed, but but also very dirty in their habits and persons.

As far as dress is concerned, most of the people have but little; while murder and the grossest of crimes, often go

[1] *Travels*, p. 226. [2] *Ibid.* p. 259.

unpunished! With vast numbers the ideas of common honesty, public law, private duty, and proper obligation between man and man, are, to a great extent, in abeyance. Sekomi, a Bechuana chief, tried to palliate an act of extortion by shewing that it was not swindling[1]. On one occasion our traveller concluded that an old Bushman had no conception of morality whatever. He says of him "When his heart was warmed by our presents of meat, he sat by the fire relating his early adventures: among these was his killing five other Bushmen. 'Two,' said he, counting on his fingers, 'were females, one a male, and the other two calves.' —'What a villain you are to boast of killing women and children of your own nation! what will God say when you appear before him?'—'He will say,' replied he, 'that I was a very clever fellow.' This man now appeared to me as without any conscience, and, of course, responsibility, but, on trying to enlighten him by further conversation, I discovered that, though he was employing the word which is used among the Bakwains when speaking of the Deity, he had only the idea of a chief, and was all the while referring to Sekomi, while his victims were a party of rebel Bushmen against whom he had been sent[2]."

Dr Burchell informs us that the Batlapis view murder with perfect indifference. Mr Moffat adds that during his stay among these people a man killed his wife in a rage. Remarking of this crime, "When I endeavoured to represent to the chiefs, with whom I was familiar, as old acquaintance, the magnitude of such crimes, they laughed, I might say inordinately, at the horror I felt for the murder of a woman by her own husband[3]."

The Bushmen and Bakalahari are unspeakably degraded; making the beasts of the field their companions, they are become almost assimilated to them in their every-day life.

[1] *Travels*, p. 146. [2] *Ibid.* p. 159.
[3] *Missionary Labours*, &c. p. 465.

Tattooing is universally practised among these tribes: drunkenness prevails to a great extent in Angola, and is not unknown in the interior.

Mr Moffat, in the account of his visit to Moselekatse, chief of the Matebele, thus graphically describes one of that monarch's feasts: "The bloody bowl was the portion of those who could count the tens they had slain in the day of battle. One evening two men bore towards me an enormous basket. It was the royal dish sent from the presence of his majesty. The contents, smoking blood, apparently as liquid as if it had just come from the arteries of the ox, and mixed with sausages of suet. I acknowledged the honour he wished to confer, but begged to be excused so lordly a dish, as I never ate blood when I could get anything else. This refusal gave perfect satisfaction, when the whole breast of an ox, well stewed, was immediately sent in its place. As nothing can be returned, the bearers of the smoking present, and others who were standing round it, had scarcely heard that they might do what they pleased with it, when they rushed upon it, scooping it up with their hands, making a noise equal to a dozen hungry hogs around a well-filled trough[1]."

The Mambari and some other tribes, eat the most disgusting food, such as mice, moles, &c.

Respecting the Makololo, Dr Livingstone gives the following account of their moral state: "They do not attempt to hide the evil, as men often do, from their spiritual instructors; but I have found it difficult to come to a conclusion on their character. They sometimes perform actions remarkably good, and sometimes as strangely the opposite. I have been unable to ascertain the motive for the good, or account for the callousness of conscience with which they perpetrate the bad. After long observation, I came to the conclusion that they are just such a strange mixture of good

[1] *Missionary Labours*, &c. p. 553.

and evil, as men are everywhere else[1]." He goes on to speak of the rich being kind to the poor in expectation of services; and of the sick poor being left to starve, and then to lie unburied.

Their cruelty and want of natural affection.

In Mr Moffat's book there are more terrible pictures of native cruelty than in that of Dr Livingstone.

In a battle between the Mantatees and the Bechuanas, witnessed by Mr Moffat, he tells us of the wounded warriors, and the women and children, of the former tribe, being killed by the men of the latter, in cold blood. On the one hand he saw the living babe in the arms of its dead mother, or the dead infant in those of its living mother: and, on the other hand, he beheld the mutilation of captives, together with mothers and children rolled in blood[2]!

The following is a picture of Batlapi cruelty, practised against their Mantatee invaders: "The wounded enemy they baited with their stones, clubs, and spears, accompanied with yellings and countenances indicative of fiendish joy. The hapless women found no quarter, especially if they possessed anything like ornaments to tempt the cupidity of their plunderers. A few copper rings round the neck, from which it was difficult to take them, was the signal for the already uplifted battle-axe to sever the head from the trunk, or the arm from the body, when the plunderer would grasp with a smile his bleeding trophies. Others, in order to be able to return home with the triumph of victors, would pursue the screaming boy or girl, and not satisfied with severing a limb from the human frame, would exhibit their contempt for the victims of their cruel revenge, by seizing the head, and hurling it from them, or kicking it to a distance[3]."

[1] *Travels*, p. 510.

[2] *Missionary Labours*, &c. p. 361, &c.

[3] *Ibid.* p. 369.

The march of these Mantatees for hundreds of miles might have been traced by human bones.

He met with the custom in Namaqua-land, of the parricide of parents by their children, when too old to do anything; leaving them to starve in the desert. He once fell in with a mother so abandoned[1].

Of the cruelty practised by the Matabele against the Bakone tribes, the following eloquent account was given by one of the latter, to Mr Moffat, in answer to an inquiry about some ruins, which he saw scattered over a plain in the neighbourhood of the Moselekatse's capital. The commencement of this native's speech states that he himself beheld the disaster—that this was the home of the chief of the blue-coloured cattle, whose people were numerous and brave—going on to say: "The noise of their song was hushed in night, and their hearts were filled with dismay. They saw the clouds ascend from the plains. It was the smoke of burning towns. The confusion of a whirlwind was in the heart of the great chief of the blue-coloured cattle. The shout was raised, 'They are friends;' but they shouted again, 'They are foes,' till their near approach proclaimed them naked Matabele. The men seized their arms, and rushed out, as if to chase the antelope. The onset was as the voice of lightning, and their spears as the shaking of a forest in the autumn storm. The Matabele lions raised the shout of death, and flew upon their victims. It was the shout of victory. Their hissing and hollow groans told their progress among the dead. A few moments laid hundreds on the ground. The clash of shields was the signal of triumph. Our people fled with their cattle to the top of yonder mount. The Matabele entered the town with the roar of the lion; they pillaged and fired the houses, speared the mothers, and cast their infants to the flames. The sun went down. The victors emerged from the smoking plain,

[1] *Missionary Labours*, &c. p. 133.

and pursued their course, surrounding the base of yonder hill. They slaughtered cattle; they danced and sang till the dawn of day; they ascended, and killed till their hands were weary of the spear[1]."

In the following passage the missionary gives a terrible picture of Matabele warfare: "The Matabele were not satisfied with simply capturing cattle; nothing less than the entire subjugation or destruction of the vanquished could quench their insatiable thirst for power. Thus when they conquered a town, the terrified inhabitants were driven in a mass to the outskirts, when the parents and all the married women were slaughtered on the spot. Such as dared to be brave in the defence of their town, their wives and their children, are reserved for a still more terrible death; dry grass, saturated with fat, is tied round their naked bodies, and then set on fire. The youths and girls are loaded as beasts of burden with the spoils of the town, to be marched to the homes of their victors. If the town be in an isolated position, the helpless infants are either left to perish with hunger or to be devoured by beasts of prey. On such an event, the lions scent the slain and leave their lair. The hyenas and jackals emerge from their lurkingplaces in broad day, and revel in the carnage, while a cloud of vultures may be seen descending on the living and the dead, and holding a carnival on human flesh. Should a suspicion arise in the savage bosom that those helpless innocents may fall into the hands of friends, they will prevent this by collecting them into a fold, and after raising over them a pile of brushwood, apply the flaming torch to it, when the town, but lately the scene of mirth, becomes a heap of ashes[2]."

Among the Bushmen, if a mother dies, leaving an infant, this is often buried alive with her. Infanticide is common among these people.

[1] *Missionary Labours*, &c. p. 528. [2] *Ibid.* p. 555.

Dr Livingstone tells us of a Bechuana woman at Mabotsa, who murdered her Albino son, because her husband refused to live with her; she went unpunished by the authorities[1].

He further informs us of a slave-girl being allowed to starve by her master, because his crop had failed: also of a boy being likewise left to the same fate[2].

These statements are not made either from a morbid love of feasting on the terrible, or of painting the dark side of human nature; but to prove how necessary it is for the Gospel to be made known among such benighted people, in order that it may transform them in the spirit of their minds, and cause them truly to abandon such Satanic practices.

We know that heathenism has its bright side; and that heathen men and women oftentimes exhibit the noblest traits of character, as well as practise the kindliest of the virtues. But be it remembered that this is the exception, and not the rule. Conscience may sometimes work, and the soul may occasionally aspire after higher and better things. Kindness, affection, and even justice may sometimes govern for a time, but these do not affect the main current, which is corrupt and poisonous. Whatever may be the sins of omission and of commission of Christian lands, these, in the main, are not to be compared in frequency and enormity with those of heathen countries, in which the *best side of the question* is almost entirely wanting.

The present Religious State of the Natives of South Africa.

"And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest."—Ezekiel xxxvii. 3.

"And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent."—Acts xvii. 30.

The best way in which to understand a person's need, is to know his state. We have just reviewed the cruelty of

[1] *Travels*, p. 576. [2] *Ibid.* p. 511.

the inhabitants of these dark places of the earth; and now we contemplate their spiritual gloom.

There are some very striking facts connected with the religious condition of the tribes of the South African continent. This is likewise to be regarded in a twofold aspect. Those in the south are not idolaters; whilst those farther north are so. Then, again, the tribes in the south have their rain-doctors, to make the rain; and those in the north have theirs to prevent its falling. The people of the south have no external worship, and hence are sometimes wrongly regarded as infidels, while those of the north are more prone to worship, and have outward rites. These latter have also somewhat the brighter religious perceptions.

The ideas of God entertained by the South African tribes, together with their worship of Morimo and Barimo.

On this subject authorities are somewhat at issue. In the estimation of some persons, many Africans have no idea whatever of a Supreme Being; according to the statements of others, all have some such an idea.

Doubtless savages in general are thorough sensualists; still the spirit within bears witness by its own promptings, longings and activity, of a *something* and a *some one* beyond what sense can see or feel.

From long intercourse and observation, perhaps, Mr Moffat and Dr Livingstone are the best authorities on the subject. Their experiences and conclusions are evidently different.

Mr Moffat says of the Bechuanas, Hottentots and Bushmen, that he believes Satan to have erased every vestige of religious impression from their minds. Concerning the Bechuanas, he remarks: "To tell them, the gravest of them, that there was a Creator, the Governor of the heavens and earth,—of the fall of man, or the redemption of the world, the resurrection of the dead, and immortality beyond the grave, was to tell them what appeared to be

more fabulous, extravagant and ludicrous than their own vain stories about lions, hyenas and jackals[1]."

He found no legends, or altars, or unknown Gods, to appeal to in their case. They "*look on the sun with the eyes of an ox.*" Yet these people are acute reasoners, and minute observers of men and manners.

Dr Vanderkemp long before asserted his view of the *Atheism* of some South Africans, saying of the Kafirs that he never could perceive that they had any religion or *idea of the existence of a God.*

Mr Moffat says both of the Hottentots and Namaquas, that they have no word in their language expressing the conception of Deity[2]. Neither could he find any innate ideas of a Divine Being in the minds of the savages. They say that their old men knew of God, but that they themselves have not been taught concerning Him. One chief, lamenting that so wise a man as the missionary should vend such fables for truth, said to his people around him,—pointing to Mr Moffat,—"'There is Ra-Mary (father of Mary), who tells me, that the heavens were made, the earth also, by a beginner, whom he calls Morimo. Have you ever heard anything to be compared with this? He says that the sun rises and sets by the power of Morimo; as also that Morimo causes winter to follow summer, the winds to blow, the rain to fall, the grass to grow, and the trees to bud;' and casting his arm above and around him, added, 'God works in everything you see or hear! Did you ever hear such words?' Seeing them ready to burst into laughter, he said, 'Wait, I shall tell you more: Ra-Mary tells me that we have spirits in us which will never die; and that our bodies, though dead and buried, will rise and live again. Open your ears to-day; did you ever hear litlamane (fables) like these?' This was followed by a

[1] *Missionary Labours*, p. 245.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 257.

burst of deafening laughter, and on its partially subsiding, the chief man begged me to say no more on such trifles, lest the people should think me mad[1]!"

Native converts have positively declared to Mr Moffat, after conversion, that they had no notion of a God until he taught them.

Dr Livingstone generally found a more or less clear acknowledgment of the being, power, and eternity of God, among the natives, and especially among the more intellectual of the newly discovered tribes.

He says of the Bakwains, that their most intelligent men scouted the idea of any of them ever having been without tolerably correct ideas about good, evil, a future state and God. Of these people he adds: "There is no necessity for beginning to tell even the most degraded of these people of the existence of a God, or of a future state, the facts being universally admitted. Everything that cannot be accounted for by common causes is ascribed to the Deity, as creation, sudden death, &c. 'How curiously God made these things!' is a common expression; as is also, 'He was not killed by disease, he was killed by God.' And, when speaking of the departed—though there is nought in the physical appearance of the dead to justify the expression—they say, 'He has gone to the gods,' the phrase being identical with '*abiit ad plures*[2].'"

Despite the individual cases of pure atheism found among the heathen by travellers and missionaries, yet these cases do not disprove the existence of a moral sense or natural conscience in the whole body of the heathen. However dark may be the spiritual perceptions of any tribe of men, still there exists a "feeling after God" in the soul endued with immortal promptings. St Paul decidedly teaches this view in Rom. i. 20; and especially so in ch. ii. 14, 15; a passage well-known among scholars as the basis

[1] *Missionary Labours*, pp. 267, 268. [2] *Travels*, p. 158.

of one of Bishop Butler's masterly sermons on *Human Nature.*

Our traveller accounts for Caffres and Bushmen appearing so Godless, from their want of reverence even for what they know to be holy and true, and from their being destitute of any form of public worship, or of idols, or of formal prayer and sacrifices[1].

In the dialogue between the medical doctor and the rain-doctor, the latter acknowledges the *being* of God, but accuses him with favouring unfairly the white man in comparison with the black, saying that he has "*no heart*" towards the negro[2].

Senhor Candido, the Portuguese judge among the natives on the east coast, told our traveller that the natives of this region have clear ideas of a Supreme Being, the maker and governor of all things, whom they call "Morimo," "Molunga," "Reza," "Mpambe," in the different dialects spoken. In undergoing the ordeal they lift up their hands towards heaven, calling on God to witness their innocence. The Barotse name Him "Nyampi," and the Balonda "Zambi[3]."

The tribes in the neighbourhood of the Victoria falls call the rainbow formed by their vapour, "motsé oa barimo," "the pestle of the gods." On this our traveller beautifully remarks—although they could not understand and imitate his true character:—"Here they could approach the emblem, and see it stand steadily above the blustering uproar below—a type of Him who sits supreme—alone unchangeable, though ruling over all changing things[4]."

It appears that most of the South Africans have vague ideas about the Morimo and Barimo as objects of worship; some of the tribes regarding them as invisible, mighty, and immortal beings.

Although the missionaries have adopted the word

[1] *Travels*, p. 158.
[2] *Ibid.* p. 641.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 24.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 524.

Morimo, for the name of the true God, yet, according to Mr Moffat, the natives themselves never previously used it in such a sense. They considered it to represent a malevolent *Selo*, or thing, existing in a hole; describing it as something cunning or malicious, but few attributing to it any power, and none granting it eternity of existence. Some people in the south say that Morimo came out of a cave in the Bakone country, leaving its footprints on the rock; others assert it to be a noxious reptile.

Barimo is an answer to the question "Where do men go when they die?" but heaven is not its meaning. It does not convey to the Bechuana mind the idea of a person or persons, but of a state or disease, that of being bewitched. These people call a person who may be delirious or in a fit "Barimo," = *liriti*, shades or manes of the dead. Going to Barimo signifies among them, passing onward, not to immortality, but to death[1].

The tribes in the north have more definite ideas about these objects of worship, regarding them as departed spirits. In this sense the diviners of Angola pretend to hold communication with them; a sect is reported to exist in this country who are said to kill men in order to present their hearts as offerings to the departed spirits.

At funerals the Balonda beat drums in order to lay the Barimo asleep; on like occasions, a man fantastically dressed runs, like a scape-goat, into the woods, as a representative of these imaginary deities. On our traveller inquiring of one of his men, on one occasion, if the halo round the sun did not betoken rain, the man replied "O no, it is the Barimo (gods, or departed spirits), who have called a picho; don't you see they have the Lord (sun) in the centre[2]?"

The conclusion to be arrived at is, that most of the South African tribes have more or less clear idea of a

[1] Moffat's *Missionary Labours*, p. 261.

[2] *Travels*, p. 220.

Supreme Being; but that they almost generally worship directly or indirectly the spirits of departed human beings, and this more from fear than love.

Their belief in the immortality of the soul.

This interesting topic needs the less discussion, since it has been indirectly treated under the last head. Like the ancient Egyptians, the modern Hindoo and the Jews of old, these tribes hold a sort of doctrine of transmigration of souls. It is a great step in advance towards a purer faith that they are not materialists; their very fears and superstitions are in the right direction.

There is something peculiarly striking in the fact of these African tribes being generally in precisely the same state of mind as that in which the heathen of our Lord's and the Apostles' day, were, in reference to this momentous doctrine. When Jesus Christ brought life and immortality to light through his Gospel, the great majority of the Jews believed with him that their souls would live after death, although with an imperfect metempsychosian notion. When Paul preached at Athens, or at Corinth or Rome, the philosophic Greek and practical Roman familiarly understood, and implicitly believed in, the deathless destiny of the soul after death. Or when St John, and other Evangelists and Apostles, declared the same truths before the minds of the subtile and imaginative Asiatics, like results followed; the story was not new. In all ages and among all nations such a belief has been more or less clearly held. The universal assent to it among these newly-found tribes is only an additional testimony to the impressive fact that the soul feels and knows her own true instincts;—that she craves after that which is congenial with her own immortal nature; *like answering to like;*—that she is conscious of her unfledged untested and untold but enormous powers;—that she longs to escape the evil and to realize the good;—and that she sees with unmistakeably true intuition now and then

flashed upon her awakened consciousness in moments when desires after God, holiness, purity and perfect happiness electrify her inmost being,—that some better, purer and more enduring dwelling-place than earth is the home for which she would agonize as earnestly as she would desire it by her nature, if she knew but how to realize its blessedness[1].

We shall shortly see how that this general belief, though true in form, is signally different from Christ's Gospel in one fundamental particular: the *effect* of this difference being

[1] Dr Samuel Clarke, in his valuable and now but little known Boyle Lecture, on "*The truth and certainty of the Christian Revelation,*" brings together a number of testimonies from celebrated heathen writers, who speak with as clear an assurance of their belief in the immortality of the soul as ever does St Paul, but without his revealed authority; and with the omission of the necessarily twin doctrine of the resurrection of the body.

Socrates and Plato write with singular force with reference to the immortality of the soul, as also does Cicero. The great difference between these, together with all other heathen authors, and the Christian writers, being that the former always refer to the soul in the future state *as a disembodied spirit,* and the latter *as being joined to a glorified body.*

Dr Clarke endeavours to shew the natural credibility of the soul's being immortal:—

1. From the *necessity* of a future state, in order to satisfy God's justice in setting straight the apparent inequalities of his moral government of mankind in this life.

2. Even from the *nature* of the thing itself in believing the soul to be immortal.

3. That *necessary desire of immortality* which seems to be naturally implanted in all men, with an *unavoidable concern* for what is to come hereafter.

4. That *conscience* or consciousness which all men have of their own actions, or that *inward judgment* which they necessarily pass on them in their own minds. "*Their conscience bearing witness, and their thoughts accusing or else excusing one another.*"

5. That man is plainly in his nature an *accountable being,* and *capable of being judged.* PROP. IV.

the same in his time among Jews and Gentiles and in our own days among the African tribes, viz. that of the doctrine of the resurrection of the body becoming a stumbling-block,—either in the form of a startling novelty, or of a disproved and exploded fiction—producing blank amazement or stern opposition among them to whom its principles may for the first time have been demonstrated.

The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is extensively held among the natives of these regions. A Balonda tribe, under the Chief Bango, refused to eat cattle, because they declare them to tabernacle the souls of men. Some people on the eastern side will not kill lions, because the spirits of their Chiefs inhabit them: concluding, like the ancient Egyptians, that after the departed from this life have dwelt in animals &c., for a certain time, they will return to their own bodies.

This discussion concerning the immortality of the soul is a highly important and truly personal one.

The northern tribes of South Africa have the most decided belief in this doctrine. The Balonda watch, and put medicine on the graves of the dead, in order to keep away the witches. One of the Barotse, having a head-ache, said to our Traveller, with a sad and thoughtful countenance; "My father is scolding me because I did not give him any of the food to eat," adding that he was "among the Barimo[1]." On another occasion Dr Livingstone asked these people for some relic of their dead chief Santura. "O, no, he refuses." "Who refuses?" "Santura," was their reply, shewing their belief in a future state of existence[2].

Surely with such promising prospects of a spiritual harvest before the Christian world, evidenced in so many ways, the soldiers of the Cross will be found with armour bright, hope strong, faith unfeigned, and love unconquerable for their risen Saviour, ready, aye ready to say with

[1] *Travels*, p. 331. [2] *Ibid.* p. 219.

Paul, "Lord what wilt thou have me to do?" and to *act* like him in carrying his Gospel into those regions wherein it is so much needed.

Their ignorance or denial of the resurrection of the body.

Perhaps the great Apostle met with as much opposition to this one tenet of the Christian faith as he did to any other single point of his teaching. This was more especially the case with the Gentiles than with the Jews.

When he preached his celebrated sermon on Mars' Hill, at Athens,—surrounded as he was by gorgeous idols, magnificent temples, inimitable statues and other works of art, together with a sharp-witted curious populace, and the acute and learned representatives of the most renowned schools of ancient philosophy,—we find that he was patiently listened to until he propounded this truth;—"And when they heard of the RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD, some mocked, and others said, We will hear thee again of this *matter*[1]!"

The experience of Christian missionaries in South Africa has been remarkably like this of St Paul's, but with the difference that the groundwork of the opposition given to them is not like that which was offered to him. The abstruse question of physical identity, while he lost sight of that of moral identity, was the obstacle in the way of the reasoning Greek:—The more practical and experimental one of the inconvenient workings of conscience, and the terrible consequences of the reality and realization of such a verity foreshadowing with so much startling probability dire punishment to the unrepentant sinner when called to judgment and sentenced thereupon, makes a determined opponent to its truth of the benighted African. The Epicurean, or Stoic, with his multifarious knowledge and solid understanding, in his day derided and hindered

[1] Acts xvii. 32.

the Christian philosopher equally learned, as skilfully trained, more eloquent, and better principled than himself:—The blood-stained negro chief, by passion, vehemence and declamation, nay even by violence, does the same with reference to the zealous and active missionary.

Mr Moffat in his intercourse with Moselekatse taught him of the resurrection of the dead. The chief heard him, as did Sechele[1], with wondering awe. Instead of violently opposing, Moselekatse appeared intimidated at hearing this news, and said he would not go to war.

Makaba, chief of the Bauangketsi, hears the new doctrine with great excitement. It is Sunday—not the peaceful Sabbath day of a Christian land. Nature is beautiful, but man is ill in tune with the harmony and glory around him. Mr Moffat sets out for Makaba's town. He finds the chief seated in the midst of a large number of his principal men, all engaged either in preparing skins, cutting them, sewing mantles or telling news. We will hear the missionary's own narrative of what took place:

"Sitting down beside this great man, illustrious for war and conquest, and amidst nobles and counsellors, including rain-makers and others of the same order, I stated to him that my object was to tell him my news. His countenance lighted up, hoping to hear of feats of war, destruction of tribes, and such like subjects, so congenial to his savage disposition. When he found that my topics had solely a reference to the Great Being of whom, the day before, he had told me he knew nothing, and of the Saviour's mission to this world, whose name he had never heard, he resumed his knife and jackal's skin, and hummed a native air. One of his men, sitting near me, appeared struck with the character of the Redeemer, which I was endeavouring to describe, and particularly with his miracles. On hearing that He had raised the dead, he very naturally exclaimed,

[1] Lecture I. p. 4.

'What, an excellent doctor He must have been, to make dead men live!' This led me to describe His power, and how that power would be exercised at the last day in raising the dead. In the course of my remarks, the ear of the monarch caught the startling sound of a resurrection. 'What!' he exclaimed, with astonishment, 'what are these words about? the dead, the dead arise!' 'Yes,' was my reply, 'all the dead shall arise.' 'Will my father arise?' 'Yes,' I answered, 'your father will arise.' 'Will all the slain in battle arise?' 'Yes.' 'And will all that have been killed and devoured by lions, tigers, hyenas and crocodiles, again revive?' 'Yes; and come to judgment.' 'And will those whose bodies have been left to waste and to wither on the desert plains, and scattered to the winds, again arise?' he asked, with a kind of triumph, as if he had now fixed me. 'Yes,' I replied, 'not one will be left behind.' This I repeated with increased emphasis. After looking at me for a few moments, he turned to his people, to whom he spoke with a stentorian voice:—'Hark, ye wise men, whoever is among you, the wisest of past generations, did ever your ears hear such strange and unheard of news?' And addressing himself to one, whose countenance and attire shewed that he had seen many years, and was a personage of no common order, 'Have you ever heard such strange news as this?' 'No,' was the sage's answer: 'I had supposed that I possessed all the knowledge of the country, for I have heard the tales of many generations. I am in the place of the ancients, but my knowledge is confounded with the words of his mouth. Surely he must have lived long before the period when we were born.' Makaba, then turning and addressing himself to me, and laying his hand on my breast, said, 'Father, I love you much. Your visit and your presence have made my heart white as milk. The words of your mouth are sweet as honey, but the words of a resurrection are too great to be heard. I do not wish to

hear again about the dead rising! The dead cannot arise! The dead must not arise!' 'Why,' I inquired, 'can so great a man refuse knowledge, and turn away from wisdom? Tell me, my friend, why I must not, "add to words" and speak of a resurrection?' Raising and uncovering his arm, which had been strong in battle, and shaking his hand as if quivering a spear, he replied, 'I have slain my thousands (bontsintsi), and shall they arise?'

"While the chieftain and myself were engaged in the above conversation, the most profound silence reigned, and which continued till interrupted by one whose features appeared to indicate that he was a man of war. 'I have killed many, but I never saw the immortal part which you describe.' 'Because invisible,' I replied; and referred him to many invisible things, the existence of which he never doubted. Makaba again muttered, 'What do my ears hear to-day? I am old, but never thought of these things before;' and hinted that he had heard enough[1]."

This soul-stirring quotation must cause burning thoughts to arise in the hearts of all Christians who read it. Sechele's question on the same subject is a most striking one; viz. why our forefathers, knowing these things, did not come and tell his forefathers sooner? It is not now too late. The way is open. The Gospel is as powerful as ever it was. The means of communication are being quickened and multiplied, and the Lord's Word must have free course and shall be glorified.

How far these people are idolaters: together with the general use of witchcraft, charms, and incantations among them.

Idolatry in South Africa assumes a curious aspect. In the southern half there is none. We have seen how Mr Moffat, and other of Dr Livingstone's predecessors in the South, complain of the apparent Atheism of the people in general. Our traveller found no idols among them. None even among the

[1] *Missionary Labours*, &c. pp. 403—405.

Makololo, Barotse, Makalala, and other tribes residing on the northern banks of the Zambesi. The only approach to it among the Makololo is a custom they have of praying to the new moon for success, protection, destruction of enemies, &c. This partakes more of the character of pure Sabeism, than of real idolatry, or the worship of idols made with hands.

He for the first time saw idols in Londa. Here their names, kinds, and numbers, are legion. He observes that the greater superstition of these people does not lead them to a better practice of the virtues.

In their gloomy primeval forests—fitting places wherein to nurse morbid fears, doleful doubts, crude surmisings, and baseless visions, with reference to the great unknown beyond the grave—you find idols of some shape or kind near to every path. Here marks or faces cut on the bark of trees: there little pots of medicine, or miniature huts, studding the tufted sod. On the one hand hideous human heads carved on blocks of wood; and by its side perhaps a miserable crooked stick in all its bare deformity exalted into an idol; all having red-ochre and pipe-clay charms blotched over them. On the other hand, near the villages, stand ugly idols, meant to personify lions, or alligators, or anything you please; as well as great heaps of sticks piled cairn-fashion, inviting the devotion of the passer-by.

Among the Balonda, their idols are objects of fear, not of adoration. Like some persons in Christian lands, they only go to their God when in perplexity or danger; giving it more an oracular, than any other power.

A belief in witchcraft is common all over the whole southern half of the continent. This subject, with that of the ordeal, has been already treated of by Professor Sedgwick[1]. These are often employed for purposes of knavery.

Charms and incantations are generally used. Amid

[1] *Prefatory Letter*, pp. xviii—xx.

their evil influences, they serve one good purpose by giving almost as much security to property in countries without any police, or civil or international law, except those of custom and tradition, as can be found in the most civilized countries. Witness the case of our traveller's waggon and box left for months without protection. A fear of charms, incantations, or witchcraft, so, rooted in the native mind, helped powerfully to protect these, as it does the beehives in the forests of Londa.

On the dark side of the question, they cause murders, tortures, and frauds, helping to display, with a photographic hideousness of detail, the depraved deformity of the natural mind when not converted, purified, and lighted by the Spirit of the living God.

Some of the South African tribes have a shadow of a priest-hood; and a notion of the efficacy of Sacrifice: as well as practise circumcision, and celebrate religious rites and ceremonies.

The Barotse have persons in charge of the relics at Santura's tomb, who are supported by voluntary contributions[1].

Sacrifice is almost unknown in the south. This with Votive Offerings is common in more northern regions.

Our traveller in various parts found traces of human sacrifices.

Circumcision is very generally enjoined and rigidly practised among the South African tribes.

These people, in some parts, are so absurdly extravagant in religious and funeral ceremonies, as to ruin themselves, rather than not make a display.

These people in general strongly object to praying and religious services: but still evince a readiness for the re-

The positions assumed at the head of this paragraph appear to be anomalous, but they are nevertheless true.

Our traveller relates that sometimes, before the close of a religious service among the Makololo, the women would jostle and scold

[1] *Travels*, p. 219.

ception of the Gospel.

each other, perhaps through a child crying; and that then the men would swear at each other, and at them, in order to enforce silence.

He says that these people shew great dislike to religious exercises, service, and subjects, complaining of bad memories, and mixing up frivolous nonsense with the most solemn truths. Yet many were very teachable and attentive, "beginning to pray to Jesus in secret as soon as they hear of the white man's God, with but little idea of what they are about; and no doubt are heard by Him who, like a father, pitieth his children. Others, waking by night, recollect what has been said about the future world so clearly, that they tell next day what a fright they got by it, and resolve not to listen to the teaching again; and not a few keep to the determination not to believe, as certain villagers in the south, who put all their cocks to death because they crowed the words, 'Tlang lo rapeleng'—'Come along to prayers[1].'"

The Bechuanas and Bushmen never pray, in our sense of the word; they say that they do so by means of their medicines. Mr Moffat gives the following graphic account of the indecorum of these people at public worship.

"Some would be snoring; others laughing; some working; and others, who might even be styled the *noblesse*, would be employed in removing from their ornaments certain nameless insects, letting them run about the forms, while sitting by the missionary's wife. Never having been accustomed to chairs or stools, some, by way of imitation, would sit with their feet on the benches, having their knees, according to their usual mode of sitting, drawn up to their chins. In this position one would fall asleep and tumble over, to the great merriment of his fellows. On some occasions an opportunity would be watched to rob, when the missionary was engaged in public service. The

[1] *Travels*, p. 236.

thief would just put his head within the door, discover who was in the pulpit, and, knowing he could not leave his rostrum before a certain time had elapsed, would go to his house and take what he could lay his hands upon."

Still with all these discouraging traits of character, and the necessary self-denial, sufferings and labours of the missionaries, these tribes in general shew more or less preparedness of heart and soul for the reception of the Gospel, in the respect that they feel a need of and desire for *something*, although they know not what. That "the natural mind receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, because they are spiritually discerned," is a well-proved truth. Still this natural mind can conjecture and feel its immense distance from a just and holy God, with whom it may grope for communion and a closer walk, to be found only by the appointed means, and in the appointed way.

These very Bechuanas have a proneness for worship, as also have the Balonda. The marauding life of the Makololo makes them sigh for 'sleep' or peace. On many occasions the women gave our traveller a triumphal entry into their villages, lullilooing, and crying "we want peace, give us sleep my lord, &c." The tribes farther east have a similar desire. Surely among such a people the Prince of Peace would be a welcome harbinger of His own heavenly rest assured by His Gospel, if He should make them His willing people in the day of His almighty power.

Missionary retrospect with regard to South Africa.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."—1 Sam. vii. 12.

"For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth: it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."—Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

An attentive perusal and consideration of the facts concentrated in the foregoing pages are far more calculated to

convince the reader of the urgent necessity of energetic Missionary enterprise in South Africa than any arguments which can be brought forward to enforce it. The references here made to missionaries, and to the work and prospects of missions, will be brief. We must keep Dr Livingstone in view as our main authority on the subject.

Missionary enterprise and successes in South Africa.

In recording these successes with deep thankfulness, and in looking on a missionary map for stations, we find that the efforts which have produced such abundant fruit have been chiefly made by Societies other than those belonging to our own National Church. The history of Missionary enterprise in these regions is very interesting. Here we have only space enough to chronicle these proceedings, without note or comment.

The Jesuit and Capuchin missionaries did great good in Angola; and, however erroneous their teaching might have been, and much to be deplored, still their names and memories deservedly live in the recollection of the people. They were especially diligent in the education of the children. The people in Ambaca were taught reading and writing by them, and since their expulsion have perpetuated these useful accomplishments by teaching each other, being much employed as clerks and writers[1].

Surely the teachers of a purer faith may hence take courage; especially since the first instructions of these Jesuits have been permanent among the people for so long a time[2]. Their Missionary proceedings on the Eastern coast have not been so successful; and their memory there is in disrepute.

The London Moravian and Wesleyan Missionary Societies have been the great pioneers in these regions. All honour is due to these societies, especially the first mentioned of them, for their persevering labours as pioneers, from which such

[1] *Travels*, pp. 410, 411.

[2] *Ibid.* p. 411.

good fruits have resulted. The London Society has now twelve stations entirely supported by the natives on the spot.

The venerable Christian Knowledge Society has been long forwarding the cause of Missions in South Africa, in its own useful and peculiar line of operations. Grants of books or of money for the support of Missionaries, building of Schools, Churches, Cathedrals, &c., have been constantly made by this Society at Cape Town, Graham's Town, or Natal.

The Religious Tract and Bible Societies have likewise acted the part of the *Missionary to Missionaries,* since they have supplied the latter with Bibles, literature, &c., wherewith to second their own personal endeavours to teach and improve the people.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts has establishments in our own African Colonies, in accordance with its main object of sending the Gospel to our countrymen abroad. It has commenced missions with success among the Zoolus and other heathen tribes.

The Church Missionary Society has stations at Sierra Leone, as well as on and in the neighbourhood of the Niger. Its Yoruba mission is well-known[1].

The operations of this Society refer directly to North Africa, but also indirectly to the South, since many slaves from these latter regions are landed by our cruisers at Sierra Leone. This Society has no mission in South Africa.

Keeping the central regions in view, one fact connected

[1] An examination of a missionary map of South Africa will shew that the stations of the following British and Foreign Protestant Missionary Societies are dotted over the Southern half of the Continent:—the American Mission, the Baptist Mission, the Berlin Missionary Society, the Christian Knowledge Society, the French Protestant Mission, the Glasgow Mission, the London Mission, the Paris Mission, the Rhenish Mission, the Scotch Mission, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, the Moravian or United Brethren Society, and the Wesleyan Mission.

with the operations of this Society in Sierra Leone is of significant interest, as being thus stated in one of their papers: "But the chief importance of Sierra Leone consists in its being the BASIS OF MISSIONARY OPERATIONS in the interior of Africa. Already two missions have been commenced in the interior—one among the Timnehs, east of the Colony, the other, above 1,000 miles south-eastward in the neighbourhood of the Niger, in the Bight of Benin; a third is about to be established on the banks of that important river[1]."

This may become a valuable radiating centre for such operations. The negro population of the Colony is now 45,000, speaking 151 different African languages.

Conjointly with these facts, the very curse of the slave-trade will help to work its own cure. Thousands of central Africans, captured by our cruisers on board the slavers, and set on shore in this colony, are here taught Christianity; an outpouring of the Holy Spirit on persons of divers tongues and nationalities, so kidnapped and released, may—somewhat after the manner of the spiritual effusion at Pentecost—impel them to return to their native wilds, and help them there to teach their sable brothers and sisters the wonderful words and works of God. Hence the morning-star of the Gospel dawns on central Africa from the east, from the west and from the south.

With reference to the good influences of Christianity insensibly exercised on a people, our traveller says: "Many hundreds of both Griquas and Bechuanas have become Christians and partially civilized through the teaching of English missionaries. My first impressions of the progress made were, that the accounts of the effects of the Gospel among them had been too highly coloured. I expected a higher degree of Christian simplicity and purity than exists either among them or among ourselves. I was not anxious

[1] *A Brief View of the Principles and Proceedings of the Church Missionary Society*, &c. Sept. 1857, pp. 7—8.

for a deeper insight in detecting shams than others, but I expected character, such as we imagine the primitive disciples had—and was disappointed. When, however, I passed on to the true heathen in the countries beyond the sphere of missionary influence, and could compare the people there with the Christian natives, I came to the conclusion that, if the question were examined in the most rigidly severe or scientific way, the change effected by the missionary movement would be considered unquestionably great.

"We cannot fairly compare these poor people with ourselves, who have an atmosphere of Christianity and enlightened public opinion, the growth of centuries, around us, to influence our deportment; but let any one from the natural and proper point of view behold the public morality of Griqua Town, Kuruman, Likatlong, and other villages, and remember what even London was a century ago, and he must confess that the Christian mode of treating aborigines is incomparably the best[1]."

He farther says that the latent effects of missions and missionaries on savage people are very great indeed: "The indirect benefits, which to a casual observer lie beneath the surface and are inappreciable, in reference to the probable wide diffusion of Christianity at some future time, are worth all the money and labour that have been expended to produce them[2]."

When dwelling with the Makololo Dr Livingstone sometimes addressed 600 people at a time; many of these were oftentimes very attentive. Some would go away, and pray to Jesus—ignorantly, perhaps—but still their heavenly Father will accept of their devotions according to their light.

It will be remembered how that Schwartz in India, and other missionaries in various parts of the heathen world, sometimes stopped wars between tribes and nations, and feuds between families and individuals.

[1] *Travels*, pp. 107, 108. [2] *Ibid.* p. 226.

Dr Livingstone on *five* occasions prevented war among the African tribes, either by influencing public opinion, or by swaying the mind and counsels of the chief. When opportunity offered he introduced salutary laws, abolished barbarous customs, and restored liberated slaves to their families and tribes.

In short the united testimony of civil and military officers, missionaries and travellers, goes to prove what inestimable blessings Christian missions have conferred on the South African tribes, hence leading us in reference to present and future efforts to THANK GOD AND TAKE COURAGE.

Missionary difficulties in South Africa.

It is not only so ordered by our heavenly Father, that in this world the evil shall be mixed with the good; but also that the greatest and best shall be produced and sustained with the most difficulty. War, the demon-scourge of our race, is maintained by the millions readily voted by a nation's senate, and applauded by the praises of a people's voice; but the message of the Prince of Peace is perpetuated by suffering, contemned by power, and propagated too often by the comparatively niggardly offerings of a country's mite.

Missionary work has its difficulties and failures. The blood of the martyrs has ever been the seed of the church. Toil, care, anxiety, persecution, stripes, imprisonment and death, were the common lot of the first Christian missionaries: *but they sowed in tears, and soon will reap in joy. They went forth weeping, bearing precious seed, and shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing their sheaves with them.* Such has been the fate, and like will be the reward, of the faithful modern missionary.

Let us turn attention to some of the difficulties belonging to missionary work, mentioned by our traveller.

It is not easy to make the subject of religion plain to persons unaccustomed to think, and who have led only an animal life. In reference to language, different idiomatic

usages, and modes of thought, often require in the missionary an uprooting of his own habitudes of expression and ways of thinking, in order that he may become one with those whom he teaches.

Among a nomad people difficulties are even greater. The first thing is to get them to settle down. With such you may have a congregation of some hundreds one day, and another these may be all scattered to the winds.

We have before seen how the Boers hindered the work: and the following remarks of our traveller fairly represent some other difficulties.

"In addition to other adverse influences, the general uncertainty, though not absolute want, of food, and the necessity of frequent absence for the purpose of either hunting game or collecting roots and fruits, proved a serious barrier to the progress of the people in knowledge. Our own education in England is carried on at the comfortable breakfast and dinner-table and by the cosy fire, as well as in the church and school. Few English people with stomachs painfully empty would be decorous at church any more than they are when these organs are overcharged. Ragged schools would have been a failure had not the teachers wisely provided food for the body as well as food for the mind; and not only must we shew a friendly interest in the bodily comfort of the objects of our sympathy as a Christian duty, but we can no more hope for healthy feelings among the poor, either at home or abroad, without feeding them into them, than we can hope to see an ordinary working-bee reared into a queen-mother by the ordinary food of the hive.

"Sending the Gospel to the heathen must, if this view be correct, include much more than is implied in the usual picture of a missionary, namely, a man going about with a Bible under his arm. The promotion of commerce ought to be specially attended to, as this, more speedily than

anything else, demolishes that sense of isolation which heathenism engenders, and makes the tribes feel themselves mutually dependent on, and mutually beneficial to, each other[1]."

The difficulty of getting the natives at first to attend with reverence on divine service, or to religious duties, has been before dwelt on[2]. When Dr Livingstone attempted to sing or pray among the Bakalahari, these people burst out into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, thinking him to be mad, or that he judged them to be so.

Then, again, a native literature has to be founded and extended. This is a work requiring much time and labour, especially in a country wherein languages have to be arranged in grammars, and over the thousands of whose square miles not a bookseller's shop is to be found. Still these difficulties will be overcome. Those Christian missionaries who first came to the British Islands before St Augustine, as well as he, found our forefathers half-clad savages; and what has Christianity after the lapse of ages made us now?—The greatest nation standing in the forefront of the civilization of the most astonishing age of the world's history. Let Britain fulfil her mission; especially towards Africa, whom she has, in former years, helped to degrade, enslave and curse.

Missionary failures and shortcomings in South Africa.

There is no doubt whatever but that our National Church is much behind in missionary effort among these people. She certainly has a Bishop of Sierra Leone, Cape Town, Graham's Town, and Natal: together with the missionaries belonging to the two great Societies before mentioned. But these are labouring mainly in our own Colonies. She has few missions among the real heathen in Africa; especially in the South.

Dr Livingstone says that *Sectarianism* is a source of

[1] *Travels*, pp. 27—28. [2] Appendix, p. 148.

hindrance to the work:—"Such a variety of Christian sects have followed the footsteps of the London Missionary Society's successful career, that converts of one denomination, if left to their own resources, are eagerly adopted by another; and are thus more likely to become spoiled than trained to the manly Christian virtues[1]."

He further states:—

"Another element of weakness in this part of the missionary field is the fact of the Missionary Societies considering the Cape Colony itself as a proper sphere for their peculiar operations. In addition to a well-organised and efficient Dutch Reformed Established Church, and schools for secular instruction, maintained by Government, in every village of any extent in the colony, we have a number of other sects, as the Wesleyans, Episcopalians, Moravians, all piously labouring at the same good work. Now, it is deeply to be regretted that so much honest zeal should be so lavishly expended in a district wherein there is so little scope for success. When we hear an agent of one sect urging his friends at home to aid him quickly to occupy some unimportant nook, because, if it is not speedily laid hold of, he will 'not have room for the sole of his foot,' one cannot help longing that both he and his friends would direct their noble aspirations to the millions of untaught heathen in the regions beyond, and no longer continue to convert the extremity of the continent into, as it were, a dam of benevolence[2]."

The work of evangelization is generally a gradual one in influencing race. The case of New Zealand is an exception to this rule. Some tribes do not at first receive the Gospel at all; and with all others temporary failures arise from various causes, although the work goes on rapidly in some cases. Many Africans have the same feelings towards missionaries, which our poor often have towards the clergy

[1] *Travels*, pp. 115—166. [2] *Ibid.* p. 116.

here at home. *They teach because they are paid for it*, say both. In such circumstances ministrations are most difficult.

Despite these, and many other hindrances to the progress of the Gospel in South Africa, still labour has not been in vain, and strength has not been spent for nought. "The wilderness has begun to blossom as the rose;" *all* these heathen do not despise the day of their visitation. Additions are being made to the church daily of such as shall be saved. The degraded have been raised, the savage tamed. "Those who have lien among the pots shall be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold." These shall go in and out and find pasture in heaven's kingdom of unfading glory.

The Qualifications and Attainments necessary for the Successful Missionary in South Africa.

"And he, trembling and astonished, said, Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—Acts ix. 6.

"Depart; for I will send thee far hence unto the Gentiles."—Acts xxii. 21.

"But when it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I might preach him among the heathen; immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood."—Gal. i. 15, 16.

Dr Livingstone has been a successful missionary; and since his main object in coming to Cambridge was to try to influence some among us to become missionaries, we may profitably attend to his ideas on this important head. Already has he briefly discussed the topic[1].

Feeling convinced that many persons would like to know his opinion on so great a subject as to the type of man the best suited for a missionary in Africa, presupposing spirituality of mind, and devotion of heart and soul to God's service, in December last the Editor of this book

[1] Lecture II. p. 37.

addressed to him the following questions, stating that he wished to print them herein together with his reply.

These questions are:—

1st. What natural qualifications of mind and body do you consider to be the best adapted for the successful missionary in South Africa?

2nd. What training and attainments are, in your judgment, the most conducive to the formation of the same character?

3rd. What equipment, speaking generally, as to clothing, library, scientific and other instruments, &c. is the best to provide for such a missionary?

Dr Livingstone's answer is as follows.

12, *Kensington Palace Gardens,*

MY DEAR SIR, *1st January,* 1858.

The time which I have now at my disposal is so extremely limited that I cannot answer your questions otherwise than in the most cursory manner.

1st, Different departments of missionary labour require different accomplishments; but robust health and a good flow of animal spirits are necessary in all cases. A man who is troubled with infirm health, and given to melancholy, had better stay at home and get some kind soul of a wife to nurse him. In this, as in most matters, we must lean to common sense.

Queries 2 and 3 may be answered by my saying that mental discipline is essentially necessary: and I think that a study of the physical sciences is a better preparation than that of the dead languages.

A medical education embraces so wide a range that I always feel unfeignedly thankful for having gone through that curriculum.

It is a mistake to suppose that any pious man may do for a missionary. One of the founders of the London

Missionary Society thought that "a good man who could read his Bible, and make a wheelbarrow," was abundantly qualified. This was a great mistake. Missionaries ought to be highly qualified in every respect. Good education, good sense, and good temper are indispensable. If Christians send out poor ignorant agents, they act on the penny wise and pound foolish plan.

Some think that if a man is an acceptable preacher at home, he ought to stay there. I believe that if a man has ability to gather a congregation here, he would in all probability be successful in the mission-field. But it is these energetic enterprising men who are needed most abroad, and it may be questioned whether the foreign is not the most important field. We have the honour of entering on a work which will never end. We look back to the Reformers before the Reformation with more reverence than we feel to the thousands who have entered into their labours. The Apostle had a noble ambition to preach the Gospel beyond other men's line of things made ready to his hands. "They that be wise shall shine as the sun, and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever."

I am sorry that I cannot enter more carefully into the subject, but time presses.

The books came safely to hand; please present my grateful acknowledgements to the kind donors of them.

I look back to my visit to Cambridge as one of the most pleasant episodes of my life. I shall always revert with feelings of delight to the short intercourse I enjoyed with such noble Christian men as Sedgwick, Whewell, Selwyn, &c. &c., as not the least important privilege conferred on me by my visit to England. It is something inspiriting to remember that the eyes of such men are upon one's course. May blessings rest upon them all, and on the seat of learning which they adorn!

Viewing the books presented in connexion with the motives with which they were given, and also with regard to their intrinsic value, I shall always feel inclined to second any vote of thanks which may be passed to the Boers for destroying my library.

Kind regards to Mrs Monk.

Your's affectionately,
DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

To Rev. W. Monk,
Aubrey Villa, Cambridge.

This letter, full of heart and noble as it is, since it in reality embodies his own line of conduct, nevertheless does not answer some important points contained in the questions[1].

Our traveller gives the following account of his own equipment for his journey from Linyanti to Loanda. The information is valuable for the African traveller or missionary, to be modified, of course, to his own circumstances.

"I had three muskets for my people, a rifle and double-barrelled smooth bore for myself; and, having seen such great abundance of game in my visit to the Leeba, I imagined that I could easily supply the wants of my party. Wishing also to avoid the discouragement which would naturally be felt on meeting any obstacles if my companions were obliged to carry heavy loads, I took only a few biscuits, a few pounds of tea and sugar, and about twenty of coffee, which, as the Arabs find, though used without either milk or sugar, is a most refreshing

[1] Perhaps Dr Livingstone, on the receipt of some copies of this little book, will discuss these questions more fully from amid those African scenes to which they refer, if he should have leisure to do so.

The Editor will be obliged if any traveller or missionary who has resided in Africa will reply to these inquiries, in order that he might concentrate, in some future edition of this book, the wisdom and experience of many with reference to these topics.

beverage after fatigue or exposure to the sun. We carried one small tin canister, about fifteen inches square, filled with spare shirting, trowsers, and shoes, to be used when we reached civilised life, and others in a bag, which were expected to wear out on the way; another of the same size for medicines; and a third for books, my stock being a Nautical Almanac, Thomson's Logarithm Tables, and a Bible; a fourth box contained a magic lantern, which we found of much use. The sextant and artificial horizon, thermometer and compasses, were carried apart. My ammunition was distributed in portions through the whole luggage, so that, if an accident should befall one part, we could still have others to fall back upon. Our chief hopes for food were upon that, but in case of failure I took about 20 lbs. of beads, worth 40*s*. which still remained of the stock I brought from Cape Town; a small gipsy-tent, just sufficient to sleep in; a sheepskin mantle as a blanket, and a horse-rug as a bed. As I had always found that the art of successful travel consisted in taking as few 'impedimenta' as possible, and not forgetting to carry my wits about me, the outfit was rather spare, and intended to be still more so when we should come to leave the canoes. Some would consider it injudicious to adopt this plan, but I had a secret conviction that if I did not succeed it would not be for lack of the 'nicknacks' advertised as indispensable for travellers, but from want of 'pluck,' or because a large array of baggage excited the cupidity of the tribes through whose country we wished to pass.

"The instruments I carried, though few, were the best of their kind. A sextant, by the famed makers Troughton and Sims of Fleet-Street; a chronometer watch, with a stop to the second's hand—an admirable contrivance for enabling a person to take the exact time of observations; it was constructed by Dent of the Strand (61) for the Royal Geographical Society, and selected for the service by the

President, Admiral Smythe, to whose judgment and kindness I am in this and other matters deeply indebted. It was pronounced by Mr Maclear to equal most chronometers in performance. For these excellent instruments I have much pleasure in recording my obligations to my good friend Colonel Steele, and at the same time to Mr Maclear for much of my ability to use them. Besides these, I had a thermometer by Dollond; a compass from the Cape Observatory, and a small pocket one in addition; a good small telescope with a stand capable of being screwed into a tree[1]."

Is the reader fitted for the work of a Christian Missionary to the Heathen?

This is not an easy question to answer: and a reply to it must always be given prayerfully. It applies to both sexes, and to many persons; but is meant more especially to refer to Christian Ministers. Not only does it require earnest prayer, but also rigid self-examination.

The great missionary model is St Paul. His life can be found and studied in the New Testament; and the permanence of his work testifies of its excellency at this day.

The Natural qualifications of the Christian Missionary. —Dr Livingstone has already told us of some of these, such as good temper, and lightsomeness of temperament in easily throwing off or overbearing depressing influences. A sound mind in a sound body, independence of character, strength of judgment, and aptitude both to learn and to teach are of great consequence. An ability to acquire and retain languages; tact in managing others, so as to conciliate diverse dispositions, and yet to retain proper dignity and self-respect, are of great importance. There should also be an intrepid spirit of enterprise, decision, and cool courage to meet sudden emergencies, and to overcome dangers, gentleness, powers of endurance, and temperance. We may rightly conclude, with our traveller, that some

[1] *Travels*, pp. 230—231.

degree of enthusiasm is necessary vigorously to carry on any difficult and important cause.

Good preaching and the power of speaking are indispensable. It is to be remembered that many savages, especially North American Indians, and central Africans, are eloquent speakers, and hence in a controversy, would have the advantage of a bad speaker.

Dr Livingstone has put the case truly, when he says that we want our best, most able, and greatest men to do the highest and most important of all work, the making Christ's Gospel known where it has not been hitherto heard. Paul was a great man before he became a missionary. He was a man of mighty spirit and capacious soul, a good scholar, and in high repute among his own nation. His missionary character made him a greater man still; it did not demean him. Many of the greatest men in the early Church were missionaries; and some were men of affluence. We mean great in moral and spiritual goodness and grandeur of character, as well as noble in intellect. Not many learned, not many wise, not many noble, not many rich, *now* carry the standard of the Prince of Peace into the enemy's country of heathen darkness. The time will arrive when the Lord's service and badge will become the most honourable and the most desired of all. The army and navy, in every land, can find their willing warriors in abundance, to go to the ends of the earth, and brave death unquailingly, while mammon sends forth her worshippers in shoals; not so the church of Christ: her soldiers hang back. How long shall this be?

Many of the natural qualifications needed by missionaries when actually engaged in their work, are centred in the character of our great missionary traveller. With reference to these the Bishop of Oxford eloquently observes; "Truly it does need the combination of different men and different faculties before any such vast undertaking as this can be

achieved. There must be, first, the physical, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual faculties combined in one person, which are so eminently combined in Dr Livingstone, before the actual agent in such explorations can be provided....He, too, combined in himself rare faculties for his work of stepping out, if I may so express it, as to African explorations the first track of civilized feet on the dangerous and untrodden snows, which at any moment might be found to have merely loosely covered fathomless abysses. He had the physical strength needed for such work. He had the capacity for understanding the greatness of his enterprise, and, Gentlemen, I believe it to be full of the truest greatness[1]."

These passages certainly refer to the specific work done by him; but similar faculties and energies are required by every missionary when wandering, or settled, among savages.

The moral and spiritual qualifications needed by the Christian missionary.—The following quotations, spoken with reference to Dr Livingstone, will help to illustrate some of the moral qualifications needed in the missionary.

Sir R. I. Murchison, after referring to the great work done for the scientific world by Dr Livingstone, said:—

"These are great claims upon the admiration of men of science; but, great as they are, they fall far short of others which attach to the name of the missionary who, by his fidelity to his word, by his conscientious regard for his engagements, won the affections of the natives of Africa by the example which he set before them in his treatment of the poor people who followed him in his arduous researches through that great continent[2]."

Fidelity to his plighted word, and conscientious regard for engagements, must ever be a high moral characteristic of the Christian missionary.

[1] Speech at the Farewell Livingstone Festival. [2] *Ibid.*

Humility, patience and power to withstand the applause of men for well-doing, are other desirable traits.

"It was for the public of England now to do its part, to give free scope to this great genius in the double work of civilization and evangelization. They must have seen how Dr Livingstone had successfully encountered all the trials of adversity, fatigue, sickness, weariness, hope deferred, peril of death. There yet remained one more trial, to some the sorest of all, namely, that of comparative ease, and the praise of all men. Believing, as the Missionary Society did, that his faith in Christ is firmly fixed, they doubted not but that he would go through this trial also without fail; but they will, I trust, continue to offer up constant prayers for him in his new and dangerous position, that the blessing of the Almighty might still accompany him[1]."

There are other points on which the missionary has to be kept from the evil, when surrounded by masses of people without natural modesty, public law, private virtue, or religious restraint. The following words of our traveller will indicate some of these.

"Although the Makololo were so confiding, the reader must not imagine that they would be so to every individual who might visit them. Much of my influence depended upon the good name given me by the Bakwains, and that I secured only through a long course of tolerably good conduct. No one ever gains much influence in this country without purity and uprightness. The acts of a stranger are keenly scrutinized by both young and old, and seldom is the judgment pronounced, even by the heathen, unfair or uncharitable. I have heard women speaking in admiration of a white man, because he was pure, and never was guilty of any secret immorality. Had he been, they would have known it, and, untutored heathen though they be, would have despised him in consequence. Secret vice

[1] Lord Ebury's Speech on the same occasion.

becomes known throughout the tribe; and while one unacquainted with the language may imagine a peccadillo to be hidden, it is as patent to all as it would be in London, had he a placard on his back[1]."

In fact, sobriety, uprightness, good faith, purity and a manifestation of the fruits of the Spirit in general, are as much needed to solidify and enforce spiritual gifts among the heathen, as among ourselves.

For a digest of the spiritual qualifications needed by the Christian missionary, we must turn to the Scriptures. Such a man must be a man of prayer, of earnest zeal, of childlike faith, of deep humility, and of constant love for his Master and His cause. His work will conform him more and more to that Master's image. Like the Apostles at first his gifts may be few, but at the last they will multiply and grow: and like them he will look less and less to the kingdom which is of this world, and more and more to that which is of the world to come.

The attainments best suited for the Christian Missionary. —The man of high intellect as well as high attainment is the best man for the work, provided that his other qualifications are suitable. Still he must possess common as well as uncommon sense. The great matter is for certain qualifications and attainments to be applied to kindred work. Linguistic to translation, practical to every-day life, administrative to organization and the like. Martyn, unravelling the Hindoo and Mahommedan subtleties, and Judson battling the Pantheistic creeds of Burmah, were men with qualifications for their work. So was Brainerd amid the primeval forests of America; and so are numbers of our Colonial Bishops and foreign missionaries. Especially so are Moffat and Livingstone in Africa. Yet how different are the attainments and qualifications of these several men. *But each one in his place.*

[1] *Travels*, p. 513.

St Paul's case furnishes a complete example of the missionary ready for his work. Had he to shew the fulfilment, and not the abrogation of the law by Christ? surely the aptest pupil of Gamaliel now converted to the Christian faith was furnished for the work. Were Moses and the Prophets to be harmonized with Christianity?—were the Jewish ritual and ceremonial to be made to typify better things than the blood of bulls and goats for the remission of sins?—were Jewish prejudices to be met, and Rabbinical disputations to be confuted? or was the scepticism of the Sadducee to be cleared up, the pride of the Scribe to be humbled, and the legality of the Pharisee to be exposed?—surely one well versed in their mysteries, taught in their own synagogues, lisping their own language in his infancy, and now lighted in spirit with a live coal from off God's altar of truth, was qualified for the task. But see him turn to the Gentiles. Here he was a philosopher among philosophers,—a poet, man of literature, orator and diplomatist,—among poets, literati, rhetoricians, politicians and statesmen. He could be all things to all men in intellect as well as in other things. Analyse his speech at Athens. Almost every clause of it is a refutation of some deep recognized axiom or dogma cherished among the Epicureans, stoics, or other philosophers. *Here was a man trained for his work.* The acutest of those Athenians, to their cost, soon found out that Paul was no witless babbler after all. Before the unjust Roman judge, and Judæa's puppet king, his burning words savoured not of madness, but of soberness and truth.

There is much value to be attached to a training in natural science, as recommended by Dr Livingstone. No missionary ought to go out, at any rate into the heathen field of missions, without some knowledge of surgery, medicine, and their attendant branches of scientific ac-

quirement. Professor Owen[1] thus eloquently refers to such a training.

"In the perusal of the Missionary's Travels it is impossible not to infer the previous training of a strong and original mind richly and variously stored; not otherwise could science have been enriched by such precious records of wanderings in a previously untrod field of discovery. Our honoured guest may feel assured that whilst the cultivators of science yield to no class of minds in their appreciation and reverence of his dauntless dissemination of that higher wisdom which is not of this world, such feelings enhance their sense of obligation for his co-operation in the advancement of that lower wisdom which our great poet defines as 'resting in the contemplation of natural causes and dimensions.'"

The missionary must be well versed in common things. The following passage referring to the monastic orders of the middle ages, applies to modern missionaries similarly situated.

"The monks did not disdain to hold the plough. They introduced fruit-trees, flowers, and vegetables, in addition to teaching and emancipating the serfs. Their monasteries were mission stations, which resembled ours in being dispensaries for the sick, almshouses for the poor, and nurseries of learning. Can we learn nothing from them in their prosperity as the schools of Europe, and see nought in their history but the pollution and laziness of their decay[2]?"

A knowledge of the resources and geography of the country in which the missionary resides, as well as of the manners, habits, customs, and prejudices of the people among whom he labours, is of great consequence to the missionary.

In several passages of his work our traveller gives us a picture of every-day missionary life. The stern reality of such

[1] Speech at the Farewell Festival.

[2] *Travels*, p. 117.

a life should be kept in view, rather than the romance or poetry of ideal wanderings among wilds and savages, and philosophic surveys of uncivilized and idolatrous life. At Kolobeng, we find him helping to make a canal, preparing a garden, and building his fourth house, with his own hands. A native smith taught him to weld iron, while he had become handy in carpentering, gardening, and almost every trade. As his wife could make candles, soap, and clothes, they came nearly up to what may be considered as indispensable in the complete accomplishments of a missionary family in south central Africa[1].

It is commonly agreed among missionaries and oriental travellers, that Europeans, and especially missionaries residing in the East, should be married. On the one hand the wife, when properly qualified, is a valuable help-meet; and on the other hand the Eastern nations look with great distrust on unmarried men, and hence their usefulness hereby is much impaired.

We close this part of our work with the following graphic description of a single day of missionary life.

"To some it may appear quite a romantic mode of life; it is one of active benevolence, such as the good may enjoy at home. Take a single day as a sample of the whole. We rose early, because, however hot the day may have been, the evening, night, and morning at Kolobeng were deliciously refreshing; cool is not the word, where you have neither an increase of cold nor heat to desire, and where you can sit out till midnight with no fear of coughs or rheumatism. After family worship and breakfast between six and seven, we went to keep school for all who would attend; men, women and children being all invited. School over at eleven o'clock, while the missionary's wife was occupied in domestic matters, the missionary himself had some manual labour, as a smith, carpenter, or gardener,

[1] *Travels*, p. 20.

according to whatever was needed for ourselves or for the people; if for the latter, they worked for us in the garden, or at some other employment; skilled labour was thus exchanged for the unskilled. After dinner and an hour's rest the wife attended her infant-school, which the young, who were left by their parents entirely to their own caprice, liked amazingly, and generally mustered a hundred strong; or she varied that with a sewing school, having classes of girls to learn the art; this, too, was equally well relished. During the day every operation must be superintended, and both husband and wife must labour till the sun declines. After sunset the husband went into the town to converse with any one willing to do so; sometimes on general subjects, at other times on religion. On three nights of the week, as soon as the milking of the cows was over and it had become dark, we had a public religious service, and one of instruction on secular subjects, aided by pictures and specimens. These services were diversified by attending upon the sick and prescribing for them, giving food and otherwise assisting the poor and wretched. We tried to gain their affections by attending to the wants of the body. The smallest acts of friendship, an obliging word and civil look, are, as St Xavier thought, no despicable part of the missionary armour. Nor ought the good opinion of the most abject to be uncared for, when politeness may secure it. Their good word, in the aggregate, forms a reputation which may be well employed in procuring favour for the Gospel. Shew kind attention to the reckless opponents of Christianity on the bed of sickness and pain, and they never can become your personal enemies. Here, if anywhere, love begets love[1]."

[1] *Travels*, pp. 40—41.

Missionary Prospects in South Africa.

"Go up now, look toward the sea. And he went up, and looked, and said, There is nothing. And he said, Go again seven times. And it came to pass at the seventh time, that he said, Behold, there ariseth a little cloud out of the sea, like a man's hand." 1 Kings xviii. 43, 44.

Dr Livingstone's career must be considered as opening out a new æra for South Africa. Although the missionary prospects of this region were before and are improving, still clouds and sunshine chequer the rising scene. Yet, in the event, the dawn of the morning of joy shall usher in upon this continent and elsewhere, the rising of the Sun of righteousness, which shall be for the healing of the nations, streaming with undiverted ray in azure and purple and gold over the everlasting hills of eternity, dispelling those doubts, fears and perplexities, as well as the unbelief and sinfulness which prevent the soul from seeing and being united with her Creator.

The Mission-field in South Africa.

"Behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest." St John iv. 35.

In the infant days of the Church, Africa seemed destined to be evangelized from the north. Such is not at present the prospect. *Then* were Councils and Synods held by African bishops, the decrees of which went forth apparently as a final authority in matters ecclesiastical, not only in Africa, but also in Europe and Asia. *Then* was the glory of the early Church upheld at Alexandria and Carthage, these cities being great centres of episcopal authority. *Then* did African martyrs and African confessors live the lives of saints and die the deaths of Christian heroes. There were intellect, rank and the best qualities of our nature, sanctified and adorned by Christian gifts and graces, which made Africa appear to be the chosen genial soil wherein grace, mercy and truth might germinate and fructify. But no; all there is now almost a

natural and spiritual desert. The glory is thence departed, but is not to be forgotten. Time hath written *Ichabod* upon its shattered escutcheon in characters which even the dust of centuries has not effaced. Still some faint spiritual splendour flickers around it, phosphorescent though it be. The light is all but put out in the north, and must now advance from the other three quarters.

Travellers, voyagers, men of science and missionaries are by degrees telling us their wondrous stories of this land of mystery. It is now for the Christian to go in and possess it. The way is open and opening. The Apostles who go must be those of Christ; not those of mammon, of mere adventure, or proud ambition. In too many cases the white man's look on the poor negro has been that of the fascination of the basilisk, leading to harm and destruction. His breath has been that of moral and spiritual pestilence, his feet have been swift to shed blood, and his very presence has been like that of the baleful upas tree. Let not this be the case in central Africa. It is for the Christian Church to occupy this field *first* with her faithful ambassadors of Christ. Let these speak *first* of the white man's God; not of mammon, not of reason, not of pleasure, or of this world, but his God—the Trinity in Unity, reconciled by the sacrifice of a suffering Saviour. Let these shew the beauty of holiness by *living* that Gospel which the Church professes, teaches and believes. *Then*, if Satan's servants come *afterwards*, these keen clear-sighted savages will at once discern the wheat from the chaff, and, by God's grace, cling to the white man's good and eschew his blighting evil.

Dr Livingstone says most decidedly that the interior is the most promising sphere for missionary labours. Not only are the people less savage, but such operations may have great influence on the slave-trade. He has presented this odious traffic to the world in a new aspect; enabling us now to know both its real sources and principal abettors in the interior, as well as its probable cure.

Missionary societies and the friends of missions, may well remember his urgent recommendation to push on to the untaught heathen. There is every reason and encouragement for this. In parts where the earlier missionaries laboured, the work is become entirely *self-supporting*, as far as aid from England is concerned.

Surely, then, the missionary work is real, and the mission-field among the heathen, is no barren waste. These truths are forcibly stated by Sir Benjamin Brodie[1], in the following passage: "But Dr Livingstone is also presented to us under another aspect, as a Christian missionary, using his endeavours to extend the advantages of civilization, not after the fashion of the Roman conquerors of Gaul and Britain, by transplanting, at the cost of rapine and bloodshed, the arts and sciences of an older and more civilised people into the conquered country, but by communicating knowledge, promoting education, and inculcating the principles of a religion which enjoins the exercise of kindness, charity and justice, which tells us that we are to forgive our enemies, and do unto others as we would they should do unto us."

Missionaries wanted more than means, to carry on the work.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth!" Isaiah lii. 7.

The cry for men does not proceed from one society, but from all. The supply hitherto has by no means been equal to the demand. This *need of men* must be more and more made known and discussed throughout the length and breadth of the land. It must be more prayed over, preached about, and made the subject of earnest concernment both with ministers and people.

A call came to Paul, in a midnight vision, stealing up

[1] Speech at the Farewell Festival.

from the cities and wilds of ancient Europe—"*Come over into Macedonia and help us.*" The Apostle heard and obeyed that call. A like cry in spirit reaches this land of Bibles, missionary societies and religious privileges—from all the dark places of the earth—"*Who will shew us any good?*" Who will answer this invitation, so full of plaintive, earnest, absorbing, spiritual agony? The work among the heathen demands your men of a great battling spirit, earnest in prayer, and wrestling prevailers with our God. It will tax the best energies of the strongest frame, and find fitting employment and materials for the efforts and aspirations of the loftiest genius. Men of purpose, men of acquirement,—men of spiritual mind, who love the Saviour and his cause,—men who can largely influence others by their very presence, and by persuasion, teaching and example;—men who live *in* this world, and yet who are not *of* it,—who are pilgrims and strangers here below—these are the men to answer this call. Such men need care but little about having no settled home now, for they have another, which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God. Yes: such are the men to reply, "HERE I AM, LORD, SEND (NOT HIM—ANOTHER—BUT) ME."

Our Universities are becoming more and more alive to this great work[1]. They are national institutions, and this is a national duty for them especially to carry forward. In these time-honoured institutions, the aspect of things pertaining to missionary responsibilities, privileges and enterprise, is rapidly changing, and will go on exactly in proportion to the activity and earnest prayerfulness of spirit evinced by their members.

Appalling and urgent are the spiritual wants, and continuous is the wail of a benighted world for peace, pardon, and acceptance with God. How shall this wail and how can these

[1] The Universities not only send large subscriptions to the Missionary Societies; but Oxford, Cambridge and Dublin alone have now about *fifty* graduates labouring in heathen lands as ordained clergymen who are supported by the two great Church Societie

wants be met? What shall we do to increase the supply of men? Looking at these questions just now solely with respect to the fact that God does deign to work out some of even his grandest purposes through the instrumentality of human means, we appear to want more systematic and energetic missionary action in our Universities, and increased means of familiarizing the mind with the reality of the work and its pressing needs.—A greater familiarity with foreign countries, languages, races, manners, customs, and religions, appears to be a great desideratum.

We would venture to suggest the importance of a good Missionary Museum, and Reading Room, containing an appropriate Library comprising not only books treating directly and indirectly on the subjects under review, but also maps and atlases, as well as lexicons and grammars referring to the languages and dialects the most employed by missionaries in their intercourse with the heathen. To all this, copies of the Scriptures and Prayer-Book printed in the same tongues might advantageously be added; together with a collection of autograph letters written home by missionaries and travellers, as well as a number of their portraits—the reports and current literature of the Home and Foreign Protestant Missionary Societies being added to all. Moreover occasional meetings for prayer, conversational and general missionary purposes, carried on in strict subordination to academical duties and pursuits, must be highly important.

The frequent presence of eminent missionaries and travellers among such a body would also produce an effect of untold consequence. The strangeness and perplexity of idea pertaining to foreign lands and races would perhaps hereby be worn away more effectually by such intercourse than by any other means, *except the fact of actually going to see, hear and feel for oneself.*

Of course we bear in mind the truth that "the Lord of the harvest will thrust forth labourers into His harvest." But

we know not in what way. His servants have to use all the means which they lawfully can to forward such an end, and then—not till then—to leave the result to HIM.

Missionaries are to be sought for as well as money, and a field of operations.

Facts prove this position. We are not to conclude that missionaries are sent into the work only by one irresistible impulse like St Paul was. This is contrary to Christian experience in general. Many are doubtless so impelled to *offer* themselves for the work. But others are to be led to it,—to be gradually prepared for it by intercourse with, and advice from, persons competent to influence and guide them. *Henry Martyn to a great extent was so directed.* Mr Simeon was instrumental *in preparing—directly or indirectly,—and sending out many missionaries. Dr Morison, Dr Medhurst and Dr Milne, all went to China at the suggestion and recommendation of others; so also did Williams to the South Seas.* On the authority of an eminent Clergyman, now living, it can be stated that the Rev. Henry Fox went out as a missionary on his recommendation. Such has been the experience of many living missionaries. We may conclude that this list can be greatly enlarged by making inquiries and receiving information on the subject.

Dr Livingstone, on visiting the reading-room of the Church Missionary Union, told the Editor of this book, that he himself belonged to a like Society in the University at Glasgow; observing that his mind was much influenced towards missionary work by intercourse with the members of that Society;—adding, *that he was one of five contemporary members, out of a small general body, who became missionaries.* These facts are significant; and with their bare statement, we leave this unspeakably important subject for prayerful consideration, and God's blessing on it.

The Means appointed for the Work—The Victory Won.

"He which testifieth these things saith, Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus." Rev. xxii. 20.

These means are, *the word preached, and the word written*[1]. The Missionary Societies are sending out their Missionaries to preach the Gospel; and the Bible, and other Societies, are scattering the written lively oracles of God over the whole earth.

That word preached shall not return unto the Lord void, but it shall accomplish all his purposes. Hereby shall Christ's kingdom be enlarged and Satan's empire be destroyed.

Dr Livingstone's missions.

When Bishop Selwyn spake memorable words in Great St Mary's Church[2], just before

[1] Mr Moffat has just completed his translation of the whole Bible into Sichuana. The importance of this achievement cannot well be estimated.

There is something very striking in bringing this labour, Sebituane's conquests, and Dr Livingstone's explorations and discoveries, all together.

At the same time that Sebituane is introducing the language where it was not before spoken, Mr Moffat is treasuring up the Holy Scriptures in its first standard record. At the appointed moment, Dr Livingstone makes these facts, together with the new races and regions, all known to the Christian world.

Professor Selwyn, in one of his Theological Lectures, well compared this fact of Sebituane's conquests being the means of diffusing the Scriptures, with the anterior coincidence of Alexander's exploits having spread the Greek language and Greek Scriptures in Asia.

[2] He preached four sermons as select preacher before this University on the four Sundays preceding Advent, in the year 1854. The subject of these sermons is "THE WORK OF CHRIST IN THE WORLD." They are published by Macmillan and Co.; and should be read by all lovers of the cause of Christian missions to the heathen; and especially by those who desire the mission work. Bishop Selwyn's visit here, sermons, and speech at the Town Hall, deservedly made a profound sensation; as well as produced fruit in calling forth labourers into the harvest. These facts favour the suggestions made at p. 176.

sionary bequest to Cambridge.

his return to New Zealand, somewhat after this manner;—"Methinks there must be some spiritual electricity in this black cloud which now surrounds me—(waving his hand all round towards the dense array of Gowns)—which in the Lord's own time and way will go forth to the ends of the earth to do his Almighty bidding for the conversion of souls;"—he was a true prophet. He spoke in faith, and that faith was answered. *There are those now in the Mission field who heard and obeyed that call.*

Hundreds will never forget that solemn thrill produced by Dr Livingstone's peroration to his Senate-House lecture[1], when waving his hand in the same manner as the Bishop—he retired amid deafening plaudits, abruptly stopping with that simply sublime appeal—"I LEAVE IT WITH YOU!"

Certainly some of those who heard him there will be missionaries *somewhere, but will any go to Africa? Will Cambridge accept of and improve this trust?* . . . O Lord God, Thou knowest!

The Word written *shall* find its own mysterious tortuous way into every region, dialect, and language of the earth; and men *shall* be convinced of sin, as well as taught their need of a Saviour by its life-giving power. It *shall* whisper peace to the agitated conscience, and tell of the love of a Father reconciling the world to himself by the blood of his Son. Each humble believer in its promises *shall* be enabled to obtain the victory over the world, the flesh, and the devil by that same power which bestows the unspeakable gift of the Holy Ghost, to guide, counsel, and sanctify each softened heart. It *shall* climb the throne of each monarch, and tell him of a Sovereignty greater than his: demanding and finding entrance into the council-chamber of the legislator, it will teach him that lesson of so difficult realization, "To do unto others as he would have others do unto him." It *shall* strike with the electric spell of conviction both the consciences of the ignorant, and the cogi-

[1] See page 24.

tations of the learned; and—bursting through all barriers into every den of infamy, haunt of pleasure, idol-temple, and arena of scepticism and infidelity in the world—it *shall* confound, convict, condemn, and send to punishment all those impenitent workers of iniquity who before may have been told to no purpose of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come. Its still small voice of blissful comfort *shall* cheer the widow and the orphan—light up with hope the eye of the pining captive, and send the mantling blood of indignation into the withered cheek, as well as an unearthly energy into the drooping frame of each poor fettered slave, proclaim him free, and give back his stolen rights. Yes, that Word *shall* stop the mouth and blanch the cheeks of Satan and his crew; and, then,—having conquered these worst enemies of man;—having put light for darkness, and truth in falsehood's place—it *shall* take from the grave his victory, and from death his sting, when it goes forth resistlessly both to glorify the Lord, and be itself abundantly glorified.

The victory shall be won—hand to hand, step by step. Mission Stations are being gradually increased. These, just as stars in the firmament are larger and more glorious the nearer we get to them, will shine brighter and brighter the swifter time advances the Church towards the moment of the lifting up of her head, when her redemption draweth nigh. Moreover the nearer the stars are approached, the more numerous they appear, here and there starting into sight as distance is shortened, until they themselves are lost in heaven's refulgent splendour. So also do these Mission Stations increase, and shall do so, until their twinkling light, glimmering fitfully through the dismal gloom of heathenism, shall blaze out steadily into the brightness of the perfect day, and illuminate earth's spiritual sky with one belted zone of spiritual glory.

Bright days then *are* in store for Africa. The race of Ham shall not *always* be accursed. God will yet more enlarge

Japhet, who shall dwell in the tents of Shem; *but Canaan shall not for ever be his servant.* All mankind are brothers—one in blood—one in interests—one in hopes and fears for the world to come. Let them then act as brothers, and as the offspring of one common father who pitieth his children, and who will never leave nor forsake the work of his own hands.

That time shall come when the earth shall be filled with a knowledge of God's unapproachable glory; but for it the Church must wait, hope against hope, and fight. And then, having come out of great tribulation, and washed her robes white in the blood of the Lamb, she shall, through the instrumentality of her missionaries, gather her children out of every clime and kindred under heaven to sit down with Abraham, Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of Christ and of God.

"Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters roll;
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spread from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign."

THE END.

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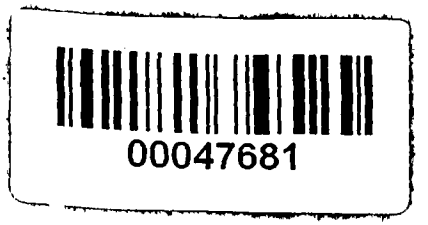
AFRICA.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